

October 20, 1965

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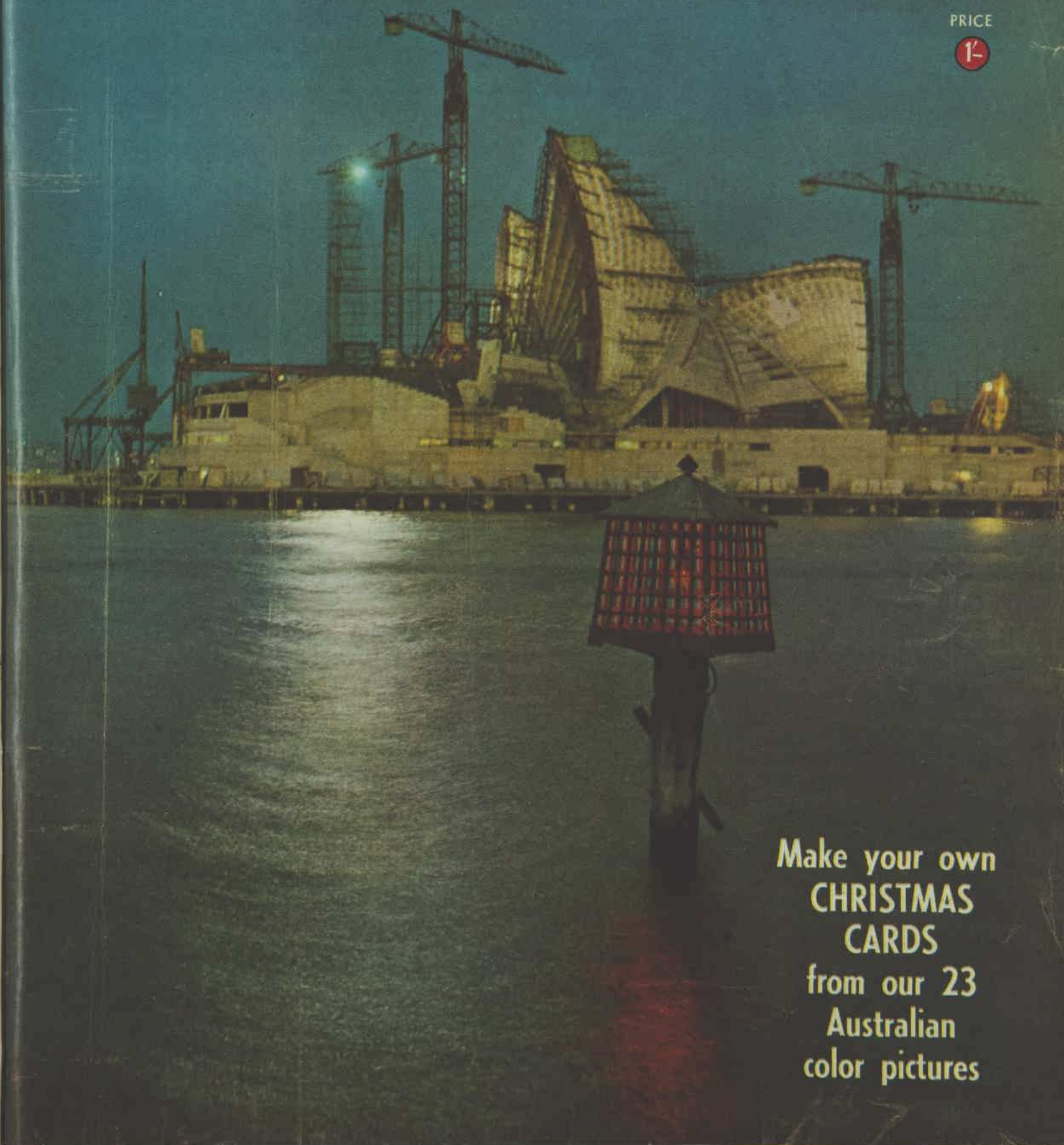
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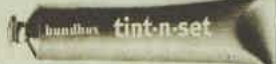
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WORTH REPORTING

If you can't go and see the world, you can inspect a sample of it on your own doorstep when the Sydney Trade Fair opens to the public at Sydney Showground on October 22.

This year's fair will have one of the most imaginative settings ever seen.

A £500,000 background will show off the individually decorated pavilions.

Twenty-four of the showground's 73 acres will be transformed and there will be Continental-type walks and fountains.

Nineteen countries will be represented by thousands of products. Other countries, including Holland, Scotland, Finland, America, Switzerland, England, and the Philippines, will show products through local agents.

East Germany will be exhibiting for the first time. Bulgaria, another Iron Curtain country, will include in its display the highly concentrated attar of roses, used as a perfume base.

Thailand is presenting a collection of elegant Thai silk fashions, which are being shown by Countess Zoltowska, jewellery designer and friend of Queen Sirikit.

Israel promises an unusual collection of clothes.

Italy is showing champagne and shoes, shoes and gloves. There will be glowing embroidery from Austria, fine porcelain and jewellery from Germany.

The fair opens on October 19, but the first three days are reserved for buyers only, except for the night of October 21, when the "Pageant of Asia Spectacular," a fair highlight, will have a charity premiere.

From October 22 to October 30, the fair will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

OUR COVER

● Wouldn't this Opera House picture make a wonderful Christmas card? It would, indeed — and you'll find it included among the 23 "Beautiful Australia" pictures in our **MAKE YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS CARDS** lift-out (with the instructions on page 48). Picture by Mr. Eric Ray, Sydney.

From small beginning

THE project started as a small crocheted square for a craft class, but Linda Kable, of Coogee, N.S.W., became so engrossed in her work that it ended up as a 5ft.-square coverlet.

Linda, 12, took about ten weeks to finish the crochet, using 40 balls of yarn in 22 different colors.

"I'd come home after sport, and work at it until dinner, and then probably from eight to ten o'clock, while I was watching television or reading at the same time," she said.

Next project? A coverlet as a cousin's wedding gift.



● Linda and coverlet

IN Britain's lures of a week in Bermuda or a Paris weekend have had the best results in urging salesmen on to ever-higher sales records.

A new wrinkle in this policy is to send the glossy brochures describing the prize holidays home to the salesmen's wives.

"THAT," said the managing-director of one firm, "makes sure the salesmen are shoved out to work in good time in the morning."

Considerate cabbie!

TALE told by Sydney cabbie Arthur Bastable to a regular passenger:

"Just after I drove you last week I took a lass to Maroubra. The fare was 8/6; she handed me a 10/- note and said to keep the change.

"I went home to dinner at South Coogee, and when I emptied my pocket I had a £10 note. I knew what I take in, and knew she must have given me that folded note by mistake.

"I went back to Maroubra as soon as I'd had my tea. Her father answered the door and called his daughter. I told her to look in her purse — the 10/- note was still there. 'Oh, I've given a tenner!' she said.

"Her father told me, 'You're all right, mate.' But, I thought, I've got kids of my own. You're battling to get your money — don't let it go that easy!"

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Paris model for Cup carnival

● Christine Borge, one of the top cover girls in Paris, has been chosen by the International Wool Secretariat to model the latest Paris wool fashions at the 1965 Spring Racing Carnival in Melbourne.



LONG PAGEBOY which Christine Borge wears because it is so adaptable. It can be upswept into a classical style for high-fashion pictures, softened with hairpieces to give face-framing curls or a high chignon.

CHRISTINE owes a great deal of her popularity to a chameleon quality which enables her to look different each time she faces the camera.

The clothes she will show in Australia (some of them are pictured on this page) consist of a complete wardrobe of originals by top Paris designers Nina Ricci, Dior, Jean Patou, Chanel, Balenciaga, and Venet.

The pictures, taken by David Davies, show that the kerchief hat has become a high-fashion accessory in Paris, especially if made in leather.

With every change of clothes Christine adopts a new mood. She also likes to transform herself by changing her hairdos frequently.

Normally she likes a straight, sleek pageboy bob slightly curled out at the ends, but in a matter of seconds she whips her hair up into a classical style.

She always carries two or three hairpieces so that she can build up a high chignon or have soft curls round her face.

For her trip to Australia she is adding some new hairpieces and a couple of wigs from Jacques Dessange's new wig boutique (see picture at left), one of the most popular spots in Paris these days.

Dessange's wigs cost only £A39 and his hairpieces from £A10 to £A15.

Mannequins, career girls, and women with a busy social life flock to the boutique to build up a hair wardrobe.

They find wigs and hairpieces practical because at a minute's notice they can have an immaculate hairdo and, because their wigs can be at the hairdresser's while they are busy elsewhere, they save hours of precious time.

Visitors to Paris have spread the fame of the boutique abroad and now Dessange is receiving hair samples and head measurements with requests to mail wigs or postiches to all parts of the world. He now has a catalogue from which his customers can choose.

To carry her wigs and postiches Christine has chosen a special case, designed by Dessange.

The case has a plastic "head" in the centre on which the wig can be carried or set, and a surrounding tray for hairpieces.

With this equipment Christine knows that in all circumstances her hairdos will be worthy of the couture she will wear in Australia.

Christine is married to a journalist, Jacques Borge, and both have very busy lives. "I am not much of a home girl," she says.

She loves to swim and is looking forward to learning to surf in Australia.

● **Overleaf: Overseas fashion expert's visit.**

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris



WHITE SUIT cinched with a wide belt, by Jean Patou, is worn with a leather kerchief hat.



SCARLET REDINGOTE in damask wool, designed by Venet, is lightly shaped to the body.



CHRISTINE, in a blond wig, admires a postiche on a "marotte"—a head of black felt.



PINK WOOL SUIT by Nina Ricci has a gathered skirt, is worn with a ruby toque.



WOOL CREPE DRESS by Nina Ricci is bias cut, worn with the popular kerchief hat.



HARLEQUIN CHECKS in black-and-white wool are a feature of this suit by Nina Ricci.

NEXT WEEK

★ To friends and neighbors, the house you live in is *you*; to buy a house is a most important (and costly) decision. So here's our . . .

32-page lift-out

HOW TO LIVE WITH A HOUSE

By American housing authority LAURIN MAGEE (see page 7), it includes help on buying, improving, maintaining a house.



And:

★ Then, of course, **YOU** can build the charming Victorian-style house shown here — and at a cost of about £3/3/-. It's a beautiful Doll's House to enchant all small girls.



And:

★ Don't miss the gripping suspense of Australian author G. M. Glaskin's short novel "The Road to Nowhere" — the drama of a man and wife who are lost, driving "nowhere" in a vast Australian desert.

And:

TENDER SCHNITZELS



★ Because the veal is so thin, schnitzels are economical to serve — and our recipes are delicious!

And:

★ In color:

HIGHLIGHTS from the PARIS AUTUMN SHOWS



THREE NEW HATS

"Formidable!" said Madame

From GEORGE McGANN in New York

● Madame Claude-Helene Neff, a chic, energetic Frenchwoman who travels 50,000 miles round the globe each year as director of the fashion office of the International Wool Secretariat in Paris, is filled with trepidation over her first visit to Australia.

"It is the hats!" she explained in delightfully accented English during a brief visit to New York recently. "I shall be in Melbourne for Cup Week, and they tell me I must wear three different flowered hats for the various events."

"I have never worn a hat in my life—and now three, all different and all flowered! It is very formidable."

Mme Neff, a tall, slim blonde, who was wearing a travelling suit by Venet, will visit Australia for 15 days, arriving on October 27.

Australia is one of the few countries she has not yet seen of the 23 where the IWS operates.

"I have many reasons for going," she said, "aside from the fact that Australia is the largest financial contributor to the Secretariat."

"To begin with, I am to be a judge of the 'Fashions on the Field' contest during Cup Week. I am also to help judge the garment section of the 1966 Wool Fashion Awards."

Mme Neff continued:

"And then I have never seen a sheep station. One of the members of the Wool Board has promised to give me a tour of his station. I am looking forward to it intensely, since I know nothing about the shearing end of the business, only about the mills and the consumer side of the industry."

"Finally, and perhaps most important of all, is the chance to renew acquaintance with all my Australian friends — the ready-to-wear clothing manufacturers, weavers, woolgrowers, and fashion people."

Mme Neff will spend two days in Sydney, then visit Melbourne and other parts of Victoria.

She is married to an American, Vernon Neff, who builds luxury homes in France, and has three children — two sons, 17 and 14, and a daughter, 7.

"They all want to go with me to Australia," she said, "but it is not possible. My husband is too busy and, besides, he does not like to play the role of prince consort when I am working. And my children are in school."

Mme Neff regards Aus-

tralia as a growing force in world fashion.

"Australian manufacturers and designers are turning out extremely interesting sportswear and casual clothes," she said. "They are in the same tradition as the fine sportswear produced in Southern California, which has a similar climate."

Australia was also developing a first-class knitwear industry, she said, partly as a result of the influx of migrants from Central Europe.

"These migrants are extremely skilled workers on knitting machines," she said. "Australian jerseys and other knitwear are being exported now to West Germany and Canada, as well as to England."

Covers the collections

Mme Neff joined the International Wool Secretariat in Paris in 1961, after five years in the United States as a stylist and fashion counsellor for Sears Roebuck, one of America's largest retail chains, and several years managing a chain of boutiques in Paris.

One of the most important facets of her job as fashion director is reporting the regular showings of original Paris designs to the 23 branch offices of the Secretariat throughout the world.

"Fashions on the Field" contest

● The £12,000 "Fashions on the Field" contest will be held for the fourth consecutive year at the VRC's 1965 Spring Racing Carnival at Flemington, in Melbourne.

JUDGING will take place over the four days of the Carnival, on October 30 and November 2, 4, and 6. Prizes will be awarded to the daily winners in each section, as well as to the winners in the finals, to be judged on November 6.

Anyone attending the Carnival will be eligible for the contest, which will be conducted in four sections:

- Outfits costing 50 guineas or less.
- Outfits costing more than 50 guineas.
- Professional section for mannequins, models, and designers (no price limit).
- Section for the most elegant hat (no price limit).

A special designer prize will be awarded to the designer of the winning racewear outfit in the professional section.



MADAME NEFF—hatless as usual. She will buy three flowered hats in Melbourne to wear to the Spring Racing Carnival, at which she will judge the annual "Fashions on the Field" contest, held over the four-day Carnival.

During the recent Paris showings her office sent out more than 12,000 photographs of the collections. Mme Neff and her staff of 13 work "round the clock" during the crowded days of the showings in the Paris couture houses.

"This was a year of challenge for the Paris designers," she said. "The very finest, such as St. Laurent, Cardin, and Venet, were able to prove their great talents. Altogether, the fashions were very beautiful. The 'gimmick men' fell by the wayside."

Mme Neff admires Courreges for his imaginative styles, but feels they are "strictly for very young people."

Although she spends a large part of her busy life in airlines, Mme Neff really does not like flying.

"It is a necessary evil," she said. "If I had to depend

on trains and boats, I could never catch up with my work."

Whenever possible, Mme Neff arranges her schedule to have some part of the weekend at her Paris apartment or, in summer, at her country home outside the city.

"I had to make a trip to Hong Kong recently," she said. "I left Paris on Monday morning and got back Saturday night. I enjoyed Sunday with my family as usual."

Jewellery and pincushions

Mme Neff's hobbies include collecting antique pincushions.

"I love to prow through the Flea Market looking for them," she said. "They are not really valuable in themselves, but I have about 150 of all kinds. To me they are priceless."

She also collects antique jewellery and modern art, "but not pop or op art — I stick to the Impressionists."

Mme Neff is a naturalised American citizen, but remains loyal to France as the world centre of women's fashion.

"There is inspiration in the very air you breathe in Paris," she said. "The Frenchwoman has a tradition of elegance that will never be erased."

"Paris attracts the great designers, such as Balenciaga from Spain. In addition, it provides the finest accessories to be found anywhere in the world."

As for hats, well, Mme Neff has never bought any in Paris. She will wait until she gets to Melbourne to acquire the three she needs for Cup Week.

Tony Hancock strikes again!

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● "Not so long ago I came to an agreement with myself," said the lugubrious Tony Hancock voice, but with the gay smile he seldom shows on TV.

I DECIDED that two things are needed for success in this game. Talent is the first, of course, but running a very, very close second is resilience.

"In other words: If you can stand up to it, a roasting doesn't do you any harm at all.

"Look at Frank Sinatra, a perfect example (not that I'm comparing myself with him). In the years just before he made 'From Here to Eternity' he went through hell. No one wanted to know him. And, after all the fantastic success he'd had be-

fore, it could have knocked him sideways.

"Instead, he used a little of the old resilience and came out of it a better actor and a tougher performer. Now, I'm a lot calmer than I was a few years ago."

I could believe him. For Tony has had what he calls his "bleak years," too.

They came after the biggest overall success that any English comic has had since Chaplin.

Now back at the peak of his career, he is coming to Australia for a season at the Chevron Hotel, in Sydney, from November 1-20.

Tony earned his success. He was about five years old

when he decided he wanted to be a comic.

His father kept a couple of pubs, in Birmingham and Bournemouth, where theatre people like Elsie and Doris Waters always stayed on tour. His father was what Tony describes as a dude entertainer in top hat and monocle, and specialised in semi-professional concerts, club suppers, and the odd voluntary act for charity.

Tony left school at 15 and tried out his own act on troop shows.

"I rushed about collecting jokes in pubs, cafes, anywhere. If I heard one that got a laugh I used it," he said.

"I ended up with the filthiest act. It was diabolical. I didn't understand any of it until I was 25.

"I cleared a church hall in Bournemouth once. They walked out slowly, row by row. It was very embarrassing. It was then I decided to stop the blue stuff."

Tony went into the RAF for four years, and was eventually transferred to the entertainments section to work with Ralph Reader of "The Gang Show" fame.

Sgt. Hancock

"We toured Italy, North Africa, and Greece, playing in tents, on lorries, all over the place," he said. "Peter Sellers and I were in charge of wardrobe as acting-sergeants. We were near-professionals when we came out."

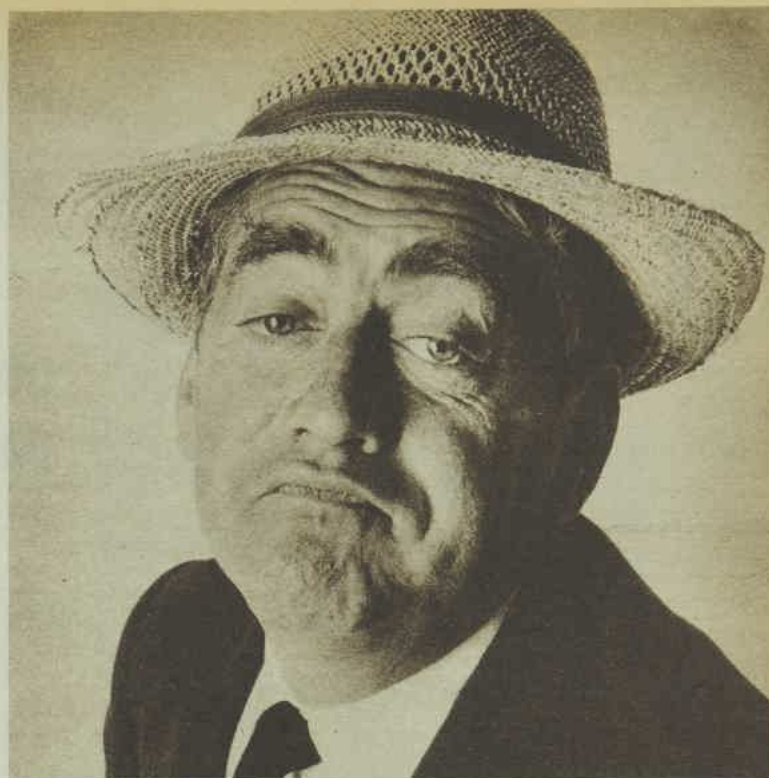
After his demob in 1946 Tony played panto, small straight acting parts, a summer season at Bognor and Clacton.

"My act has always been more visual, so when I first went into radio it was really a strain. The studio audience, if there was one, would laugh their heads off, but it was a series of noises and silences as far as folks at home were concerned."

He went back to the theatre with Jimmy Edwards, and at the Adelphi they had two surefire runs in "London Laughs" and "Talk of the Town." But Hancock was already beginning to hate repetition, and two shows a night of the same script was his idea of hell.

But it made the BBC realise how much they were missing that rather solemn "nothing ever goes right with me" man, and they gave him his own radio series, which

TONY (left), again in business . . .



TONY HANCOCK, who is coming to Australia for a two-week season at the Chevron Hotel, Sydney, from November 1-20.

led straight to the first "Hancock's Half Hour" in 1954.

It ran for six consecutive series. By 1956 Hancock was a household word, a quote for every awkward situation that anyone from a window-cleaner to a banker got into.

"Then came the change I most needed," he said in happy reminiscence. "They switched me to television. Now the comedy could come directly out of the situation, attitudes, and moods, and be seen without any words."

Hancock wasn't the only one who was pleased. He shot straight to the top of public opinion polls and stayed there all the time the show was running.

The British public so expected Hancock, with his off-sider, Sid James, to keep going, that when he decided to end the series and go off on his own they were so riled that they never forgave him. For nearly ten years he had been theirs to spend an evening with at least once a week. They knew the formula of the lad from the railway cuttings in East Cheam like they knew their own family's whims and foibles.

They were so angry they were out for blood, and it was Hancock's blood they were after.

"The British public is loyal," he says ruefully, "but it hates change. Now, I had really loved all the people I worked with in that show — the crew, the producers, and the writers (Alan Simpson and Ray Galton), as well as Sid.

"I loved it so much that I wanted it to end right at its peak. Nothing was worth the risk of hearing someone say one day, 'Hancock's Half Hour?' Oh, that old thing . . ."

"And, to be perfectly honest, I was beginning to get a bit bored with it."

When he began to appear alone in another series he got that roasting he talks

about. From everyone — BBC, critics, and even his adoring public. He said:

"Looking back I know that this series wasn't as good as the very best we'd done in 'Hancock's Half Hour,' but it wasn't all that bad either. But the bad notices didn't throw me too much. I kept remembering that the very top critic had once given the worst show I'd ever done a rave notice."

For nearly two years everything Hancock did to break out of what he called his "prison" of BBC-TV was a financial disaster for him.

His first film, "The Rebel," didn't do too badly, but his TV loner was a disaster, and he lost £5000 of his own money on "The Punch and Judy Man," which he really believes was kept under wraps by sheer malice.

In something akin to desperation, but always with a brave statement about "needing a change," he took to the boards with a one-man act. But illness kept knocking him for a six just as the box office till began to jingle. Pneumonia cancelled his first proposed trip to Australia in 1963, when he felt that his act was just ready to tour.

Today, however, he has proved himself right back on form. "I guess I'm a lot calmer now," he said.

New romance

I asked him if his private life had affected any of this. He and his wife, Cicely, were married for 15 years, but were divorced this year.

"Private life? Yes, of course, just like living generally affects my work, everyone's work," he said. "I can't think of any performer who isn't given a boost by a good party or crushed by an English Sunday."

Hancock is about to marry his agent of many years, brilliant, quick-thinking, quick-talking redhead

Freddie Ross. She says the wedding will be some time this month, "but you know Tony."

So I asked Tony and he said, "Oh one day when we both feel like it at once. I see marriage as a government stamp on a bit of paper. When you get out of that place you are no different as people. But I suppose it's different for women, and one has to think of one's parents-in-law."

"Did I ever tell you the time I went out to win over Freddie's family?"

"They weren't too keen on me, especially her Dad. We went to her brother and sister-in-law's house and I thought, 'Oh, well, I might as well go into this audition as well as I can.'"

"Well, I got on OK with Mother, so put all my hard work in on the grey-haired old boy and he seemed to like me in the end. On the way back Freddie said, 'Well, that wasn't too bad, was it?' I said, 'No, I particularly liked the way I managed your father.' Freddie said, 'He wasn't there.'"

"Then we discovered I'd been working on the sister-in-law's father all day. He must have thought I was barmy."

It doesn't look as if Tony and his bride will have all that time to settle.

After Australia he goes to Los Angeles to make a pilot for a new television series to be made in America some time next year. He also plans to play Noah in a musical comedy of that name by his old TV writers, Simpson and Galton, which is headed for London and Broadway, where Tony has never yet appeared.

Then there is a new TV series planned for the BBC. Anthony Aloysius 'Ancock, as the East Cheamers knew him, may have retired. But Mr. Tony Hancock, the 41-year-old all-rounder, who has come through the fire of criticism raring to go, is in business.





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MAX'S HOBBY IS SEWING

Down in the pub they call him "Christian Dior"

"HE'S always making lovely gowns for my friends instead," she said, "and I have practically to put in an application form if I want a special outfit made."

Max Hills and his wife, Roma, who have three children, Anthony (8), Christopher (5), and Dominic (15 months), live at Wendouree, just outside Ballarat, Vic.

During the day Max works as a fabric buyer for a leading department store in Ballarat.

"I feel it is a great advantage being able to sew," said Max. "I can advise my customers on the qualities of various fabrics."

Max's routine is simple. After an eight-hour working day and "a few beers after work with the boys," he goes home to dinner with his family. After helping Roma with the drying-up

● Most wives would appreciate it if their husbands could sew dresses. Roma Hills's husband does, but her only complaint is that he never makes them for HER.

("isn't she spoilt?") he settles down to sew.

"I usually work from about 8 p.m. until midnight. The worst part of sewing, of course, is clearing up the mess afterwards," admitted Max, who is in his early thirties.

"I can't sew a stitch," said Roma. "I couldn't even thread a needle properly."

"Yes, it's true," said Max. "I even tried to get her to go along to some of Bridget Maginn's recent dressmaking lectures."

"I am glad that Max can sew," said Roma. "Most of my girlfriends wish their husbands could do the same."

Max concentrates on evening and bridal wear and he completes a dress a week. "I do quite a number of

simple styles — they seem to be the most popular," he said.

"They are less fiddly to sew, you know, and I get a nicer line."

With several years' experience of making dresses, Max believes satin has HAD IT for bridal gowns.

"I find most of my clients prefer various kinds of linens which can be cut beautifully in smooth shift or empire styles. Also, the fabrics lend themselves to beading and embroidery."

All the fittings on his clients are done in Max's home. "Funny, but I don't think of them as women — only as clothes-pegs. Now when I am not sewing for them — now that's a different thing, of course," he smiled.

Max met Roma when she was his pupil at a ballroom dancing school.

After four years of competitive dancing, Max and Roma won the Victorian

Provincial Old Time Dancing Championship in 1955.

But now family life has made such ballroom dancing impossible.

A few years ago Max "created" a gown for Roma to wear to a ball.

With 44,000 sequins sewn on to it, Max worked on the dress for two years.

And what do Max's friends say about his unusual hobby? "My friends just accept it. A couple of blokes will ring me up and ask, 'Say, Christian Dior, when are you going to give my wife that dress fitting?'"

"There's more creative scope involved in making glamor gowns than, say, ordinary dresses. I would never be bothered making kids' clothes."

"I've got through two and a half children's overcoats. When I'll finish that last one I'll never know."

—By ANNE OLSEN



MAX HILLS works at his sewing machine (usually strategically placed in front of the television set). He likes to make evening and bridal gowns—"Satin's HAD IT," he says—in simple, uncluttered styles. He makes so many clothes for the wives of friends that his wife, Roma (pictured at left with Max), says she has to put in a special application if she wants a new outfit for herself.

HOME PLANNING LECTURES

● Laurin Magee, home-planning authority from Washington, U.S., will lecture during October and November in four States on "How To Live With A House."

HER tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, British Paints Limited, and the Australian gas industry.

The small admission charge for the lectures will go to Legacy.

Dates of Miss Magee's lectures are—

Melbourne: October 21, Melbourne Town Hall, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Adelaide: October 26 and 27, Adelaide Town Hall, 1.30 p.m.

Brisbane: October 29, Brisbane City Hall, 10 a.m.

Sydney: November 1 and 3, Sydney Town Hall, 10 a.m.



Girls have made three films

LANDING work in films or television is an ambition cherished by hundreds of young Australians who arrive in London every year.

Occasionally it happens, but seldom with the success that two Melbourne girls, Betty Robertson and Lorraine Hall, have achieved.

Since their arrival four months ago Betty and Lorraine have made small speaking parts in three major films.

I met them just after they'd completed a couple of nights' hectic shooting on the

AUSTRALIANS Betty Robertson (far left) and Lorraine Hall.

Otto Preminger thriller "Bunny Lake Is Missing," which stars Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, and Noel Coward.

"We played in a Soho street scene," Betty told me. "Shooting began on location at 7.30 p.m. and carried on until 2.30 in the morning. We found it pretty exhausting, but great fun."

Previously Betty and Lorraine had worked in "Life at the Top," which stars Laurence Harvey, Honor Blackman, and Jean Simmons. They also landed small parts in the new Gregory Peck-Sophia Loren thriller, "Arabesque."

"We never thought we'd

do as well as this," said Lorraine.

"We came here really to do general office work, although Betty did photographic modelling at home. But we sent our photographs to an agency. When the work came no one was more surprised than we were."

In between films the girls have worked at various temporary office jobs, and they are now touring Europe.

"We want to see as much of Europe as we can," said Betty. "And if any film jobs crop up we'll be happy to do them."

— Brian Gibson





● In Mr. and Mrs. David Wynn's sitting-room, above, a Spanish mat gives color to the quarry-tiled floor. The smaller painting on the far wall is an Ian Fairweather; the abstract in the corner is by Peter Kaiser.



● Mrs. Wynn and her children, schoolboy Adam and baby Claudia (20 months), in the family living area adjoining the kitchen, to right. The house has no curtains—most windows have sliding Japanese shoji screens. Painting is by Mrs. Wynn.



● Spanish mats are a decorative theme through the house, and the master bedroom has one on the big brass bed. Ceiling-high, louvered pine door opens on to a blue-tiled bathroom and a dressing-room. Each of the four bedrooms has its bathroom.



HOME, SWEET CELLAR

(Wine expert is the hospitable owner)

NEIGHBORS were curious when Mr. and Mrs. David Wynn began excavations for their ultra-modern Melbourne home in Caroline Street, one of South Yarra's elite old streets. They tipped that David Wynn (a vigneron and wine merchant) was building a swimming-pool. When the cavity grew bigger and bigger, they realised it couldn't be a pool. Then what?

Putting two and two together, they realised that as a painter would be lost without a studio, so a leading wine expert would be lost without his private cellar.

Down in the regions of their boiler-room the Wynns have a marvellous cellar, a baronial hideaway for Mr. Wynn's vast collection of wines and a perfect setting for a vigneron's entertaining.

The cellar has been having its christening during Wine Week (October 10-16), for David Wynn and his wife are entertaining many local and interstate guests at several formal dinner parties.

Long dinners

The Wynns moved into their home nine months ago.

"Here the children, David's paintings, and our entertainment problems are all beautifully catered for," said Mrs. Wynn, mother of schoolboy Adam and baby Claudia.

"We thought Wine Week would be a most appropriate time to christen our cellar," Mrs. Wynn said. (She is an attractive brunette who says, "It's marvellous to have a wineman for a husband — everything attached to his work is so nice.")

She and her husband always do a lot of entertaining for Wine Week. "And we prefer sit-down dinner parties because we like to dine at great length and leisure," she said.

Mrs. Wynn is a skilful hostess — "I adore cooking; it's one of the things I do well" — and shares her husband's love of wines.

"We like dry red wines," she said. "Usually for a dinner party we serve dry sherry, a white wine, and then reds — perhaps two clarets and two burgundies.

"Then cognac and coffee. "But sometimes we might serve champagne throughout the meal."

Mrs. Wynn doesn't scorn the idea of serving white wines with other than white meats. "There's too much carrying on about white and red wines and I don't see any reason for not having white wines with steak, if you like it," she said.

Serving guests in the cellar won't be difficult for Mrs. Wynn, because it is only a stairway down from the kitchen.

The cellar, 35ft. long, has its own large dining table, and the wines are cradled on racks in ten archways along the walls. In one cor-

ner is a built-in bar and, like every other room in the house, the cellar has its own modern paintings.

David Wynn's valuable collection of paintings — most of them by well-known Australians — dates back 20 years.

"They have never looked better than they do in this house, hanging on the white brick walls," said Mrs. Wynn as she indicated the Ian Fairweather in the sitting-room, the Peter Kaiser abstract near the fireplace, and the new Dawn Sime in the hall.

The large (29 squares) U-shaped house is built entirely of white bricks and Canadian red pine.

There isn't a lick of paint inside or outside the house — all spoutings are of copper and the Canadian pine hasn't been touched, not even with oil.

"What with quarry tiles on the floors, the house needs little maintenance," said Mrs. Wynn.

The rich, earth-brown glazed floor tiles look unusual and smart throughout the living area. "They have a blissful surface," Mrs. Wynn explained. "They only require mopping and buffing and never show signs of wear.

"They blend so well with every sort of color scheme. But they do clatter a bit when you have several people wearing high heels."

All the color and texture in the house are focused on the large, magnificently woven wool mats from

By
CLAUDIA WRIGHT



● The house is U-shaped and larger than it looks — 29 squares. It is built entirely of white bricks and unpainted Canadian red pine.



Spain, which Mrs. Wynn has used in the sitting, dining, and living-rooms. In the bedrooms (which have carpet and cork-tile floor coverings) the mats make colorful bedcovers.

Each room opens on to a wide passage which runs the length of the house from the sitting-room.

In the passageway — just off the kitchen — a built-in bar serves the family living area and the sitting- and dining-rooms.

Easter move

Olive-green tiles in a traditional English pattern line the bar and Mrs. Wynn's kitchen, which has a large pantry, white marble on the bench tops, and pine-louvred cupboard doors.

The Wynns also have a beachhouse at Mt. Martha, Vic. — "an old timber house where we spend most week-ends" — and a cottage at Coonawarra, S.A., the famous wine-growing district where the family has one of its vineyards (the other is at Modbury, S.A.).

"We don't get to Coonawarra nearly often enough," said Mrs. Wynn, "but we do always go there for Vintage at Easter."

The oldest wine in Mr. Wynn's cellar is a 1933 Coonawarra claret, the claret which impressed him so much that he investigated the possibilities of buying Coonawarra — and did, in 1951.

The vigneron is also proud of the wine he put down the year his son Adam was born. He intends to open it on Adam's 21st birthday.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



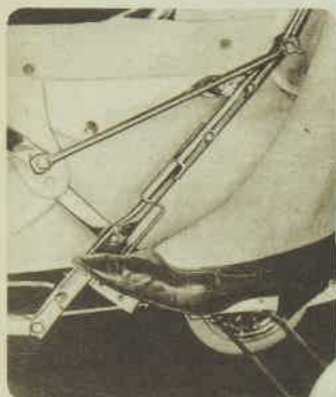
● Large, interesting cellar beneath the Wynns' house has built-in bar (left) and archways to hold wooden diamond-shaped racks for cradling bottles (this picture was taken before it was stocked). The cellar is the setting for parties the Wynns are giving during Wine Week. The large painting is by Donald Friend.

Pictures by Brian Ferguson.

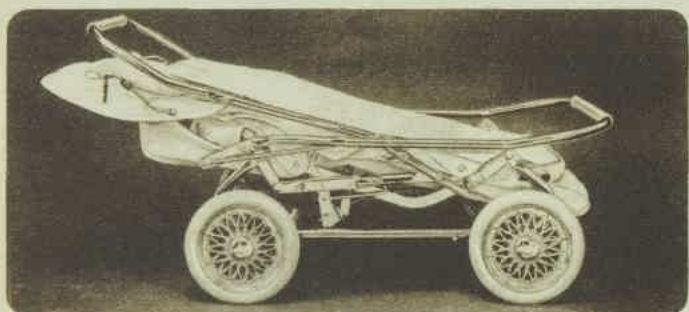
● At left, the patio and pebble-and-boulder garden. The house is of a very different style from the others in old, hilly Caroline Street with its homes of another era. There is one link, however: demolished Victorian homes provided the slates for the Wynns' roof.



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JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Geof. Marshall, of "Ravensworth," via Singleton, with their attendants (left to right), Mr. Bruce McPherson, Miss Elizabeth Ward, Miss Pat Dudley, and Mr. David Hordern, following their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Denman. The bride was formerly Miss Jenny Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ward, of "Yackaboona," near Denman.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By **Mollie Lyons**

MORE than 300 young country and city people will travel to "Ulundi," Bugaldie, for the woolshed dance on October 22 to be hosted by seven bachelors from the Coonabarabran district.

The property belongs to Mrs. Julian Magennis, whose son Patrick is one of the hosts, with Bruce Campbell, Michael Keenan, Jim Keeping, Howard Renshaw, Ross Williamson, and Tom Zoffman.

Typically "bachelor" theme for this year's decor are the two thousand empty beer cans to be strung across the roof of the woolshed on wire as streamers.

On October 23 the Magennis' will hold a "recovery" barbecue on a hill behind their homestead overlooking the Warrumbungle Mountains, to be followed by another dance that night.

Those joining in the fun will include Priscilla Renshaw and her brother, Howard (one of the hosts), who will have a house party at their parents' property, "Boogadah," Binnaway, for the weekend.

THE turkey-and-champagne luncheon party which members of the American Women's Club are giving at Craigend on October 14 sounds as if it will be fun. The lovely waterfront house with its huge rooms and glassed-in verandas opening into one another lends itself admirably to parties and parades, one of which will follow the luncheon.

LATEST news for Mrs. Bill Northam from Rod Northam (who left earlier this year to study latest trends in advertising overseas) is that he is sharing a flat in Queens Park, near Hampstead, with two other young Australians, Brough Warren and Michael Byrne, and spends every spare moment sailing. Rod goes down to Cowes each weekend, where he sails Englishman Peter Costain's I.O.D. yacht. However, with the winter months coming Rod writes that he may change sports and play football with the Roslyn Park Rugby Club. After two years in London he plans to go to the United States to work before returning to Australia.

TWO travellers due home in the Southern Cross on October 14 are country bachelors Brice Stokes, of Spring Ridge, and Johnny Lyle, of Curlew, who have been staying in South Africa on the last leg of their world trip. They'll be met at the ship by Bruce Crossing, of "Apple Tree," Spring Ridge, who is driving down to take them home.

SHORT trip to Melbourne for Mrs. Robert Mansfield, who left on October 6 to attend the annual conference of women's committees of the Australian American Association. Highlight of her trip will be attending the first night of Marlene Dietrich's show.

WHAT a nice idea thought up by Carolyn Goldstein, who asked her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colman Goldstein, to include a special note with their invitations to the black-tie dance they have arranged at their Killara home on October 23 to celebrate her 21st birthday. Instead of the usual gift, the note suggested that Carolyn's friends give her a cheque for a guinea—one shilling for each year of her life—to donate to her favorite charity, The Lost Chord Club.

THOUGHT Mrs. Bob McInerney looked the epitome of elegance when she shed her full-length white mink coat to reveal a tunic-line gold lame dress at a cocktail party midweek. Perfect accessories were her diamond earrings and brooch.

SAW Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phillips at Mascot on October 5 farewelling Mrs. Phillips's daughter, Alexandra Ross, who left on what sounds an exciting trip. Her first stopover is Manila, then to Hong Kong and Cambodia, and finally Europe, where she'll see many of the friends she made during the three years she spent there while she studied at the Perugia University. She plans an indefinite stay abroad.

DATE for your diary... the Navy League Ball to be held at Prince's on October 22 to aid the Sea Cadet Corps. Guests of honor are the British High Commissioner, Sir Charles Johnston, and Lady Johnston.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Parkinson leaving St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Barbara Crick, daughter of Mrs. F. Crick, of Turramurra, and of the late Mr. G. Crick. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Parkinson, of "Talbarea," Cunnamulla, Queensland.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Rowntree at the reception at Princes which followed their marriage at The Garrison Church. The bride was formerly Miss Heather Smeaton, elder daughter of Mrs. A. J. Smeaton, of East Lindfield, and of the late Mr. Smeaton. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rowntree.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Wild, of "Willow Glen," Tottenham, at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel which followed their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, City. The bride was Miss Susan Todhunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Todhunter, of Nyngan. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wild.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. George Green after their marriage at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay. The bride was formerly Miss Sally Jordan, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Jordan, of Vaucluse. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Green, of Darling Point.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Peter McWilliam outside St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Roslyn Walton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Walton, of Darling Point. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam, also of Darling Point. **AT LEFT:** The combined efforts of their attendants, Miss Diana Lloyd, Miss Prue Osborne, and Mrs. John Campbell (left to right), couldn't persuade pageboy Andrew Wilkinson to look at the camera while being photographed.

On a budget with £100,000

By JUDE AINSWORTH

● Two suits (at a sale), a holiday for three at Ayers Rock, an evening dress, mink stole, and a box for each opening night of the Sutherland Sydney season are the only sizable expenditures Robert Levis (pictured at right) has made since winning a N.S.W. Opera House £100,000 lottery in August.

HE still finds it hard to believe: "It's all been on paper, I've never seen the money. I expect if I'd gone into the bank and said I wanted £100,000 in cash, and just looked at it for five minutes it might have made an impression.

"Everybody pounced on me, and said, 'Don't spend it. Invest it, forget about it.'

"So I expect that instead of having a spending spree I went the other way. The rest is all tied up — I've had to put myself on a budget!"

The holiday (with his parents) was Rob's immediate reaction — to get away and think. He got a terrific kick out of taking his parents on their first plane trip.

"My father has worked for the railways all his life, and they always went everywhere by train. It was the first time I've ever flown first class — so I thought, why not?"

Why not, indeed?

French dress

But the most fun he's had yet with the winnings was a day's shopping on the "exclusives" floor of a Sydney department store.

"I took Mum. Dear Mum, she thought it was so exciting — and so it was. It was a wonderful day!

"We bought her a lovely silver French model frock.

"And I got them to try a fur stole on her. Then Mum found out what it was: sapphire mink, for £1000.

"She wore it to the gala opening night of the opera."

Rob, who is an only child, also bought his father a new dinner suit for the opera, and has since persuaded him to retire.

His own two new suits weren't an extravagance, the 36-year-old bachelor hastened to say. The half-house he rents in Neutral Bay had been burgled only a few days before he won the lottery.

Just about the only possession the thieves left was a record, propped up on a chest of drawers: "Fings Ain't Wot They Used To Be."

But things have in fact remained pretty much the same for Rob.

He still lives in the half-house he rents from his cousins, and nothing is allowed to interfere with the unlimited number of hours he devotes each week to his career as a director and producer, and the manager of the drama school at the Independent Theatre in North Sydney.

After drawing a £20 salary — "I didn't seem to save much" — Rob is stunned to think that "I could get £80 a week for doing NOTHING.

"That's interest just from money in the bank!

"But I see myself as rather an ordinary person," he said, "and try not to think there's £100,000 behind me. I don't want to be any different.

"Money's never been terribly important to me. I've always been very happy in the theatre, and couldn't be happy anywhere else."

But though the pattern of



"DON'T SPEND IT," FRIENDS SAID, "INVEST IT. THEN FORGET IT."

his days remains unchanged, the money has made one big difference. He has formed a company, Robert Levis Productions Pty. Ltd., to produce plays at the Independent.

"I'll just keep on in theatre, doing the shows I like doing," he said. "I feel that I can take a bit of a risk, since it's not the Independent's money.

Secure

"All I can think about is putting on a show, and then putting on the next show. It is marvellous to have the secure feeling that I'll never go broke."

The company's first production is the world premiere of Bernard Hesling's "My Life, With An Interval For Asperin." (That is how "aspirin" is spelled by Mr. Hesling, who does not list star-quality spelling among his achievements, which include "Dinkum Pommie" and other humorous books and successes in journalism and painting.)

The comical story of the young Bernard Hesling in England, before he emigrated to Australia at the age of 23, opened late last month at the Independent.

It is being performed five nights a week instead of the

● "When we heard Robert had won, the first thing I thought was 'for heaven's sake, protect him,'" said Joan Morrison, who handles publicity for the Independent.

"We had just taken up a collection to help him through after the burglary.

"Rob couldn't stop laughing for at least a week. Every time someone spoke to him, he giggled! He kept saying, 'This time next year I'll have twice as much — in dollars!'"

Author Bernard Hesling

thinks that Robert Levis is "probably handling the lottery winnings more sanely than anyone ever has. He just kept right on working.

Champagne

"He is a genius. He has cut out my last act altogether and ended the play where there's a natural last act.

"The night I met him, I went to read my play to his cousin, and walked in on this party — they were drinking French

champagne. I was a little surprised at the French champagne. But he gave me a glass and I stopped thinking about it."

"(I don't live on French champagne, believe you me! I've probably bought only four bottles in my life!" Robert said.)

"After I read the play, Rob said, 'I want to produce it.' I said, 'Where will you get the money?' They all laughed. It wasn't until the next day that I heard he had won the £100,000 lottery."

theatre's usual three-weekly performances.

Mr. Hesling appears as the narrator, and the young Bernard is played by Peter Whitford. Other cast members are Nigel Lovell, James Condon, Martin Redpath, Neva Carr Glyn, and Alan Hardy.

Rob is well aware of the ups and downs of the production business.

"I don't want to lose too much too soon. I asked the actors in 'My Life, With An Interval For Asperin' to provide their own costumes mainly. I'm not using lavish costumes or sets."

Rob's first professional acting job as a beginner in 1951 was at the Independent, and he has a tremendous respect for this theatre's standards.

"Doris Fitton has worked like mad to keep theatre alive in Sydney for 35 years, and to keep the Independent growing," he said.

Although gift duties deter Rob from making an outright gift to the Independent, the rental fees his company pays help the theatre, and he can also lend some of his company's equipment for the theatre's own productions.

The usual deluge of begging letters and telephone calls that engulf lottery prizewinners upset Rob very much.

He read all the letters and helped a few people, but he

believes that investing in the theatre is a more socially valuable way to use the money.

(Although actors are certainly one of the most hard-pressed sections of the community, Rob Levis is proud that of all the letters not one was from an actor — "not one single solitary call for help.")

"If I gave the money to charity or to a charitable cause, I'd be helping that person, or a number of people in a specific category. Theatre's value is terribly important for the community as a whole," Rob said.

Even his rare leisure time is devoted largely to the theatre.

"Too busy"

"If I have a free night, I go to the theatre," he said. "When I've seen everything in town, I go to films, because I like to see how directors work with actors.

"Our drama school is held five nights a week, so, if I take a friend along to the theatre, I dash in a cab after classes and meet her at the door. I don't know when I last had dinner and a show!

"I don't belong to any clubs or own any sporting equipment. I simply don't have the time."

Rob is sure his new fortune won't turn him into a regular restaurant diner. "I've been too busy to go to restaurants, but if I did go, it would be for a special occasion.

"On a special occasion,

theatrical people tend to spend more than we can afford anyway, because we tend to make a theatrical occasion out of it!"

He hasn't bought a car, and doesn't intend to.

But he's pleased that he now has more money for cab fares. "After I joined the Independent I found that I was spending all my time going to and from my parents' home in Hurstville (about 13 miles).

"It's terribly hard, when you have no money for a cab, to get from North Sydney to Hurstville at three in the morning!

"Rather than sleep in the theatre wrapped up in old curtains, I rented a room just down the street here, before I moved to my cousin's place at Neutral Bay."

Plane fares are easily come by now, too. Rob Levis hopes to go back to England next year to look for new plays and visit the friends he made when he was acting in London from 1958 to 1960.

Rob nearly didn't come back to Sydney in 1960.

"I reached the point of no return," he said. "One day I woke up and felt so London I was starting to put down roots.

"If I'd stayed any longer, I would never have come home. That wasn't what I really wanted to do for theatre.

"But the theatre in Australia doesn't need more talent. We don't need more actors. We need audiences!"



A T REHEARSAL:
Robert Levis, author
Bernard Hesling, and
actor Peter Whitford.

Concluding AN ARK OF MY OWN by Buster Lloyd Jones

● Sheer love of animals—every kind of animal—gave Buster Lloyd Jones the enthusiasm and understanding to become one of the best known of British veterinary surgeons, with a thriving practice. In last week's reminiscences he told how, during World War II, he went to the rescue of pets left homeless or unwanted during the blitz on London; their "ark" was a large country estate where they waited for the deluge to end. After the war, homes were found for the pets, and the vet bought another estate, Dene's Close, to resume his general practice.

THE PET-OBSESSED PEOPLE

THE Emperor Caligula made his horse a Senator, and everyone was properly scandalised. Well, he was a Roman, you see. Had he been an Englishman no one would have been surprised.

All over the world stories are told of the eccentric English and their dotty devotion to animals. I'm English, and I've spent a lifetime with animals and their English owners. And I'd say that the reputation for dottiness is fully justified.

Almost every day I see a splendid old lady wheeling a twin pram across the road and on to the lawns under my windows. Strangers peer into the pram, ready to smile at the twins inside. Instead, they find two little pikes.

Once safely on to the grass the old lady lifts the dogs out and they run for miles. When they at last return they are popped back into the pram and are wheeled home.

I used to treat a big black poodle called Fifi. She was a very grand lady who arrived in state, sitting with dignity in a sidecar of a bicycle ridden by her mistress.

This woman's life revolved round Fifi to the complete exclusion of her husband. During the war the poor man was even obliged to give up his entire meat ration to this fastidious dog. The war, said her mistress, wasn't Fifi's fault.

The husband was a senior civil servant, with a high income, which was just as well, because Fifi had expensive tastes. Eventually one flat was no longer enough. The flat next door had to be bought as well, because, as his wife explained, Fifi had to have her own bathroom and bedroom.

The time came when the poor man had had enough. It was either the poodle, he

said, or him. Without the smallest hesitation, she chose the poodle and he went quietly out of both their lives.

Then there was the lady who lived in a very large house in Surrey surrounded by the most glorious grounds. It had once been a lovely mansion, but now the dogs had simply taken over and the place was going to rack and ruin.

There were dogs in every room, dogs in all the out-houses and garages, dogs all over the grounds. When they were hungry, they just wandered into the kitchen and tore a bit off the dead sheep that was left for them on the floor. The carcass stayed there until it was eaten. In the summer, the smell and the flies met you as you went in the front door.

Puppies were born in whatever place took the

curring form of enteritis and I got used to the urgent summonses from her owners.

"Please will you come at once," they would say on the phone. "Charter a plane..."

So charter a plane I did again and again, arriving there in a couple of hours and getting back home in time for supper. On one occasion the airport had hired out all its small passenger planes.

"You can have a Wellington bomber," they said facetiously. I rang the Isle of Wight and told them the news.

"Charter the bomber, then," they said. So I found myself all alone in that cavernous interior, droning toward the Isle of Wight to treat a sick dog called Annie. No bomber ever made so peaceful a journey.

Some clients had no sense of time. They would ring up at all hours of the night just

"I was alone in a chartered Wellington bomber, flying to treat a sick wolfhound called Annie"

for a chat about their animals. If the telephone went at 4 a.m. I would know just who it would be. Frances Day. She was then at the height of her brilliant career and, as her cabaret would finish in the early hours of the morning, 4 a.m. was merely early evening to her.

"It's me," she would say gaily. "I just wanted to inquire about my little Dunham."

Little Dunham, I should add, was a huge boxer, one of the biggest I have known. A great many dogs enjoy a beer. Elizabeth Allan, the TV and film star, had a snow-white bull terrier called Emily who insisted on her daily pint. If Miss Allan didn't feel like going out, Emily would walk round to the local on her own.

I once asked the barman

one of the wolfhounds — a dog called, perversely enough, Annie — had a re-



THIS CLIENT brought her pet snake to Buster Lloyd Jones for treatment. He has been famous for his unorthodox methods and "intuitive understanding" of animals.

at the pub if Miss Allan had been in that evening.

"No," he said, "but Emily was in half an hour ago."

Emily is here no more, and her place has been taken by a Labrador called Daisy. She has a Guinness a day.

Beer does them little harm, actually — malt is a natural food — but all hard-drinking dogs had to become teetotal with me at Dene's Close.

Denise Robins, the romantic novelist, was deeply devoted to an Aus-

trian terrier called Dingo,

and later to a charming griffon called Gaston.

Once when Dingo was shockingly mauled by a boxer she sent an urgent telegram to Paris, where I was on holiday, and I flew back to operate.

Later, when Gaston disappeared from home, she hired a helicopter to search for him. Not a sign of little Gaston.

At last, a week later when Miss Robins was almost distracted with worry, he was found in a garden 25 miles away, emaciated, exhausted, but overjoyed to be reunited with Miss Robins.

There was no other vet for miles around, and the word spread round the village and surrounding countryside — le vétérinaire anglais was in attendance.

So the local artists and hoteliers, the restaurateurs and shopkeepers, the fisher-

men and the farmers streamed to the Bar Bleu with dogs, cats, goats, cows, and horses. The little bar had never seen such customers before.

The sun blazed down, the heat was terrific, and there was the beach which I loved, but I was far too busy to enjoy any of it. The week passed slowly and the reckoning came.

We had our lodgings to pay, but first I had to be paid myself. Well, my grateful clients rolled in, beaming all over their faces, and pressed on me gift after gift. Paintings, pieces of sculpture, antique objets d'art, odd bits of furniture — but no money. Not a franc. Not a cent. I was agast.

I took the only course possible, set out all the gifts in the Bar Bleu and offered them for sale. Prices were low, trade was brisk, our bills were paid, and we could be on our way home again.

On my first visit to Paris after the war a Madame Goldschmidt-Halot appealed to me for help. All her animals but one had been killed by the Germans who occupied her apartment, and this, a poodle called Laurette, was the apple of her eye. But it was in an appalling state — covered in sores and bald patches.

I did what had to be done, gave strict instructions about future treatment, and left with some misgivings.

Within a year Laurette was made Champion of France and, eventually, International Champion, the highest honor

To page 84

Creme Puff is perfect for ^{almost} everyone

Of course, little girls shouldn't wear Creme Puff — yet. But for everyone else, it's perfect. A fresh, sheer, natural look that puffs on easily . . . lasts hours . . . looks beautifully like "you", not like "make-up". Creme Puff is unequalled for delicate colouring and sheer finish. And Max Factor gives you *three different Creme Puff formulas*, for Dry Skin, Oily Skin, Normal Skin. Try it in *your colour and skin type. It's perfect for you!*

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MAX FACTOR

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Gideon, TV's new detective

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Gideon's Way," premiered last week on TCN9, introduces a new detective, Commander Gideon. He is a Scotland Yard type in a series made in England.

IN the spate of American TV shows, I find an English series almost as refreshing as a live show.

They may be not as glossy in production, but they come closer to real life, and, although like American shows, they are made to a formula, it takes much longer for the formula to show.

Gideon is nothing like his fellow-national John Drake, of "Danger Man."

He is played by John Gregson, whom you may remember back when you were younger as the hero of that vintage car comedy, "Genevieve."

Gregson is considerably less cosmopolitan than "Danger Man" Patrick McGeehan.

Gideon's title is "Commander Gideon," but there is nothing naval about him.

I was puzzled until I learned that "Commander" is a Scotland Yard title, a very high-up one, just beneath the Commissioner.

Gregson today has gained weight, and has a thickening figure, but he looks both understanding and comforting. Beside specialist Drake, he's like a country GP.

One thing he does share with McGeehan/Drake is unflappable calm in all circumstances.

From the look of the first episode, in which Gideon investigated a bomb plot against the leader of a new political party, "Gideon's Way" is going to be a good change when it starts its weekly showings from TCN9 on Thursday, November 4, at 8.30 p.m.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Getting back to formulas: "Danger Man," after all this time, is beginning to show its formula. Drake does too many incredible, unexplained things now as he super-spies around the world.

Singapore, Beirut, Lisbon — you name it, and Drake turns up, introduced under his current cover story.

Next comes his first encounter with the enemy, generally a display of Drake's exquisite manners and bland confidence, and the denouement when Drake in one way

performs with a menu and there is not much left. Bond is a not-so-good guy.

"Drake really is a good guy. And that's why — if you can imagine it — Drake would always beat Bond in a fight."

It is an interesting theory, and one I should imagine that will provoke dinner-table arguments whenever James Bond fans gather.

Despite his mild good looks, McGeehan is a strong character, and, formula or not, I dote on him.

★ ★ ★
HOPING to see Marlene Dietrich, live, on TV? Don't count on it.

"Miss Dietrich won't do TV," I was told by a top TV executive.

When I protested that I had seen her on TV in a German program the ABC telecast some years ago, I heard another story.

"It is not quite true to say she won't do TV," he said, "but her starting price for the shortest, simplest TV show is £10,000. She won't even talk TV under that."

Power to take over minds

"UNDERMIND," ABC-TV's new thriller series (Fridays, 8.30 p.m.) which has a sinister, unseen power in it that takes over minds, worried me when I saw the first episode.

My mind was taken over temporarily when I saw the Power's first victim, Police Sergeant Frank Heriot (Jeremy Kemp). He kept reminding me of someone to whom I couldn't put a name.

I worried away, wondering who he was, and suddenly I came good.

Sgt. Frank Heriot of "Undermind" was P.C.



JOHN GREGSON, seen above in a scene from the vintage car film "Genevieve" with co-star Dinah Sheridan, is about to join the ranks of TV detectives as Commander Gideon of Scotland Yard. He may even rival the popularity of John Drake, of "Danger Man," played by Patrick McGeehan (opposite).



Steele, who teamed with P.C. Lynch (James Ellis) in Zed-Victor-One, in the first series of "Z-Cars," which ABC-TV telecast in 1962.

With my mind to myself, I settled back and enjoyed "Undermind."

The unseen power acts subtly, turning normal humans into rogue humans. Sgt. Heriot, whose mind was taken over, grew so remote and inhuman that his wife was forced to leave him.

Then, drinking in the local, he provoked an eminent Cabinet Minister to the stage of assault and charged him with offensive behaviour.

The scandal ruined the Minister's career and, after resigning, he suicided.

Sgt. Heriot, normally a compassionate man, couldn't have cared less. As is the way with TV drama, he met his just end.

Heriot's wife, Anne (Rosemary Nicols), and Drew Heriot (Jeremy Wilkin), his brother, combine to fight the unknown power. They have a tough job.

The series is made in Eng-

land by the commercial TV organisation famous for "The Avengers."

If they make as diverting a show in "Undermind" it will be well worth following. Certainly the first episode was promising.

"Pick-a-box" needs new life

BOB DYER'S all-time champ, Barry Jones, carried off another £1000 when he beat his worthy opponent George Black, of Sydney, in the current BP Pick-a-Box Quiz (ATN7, Monday, 7 p.m.).

It was no surprise. Indeed, the surprising thing is that

"Pick-a-Box" still commands the audience it does.

The life seems to have gone out of it, and it will take a tremendous injection of something to keep it in the forefront of TV as it has been for so long.

Something more is needed than the English-speaking Japanese quiz champion suggested as Barry's next opponent.

I don't know what it is, but maybe Bob and Dolly will work something out.

At least they haven't the duller quiz show on TV—John Dease, of ABC-TV's "Quiz Kids," has it.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "Someone should start a movement for bridegrooms. They seem so neglected. They appear from some hidden alcove, stand at the altar for what seems hours, when all of a sudden there is a big fanfare and down the aisle come the bride, bridesmaids, flowergirls—all the pomp of a coronation. After the ceremony, everyone lines up to kiss the bride, tell her how lovely she looks. The bridegroom stands around like a wax dummy. It isn't fair."

Mamma's moral: Sometimes I think a bridegroom is a wolf who paid too much for a whistle.

SPACE AGE SYMBOL OF THE ABC



THE shimmering symbol on the ABC's Waratah Festival float, pictured at left, is a new design adopted recently by the new general manager of the ABC, Mr. Talbot Duckmanton.

It shimmers in neon outside the ABC's new headquarters in Elizabeth Street, and on all ABC-TV shows and announcements.

I think it is a beauty among symbols, very with-it, Space Age, and intriguing.

Interested in the symbol, I made some inquiries, and found quite a story.

The triple-loop is part of a wave-form on an oscilloscope for measuring frequencies, and, as Mr. Duckmanton put

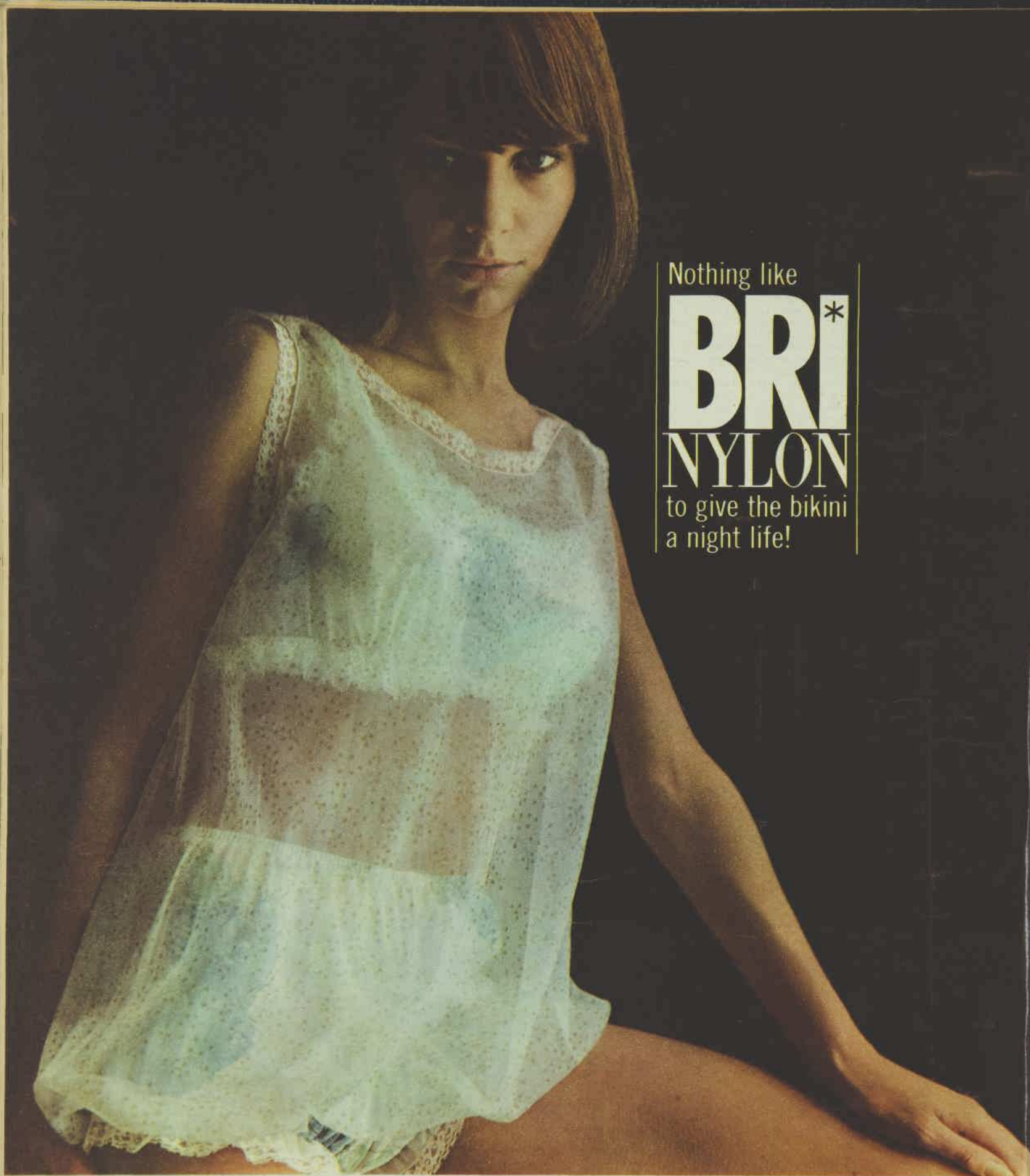
it, "as such has relevance to both radio and television."

The man responsible for the symbol is Bill Kennard, senior graphics designer at ABC-TV. ("Graphics" are the illustrated cards and titles which introduce or come before various shows and announcements.)

Mr. Kennard, at present overseas, describes the new symbol as "crisp, functional, and of its age."

He feels that maps of Australia, kangaroos, koalas, and boomerangs are "overworked, old-fashioned, and very often badly designed."

Thank heavens for Mr. Kennard.



Nothing like

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to give the bikini
a night life!

Prestige Style 419

Whoever dreamt of wearing a bikini to bed! This is the latest in sleepwear — the Bikini Cage by Prestige. Its 'BRI-NYLON' label tells you it has been tested and found trustworthy. Fibremakers supplied

the nylon yarn that made it, then said it was good enough to wear the 'BRI-NYLON' label because Prestige made it so well. That's why there's nothing like 'BRI-NYLON'. **Look for the BRI before you buy.**



95 Collins St, Melbourne; 55 Hunter St, Sydney.

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Donna and Shari spell TV magic

● Donna Reed and Shari Lewis enjoy the distinction of being that rarity on modern TV: women who have captured and held audiences in the face of all comers. Old favorites on ABC-TV, they are back now entertaining as ever, Shari for the children, Donna for the adults—in brand new shows.

Television



DONNA (above) has two families: three TV children and four real-life ones. Shari (left) loves her puppet family. They have brought her fame.



DONNA REED, a pretty slip of a woman, has confounded the television wiseacres.

When her show went on the air, its producers and American critics were unanimous: a nice little show, but it wouldn't last.

This year, with the new series, "The Donna Reed Show" is in its eighth year, a major TV-rating strength, with a budget to match.

Every half-hour episode of the show costs an average of £A30,000, and TV producers and critics have given up trying to work out its formula for success.

Donna herself says the show's success comes from many things and people.

"But principally, I guess, it's audience identification with our TV family."

The Donna Reed TV family is Dr. Alex Stone (Carl Betz), wife Donna Stone, teenager son Jeff (Paul Petersen), and daughter Mary (Shelley Fabares), and permanent visitor Trisha, 8 (Patty Petersen), an orphan.

"We work very hard to put together a believable family and a somewhat realistic picture of family life," Donna says.

"The children have grown up in full view of millions, and the scripts have reflected their real-life growing-up. Carl Betz, who plays my TV husband, and I have matured like a married couple."

Donna's real-life husband, Tony Owen, is producer of "The Donna Reed Show."

He met Donna when she was a starlet with MGM, became her agent, and married her in June, 1945. They have four children, Penny, 18, Tony, jun., 16, Timmy, 14, Mary Ann, 7.

The other half of this success story, Shari Lewis, has four children, too, but hers aren't real. They are her famous puppets, Lamb Chop, Charlie Horse, Wing Ding, and Hush Puppy.

Lamb Chop is a naive and appealing little lamb; Charlie Horse, a snaggle-toothed, pun-loving pony; Wing Ding, a slightly mad crow; and Hush Puppy, a slow-talking Southern dog.

Shari and her family I

find as beguiling as does the younger viewing set.

The secret of her success is her versatility. She is a ventriloquist, puppeteer, actress, singer, storyteller, mime, magician, musician, dancer, author, and juggler.

She is young, red-haired, tiny (5ft. tall, and weighs 6st. 11lb.); married to TV producer Jeremy Tarcher.

Shari began training in magic when she was only 16 months old. Her mother is a music teacher and her father, Dr. Abraham B. Hurwitz, a skilled magician.

He began to teach Shari the tricks of stagecraft before she was two.

—NAN MUSGROVE

On ABC-TV:

● "The Donna Reed Show." Sydney, Thursdays, 6.30 p.m.; Melbourne, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.; Brisbane, Perth, Wednesdays, 6.30 p.m.; Adelaide, Fridays, 6 p.m.

● "The Shari Lewis Show." Sydney and Brisbane, Mondays, 5.30 p.m.; Melbourne and Adelaide, Wednesdays, 5.30 p.m.; Hobart, Thursdays, 5.30 p.m.



The best bargain on your shopping list! **'ASPRO'**

REG. TRADE MARK

***What else in all the world
does so much for so many—
yet costs so very little?***

These everyday experiences
are well worth reading

"hate to imagine a world without 'ASPRO'"

I am writing to let you know what a wonderful friend 'ASPRO' has been to me over the years. Whenever I get a cold, sore throat or a headache, it is 'ASPRO' for me for quick, sure relief. I would hate to imagine a world without 'ASPRO', it has helped me to really enjoy life. I can recommend 'ASPRO' for any sort of ache or pain, 'ASPRO' is really marvellous.

Yours faithfully, J. T. Buckley, 5 Mackie Avenue, Kilburn.

"... bingo! severe pain was relieved ..."

I must tell you about 'ASPRO'. A little while ago I had a very bad pain in my ear; it felt like a burst eardrum so I reached for my 'ASPRO' packet and took three tablets and you can believe it or not, but in ten minutes the pain had gone thanks to 'ASPRO'. I am 76 years old and always have 'ASPRO' on hand in case I get a cold or a chill.

Another time I had a fall and ended up on crutches and was in severe pain but I would take a couple of 'ASPRO' and bingo it was gone for quite a few hours, enabling me to get about much better.

So there it is, I will never be without 'ASPRO' again.

Yours faithfully, Henry H. Hunt, 33 Margaret Street, Kingsgrove.

"... inexpensive relief from severe pain"

Four years ago I underwent a severe Spinal Operation (Cervical Laminectomy). In addition I have a disintegrated disc at the base of my spine. Owing to the major surgery I have had done to my Cervical Spine, no further major surgery can be permitted to my spine, therefore, I am always in pain, very often very severe pain. Various quite expensive drugs for this have been prescribed for me, and these have had very little effect. One day, not having any tablets with me while at business, I took two 'ASPRO' and, to my amazement, within a very short while their effect was quite dramatic.

I do no longer take any of my prescribed tablets but I am never without my 'ASPRO'. When pain is very bad I take two every four hours and find that I can walk with ease and the pain decreases amazingly quickly, in fact they keep me going. I am so thankful that I feel I must write to you and tell you how much I benefit from 'ASPRO' and to thank you for making such an inexpensive relief from extreme pain available.

Yours sincerely, Ruth Reade (Mrs.),
12 Dunblane Road, Noble Park, Vic.

"hope rheumatic sufferers will try 'ASPRO'"

In my youth I suffered a great deal from rheumatism and even now get an occasional attack—like last night for instance. I had retired early but suddenly got a dreadful cramp in the thigh. The pain was terrible. I got my husband to bring me two 'ASPRO's and a glass of iced water. The relief I felt was so marvellous that I just simply had to sit down and write to you in sheer gratitude. I hope everyone who suffers from rheumatism will give 'ASPRO' a try.

Yours sincerely, F. R. Barr, Foxdale Road,
Prosperpine, North Queensland.

'ASPRO' 6/6, 2/-, 6d... EVERYWHERE

 Relieves headache in a few minutes

 Relieves even severe pain

 Brings down high temperature

 Smashes cold and 'flu symptoms

 Effective in rheumatism especially
when taken as a **COURSE**


 Relieves muscular and nerve pains

 A wonderful help to women

 A splendid gargle for sore throat

 Relieves toothache and neuralgia

 Removes causes of sleeplessness

 Can be taken without fear of harm
to heart, lungs or arteries

 and **'ASPRO'** is not habit forming

Ever tried 'ASPRO' and a cup of tea when you're tired, jaded, nervy?

When you're feeling low because of tension, headache or period distress, take a couple of 'ASPRO' with your cup of tea. It's a splendid "pick-me-up", soothes that tight, jumpy feeling,

helps you feel relaxed, refreshed, at peace with yourself again. It's a great combination, the 'ASPRO' acts in a calming way while tea gives a lift. Especially good on hot, headachy days.



G.P. 30 213

A family tradition

YES, Mrs. McTaggart, our family can also claim a passing down of birthmarks. My grandmother on my mother's side had a birthmark on the back of her neck. Her ten children also had the same mark. My mother had four children, and we all have inherited the mark. So, too, have my five children, and my sister's son and daughter.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. J. Stockden, Ekibin, Qld.

OUR destiny obviously was mapped out for us to come to this wonderful country when, at an early age, I migrated with my family from England to Australia. My mother's mother had a birthmark on her left knee in the shape of Australia. My mother, myself, and my four-year-old daughter all have it, too.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Gordon, Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

DATING back to my husband's grandmother, all female members of his family (his mother, sisters, and now our daughters) have a strawberry birthmark on the back of their necks. Strangely, none of the male members of the family have it.

£1/1/- to "Ladies Only" (name supplied), Shorncliffe, Qld.

NEITHER my husband nor I have any birthmark, but our three children have identical markings, a spot above the right eye, five spots in the hollow of the neck, and a birthmark on the left leg. These have faded now.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Greinke, Faulconbridge, N.S.W.

DOROTHY DRAIN is on holidays. Her verse will resume on her return.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Unfair weather

WHEN among a group visiting the local Bureau of Meteorology (Weather Bureau to most of us), I noticed the following slogan printed in bold letters and pinned to the board directly in front of the duty forecaster: "When I am right — no one remembers. When I am wrong — no one forgets." I am determined no longer to "forget" when the forecasts are right.

£1/1/- to "Eye-opener" (name supplied), Eden Hills, S.A.

Cure for insomnia

RECENTLY I have taken to working a tapestry in bed last thing at night — just a row or two. The soothing effect of tapestry on the nerves has always been known, and doing it last thing helps one relax and have a peaceful sleep. There is an abundance of tapestry on the market which only requires the background to be completed. Other readers may care to try this and see if it works with them.

£1/1/- to Marjorie Gibb, Black Rock, Vic.

Lost appetite

THE guests looked as though they had suddenly lost their appetite when my niece remarked that we were going to have worm pudding for dessert. The mother explained that her children always used that name for macaroni custard! I feel that many other families probably use equally misleading names among themselves for familiar dishes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Thomas, Oatley, N.S.W.

Open gifts in front of donors?

AFTER 15 years in Australia there is still one point that puzzles me. Whenever I give someone a gift, I notice that the parcel is never opened in front of me. I must admit that for me this takes the edge off the pleasure of giving. In Europe we always open the gift immediately and express our delight. Is it considered bad manners to do this in Australia?

£1/1/- to "Old and New" (name supplied), Pascoe Vale, Vic.

A bouquet for teenagers

I WOULD like to say a word of praise about teenagers of today. I am in my fifties, have had two strokes, and have to get round with a stick. I find nothing but kindness from youth, I am helped on and off buses, and given a seat. No matter how they are dressed, or how long the hair, I think they are so enthusiastic about all they do and full of confidence.

£1/1/- to "Trestma" (name supplied), McKinnon, Vic.

Money takes wing

MANY people may not know that Australia, which is soon to have dollars, already has a dollar bird. It is so-called because of the round, whitish spots visible on each wing when it flies. Belonging to the broad-billed roller family, it breeds in the northern parts of the continent, migrates as far down as South Australia, departing for the north again at the end of February. So in some States next year when the dollars come in (in February) the dollar birds will go out.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Webber, Thornaleigh, N.S.W.

Forgotten fathers-in-law

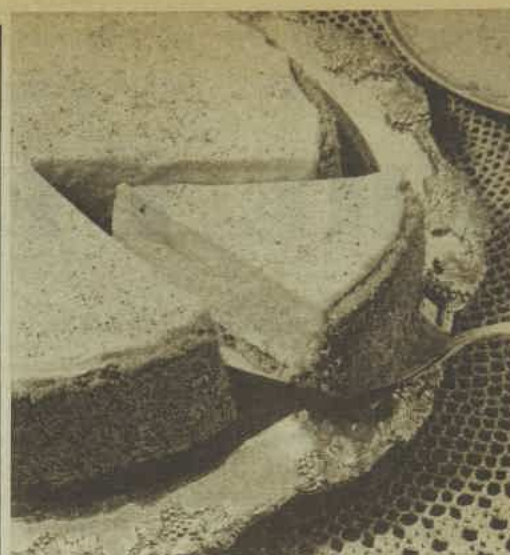
ONE hears about mothers-in-law interfering in the lives of young married couples. Yet one never hears complaints about fathers-in-law. Are they veritable angels, or, when their offspring marry, are they merely relegated to the background?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

Water music

MY chore of doing the washing is made more bearable by listening to the two canaries next door, whose cage is near my laundry. As soon as I turn the taps on they start to whistle and continue without pause until the taps are turned off. No Beethoven fans like Mrs. Purdy's budgie — just low-brows who react to running water.

£1/1/- to "Adage" (name supplied), Windsor, Vic.



Enjoy this Cheese Cake sweetened with Sucaryl Liquid

SAVE 320 CALORIES

Weight-watching? Then enjoy the sweet things in life again with Sucaryl low-calorie recipes:

BEAT 2 egg yolks in basin over boiling water till thick and lighter in colour. ADD 3 tablespoons powdered skim milk, ½ cup water, 2 dessertspoons Sucaryl Liquid and stir over hot water till thickened (about 10 mins). SOAK 2 dessertspoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water and add to egg custard, stirring till dissolved. COOL. PRESS 1 cup (8 ozs.) cottage cheese through coarse sieve and stir in ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla and pinch salt. BLEND with custard mixture. FOLD IN 2 egg whites beaten till stiff. POUR into prepared dish and chill for at least 4 hours. SPRINKLE with ground nutmeg. Serves 8. 85 calories per serve.



No-calorie
Sucaryl
BRAND

No-calorie Liquid and Tablet Sweeteners from your chemist

Ross Campbell writes...

THE news that babies have more nappies now is pleasing to hear.

It is quite official. The Government says the number of nappies produced for every new baby has gone up from 9½ to 10½.

I do not take this to mean that each baby gets exactly 10½ nappies. The half one would be of very little use. It is, I suppose, an average figure.

Many babies have more than 10½ nappies. They inherit some from an older brother or sister — the "dowager baby," as mothercraft experts say.

Anyway, each baby now has an extra nappy in its wardrobe. A baby health centre sister, commenting on this, said: "The average baby is better dressed these days."

This is doubtless true. But it is worth pointing out that the well-dressed baby should have its nappy stylishly pinned on.

Some mothers spoil the effect of a good nappy by leaving odds and ends of it sticking out.

The most dapper baby I know

FASHION NOTE

has nappies put on with two pins, one at each side.

This method is a little tricky to learn. It is like tying a tie in the Windsor knot or knitting in fisher-



man's rib stitch. You have to be prepared to work at it, but the smart effect repays the trouble.

The boom in nappy production, as well as making for more elegant and comfortable babies, has a further advantage. It means there will be more surplus nappies.

Not much has been written about the uses of the retired or superannuated nappy, but it is a very handy thing.

Sooner or later in every family, however numerous, nappies cease to be worn. It is only then that one appreciates their versatility.

For years I have relied on surplus nappies as cloths for washing the car. They are the right size, and their durability is remarkable.

Made in the first place to stand up to hard wear, they do not seem to mind being rubbed on wheels and bodywork indefinitely.

We use them also for mopping up the water splashed on the bathroom floor, of which there is plenty. The superior absorptive power of the nappy makes it ideal for this purpose.

In a dozen different emergencies, from spilled glasses of fizzy drink to incidents of a more painful nature, the cry goes up: "Get a nappy!"

Lately I used some of them for cleaning the guttering of the house before painting it. I was sorry to notice that these nappies were just about at the end of the road.

It will be sad to see the last of them. Something tells me that I shall not be getting any more.



Oroton
is well worth waiting for

Look for the OROTON label at prestige retail stores and leading jewellers.

OROTON

A quality product of West Germany.

Travelling to a remote beach in Queensland,
board-riders introduce skindivers to —

THE PERFECT WAVE

By VALERIE HEICHES

● I had just been given my third warning about "ruffianly surfies," and was beginning to doubt the wisdom of our coming venture, a trip north with three of Australia's most talented board-riders to do a combined surfing and skindiving film.

BOARD-RIDER Paul Witzig had talked my husband, Ron Taylor, into joining him in Queensland at Noosa Heads, where he himself was shooting film.

The agreement was that he could photograph Ron's skindivers and we could photograph Paul's board-riders.

It had sounded good in theory, but now I was beginning to have my doubts. "Surfing types are dreadful rowdies," warned one friend knowingly, "and their language is frightful."

My feeble reply that I had always found surfboard-riders very nice fell on deaf ears.

"They are all the same," warned my aunt. "You'll be run out of town."

By the time we drove out of Sydney I was feeling like Daniel about to enter the lions' den. We had Tanya Binning with us, and John Harding, our diver, met us in Queensland.

Noosa, one of the most charming places I have ever been to, is about 100 miles north of Brisbane. The boys, to my surprise, had not yet been run out of town but were living in a rambling old house overlooking the beach.

Prepared for the worst, I dodged into the kitchen. It was remarkably clean, and the fridge contained only butter and milk, not the gallons of strong liquor I had been led to expect. It was almost disappointing.

Next I was introduced to the boys, Robert Conneeley, Kevan Brennan, and Russell Hughes. They certainly seemed harmless enough, even a little shy—but then a fine-looking apple can have a rotten core, so I did not entirely melt over their good manners and smiling faces.

It was nearly a half hour

before I realised how wrong the stories had been, and I lost my heart to all of them. Kevan really won me over when he came out and helped to make some pike-lets.

Paul Witzig wanted to take the boys and their boards to a special place 32 miles away. There was no road, so he needed our boats. Next morning saw the eight of us speeding over a calm Pacific swell with porpoises playing around the bows of our two open 14ft. aluminium dinghies which had been brought up from Sydney.

Cliffs of colored sandstone sheltered us from the light westerly, and, best of all, the swell looked good. We had one sticky moment when Ron moved too close inshore and became trapped by an 8ft. breaking wave.

Only the excess power of Eva, our outboard motor, saved us from destruction as we crashed over the wave, soared board-like in space, then, with a sickening thud, splattered on to green water.

Two-minute ride

John Harding, who was driving the other boat, gave us a cheer and suggested we do it again so he could photograph it, but not on your life! Every bone in my body had jarred into jelly, and even Ron looked a bit shocked.

An hour and a half later we arrived. The boys were delighted. It was, they all said, "a perfect wave."

For those of you unacquainted with a perfect wave, it is a small mountain of water that swings around a point, breaking with a tubing effect, and running for two minutes before flattening out on the sand.

Robert, Russell, and Kevan flung their boards from the boat and, with cries of joy, leapt after them, only to be called back for a repeat per-

formance, this time with the cameras running.

After they had acted out this little sequence 17 times, both director Paul Witzig and director Ron Taylor seemed satisfied. Their stars, almost demented with frustration, were at last let loose on the surf, which, to use a surfing phrase, they proceeded to kill.

This means they did everything humanly possible on a board, defeating the wave with their skill.

Ron's idea was to film from our boat as it caught and rode the wave alongside the board-riders. John had the job of controlling Eva's ever-changing moods, Ron manipulated his 16-millimetre camera, and Tanya helped me to balance the boat while I struggled with a still camera.

It was fantastic. Robert, who was standing on his

board watching the 8ft. swell rounding the point, would suddenly call out, "Third wave after this one," and we would get into position.

As the third wave hovered in a green wet wall above us the foaming lip would ripple down, pick up our boat, and hurl it along next to the boys on their boards.

Many times we seemed doomed as a wave fell unexpectedly upon our bouncing craft, but Eva, almost lost in the foam, would roar to life, thrusting us ahead.

Robert, Russell, and Kevan ran all over their boards, at times so close we could touch them. They made Hanging Ten look simple, and at one stage Russell stepped off his board on to Robert's and they rode tandem.

How effortless it seemed, how simple! Yet when my turn came I discovered, to my sorrow, that I was the

second-worst board-rider in Australia.

I say second worst, as surely there must be *someone* around with less aptitude. I could hardly wait to take those boys skindiving and prove I was not useless.

Motor failed

Ron shot some wonderful footage, both under and above the water, on the board-riders. Unfortunately, we could not stay long at this beautiful, isolated place because of the trip home.

The wind had turned to the south and a nasty chop slowed our boats right down. It was a hard, cold journey.

We could see the lights of Noosa glowing through the gathering darkness, when John's motor cut out.

Nothing would make it start again. We ourselves did not have enough petrol to

tow him back, for the consumption is tripled when the motor is under load, so we just left them there, Paul, John, and Robert, bobbing up and down in the failing light three miles out to sea.

If you are wondering why they did not row in, it was because oars are essential for this, and we didn't have any.

The details of that harrowing night are best left unwritten, but in the end Ron made land, stocked up with spare petrol, left us on the beach, and somehow found the boys in pitch-dark and towed them home safely.

It took several days to recover from that trip and decide on another. Dirty water had prevented us from doing much underwater photography, so we hitched the boats behind the cars again and drove down to Moreton Bay, and then travelled in the boats 30 miles to Point



VALERIE HEICHES (a champion Australian spearfisher) with a whaler shark. Behind her, the outboard called Eva.

AT RIGHT: Shooting that perfect wave in Queensland are Robert Conneeley and, nearest the camera, Russell Hughes.

THIS SURFING CRAZE

—1—



Lookout on Stradbroke Island.

The next day we travelled another 30 miles to Flinders Reef, off the northern tip of Moreton Island, and there, to our relief, the water was clear.

Now that my chance had come to prove my worth, I had the flu — these things always happen to me—but my moment of glory was yet to be.

The board-riders took to spearfishing. Robert borrowed my gun and promptly speared a 7lb. fish, and Russell caught a lobster.

Kevan, who, the night before, had listened to Rodney Fox tell about his shark attack, was not so brave. He went spearfishing with only his head in the water, the rest of him high and dry on a surfboard.

Rodney had joined us the day before. He is the Ade-

laide insurance salesman and skindiver who was so badly mauled by a shark on the South Australian coast just under a year ago.

Now he was with us to help in shooting a few remaining scenes for the film of his recovery, "The Revenge of a Shark Victim," in which he plays himself — spearing man-eaters.

This film on Rodney, and "Surf Scene," the board-riding film we were working on, are to be shown in Sydney, starting at the Union Theatre on October 27. It was then August, so we were really battling against time.

Everyone was enjoying himself in the water, and I was shivering in the boat under a tropical sun and three blankets when a 9ft. shark, possibly attracted by the speared fish, moved in among the divers.

Reactions varied.

John Harding took little notice; Kevan Brennan tried without success to climb inside his surfboard; Russell Hughes, who up to now couldn't dive without holding Tanya's hand (some people use any excuse), went deeper for a better look; and Robert Conneeley swam back to the boat calling for a gun.

"My moment"

My moment of glory had come, for Ron called out to me to bring the powerhead gun over — he wanted to photograph me killing the shark with an explosive-tipped spear.

I cast the blankets aside and, gun in hand, went to act out my part. The shark, like all sharks, was uncooperative, and moved into 50ft. of water, where it was joined by two others.

Down went Ron, his camera whirring. Down went Valerie, sick and feverish, but a few seconds later my shark was dead on the ocean floor. Thank heavens for that shark! The boys were impressed with me, and the film shots came out well.

The trip was nearly over. Ron had enough footage. I felt sad at leaving my board-riding boys.

They had been really wonderful, washing dishes, running messages or doing anything else to help. I had heard no swearing; their main drink was Ovaltine; they were clean, tidy, and full of fun. And so, might I add, were many of their friends whom we met while making our film.

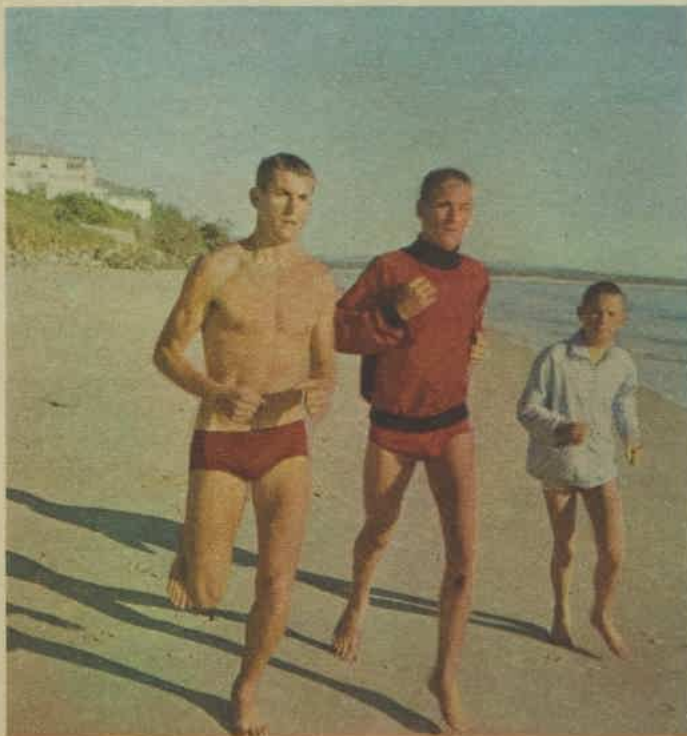
Now, back in Sydney, we are busy finishing "Surf Scene," the latest of four films which contain all our

hopes, dreams, and money over the last two years. We have tried to do something many people have failed at — to produce films on Australia, using Australians.

It was a lot of fun making them, and we know they contain some of the best underwater footage ever to be screened, but our future lies in the lap of that unpredictable thing, the general public.

If we are a success there will be many more filming trips around Australia, and I hope that Robert, Russell, Kevan, and Paul can come with us to make an even bigger and better film, both above and below that fabulous world of water off the Australian coast.

FOOTNOTE: In Tahiti last month Ron Taylor won the world spearfishing championship, with the heaviest individual catch.



WARMING-UP RUN for Robert, Russell, and 17-year-old Kevan Brennan, who is the New South Wales junior and senior board-riding champion. The day was sunny, but the sea wasn't warm. Pictures by Valerie Heighes.

THE WAVE begins to break far out at sea, and Kevan Brennan has caught it. This coast, 30 miles from Noosa Heads, has no road; few surfers know it.

OVERLEAF:
The Surfies of Cornwall

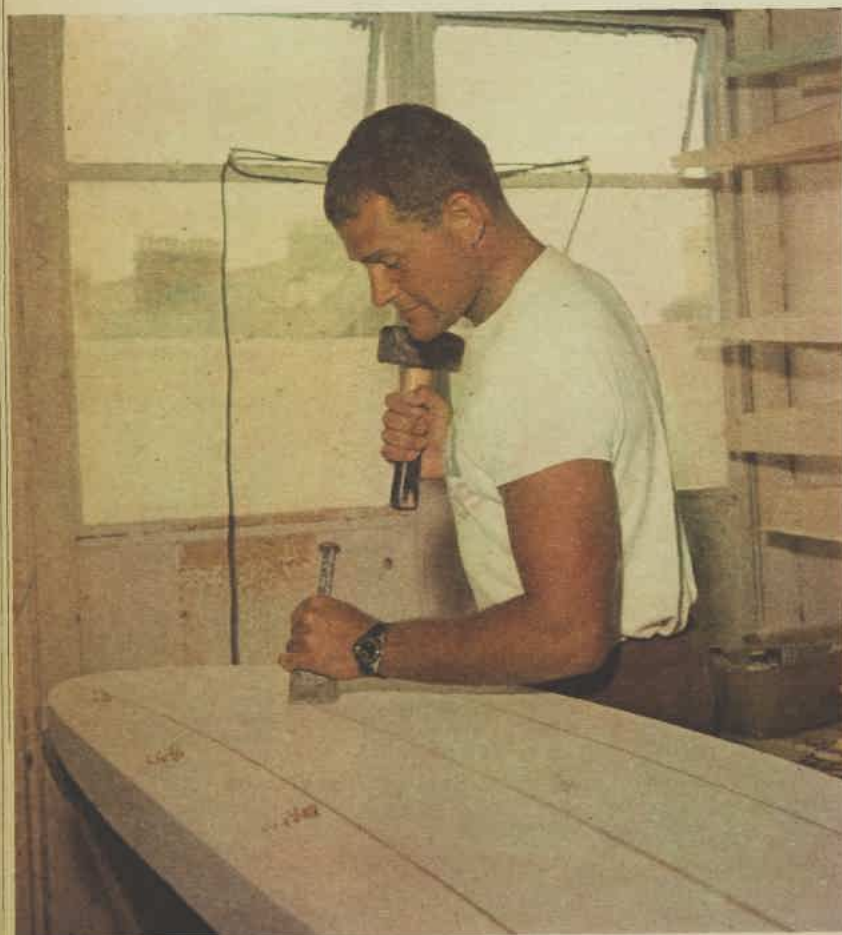
Australians saw their chance to start a Malibu-board factory to serve England and the Riviera



TRYING A T-SHIRT for size in the Surf Centre at Newquay, Cornwall, is Shirley Lewis, 18, with her friend Sue Giblin, 17, down on holiday from Manchester.



AT RIGHT: Bob Newton, one of the Australians at Newquay, checks Malibu boards for hire on the beach. Bob, from Balgowlah, N.S.W., has spent the summer as a lifeguard.



BOB HEAD, from Newport, N.S.W., works on a surfboard. He set up the factory and shop at Newquay with three English partners and sells Malibu boards in England and on the Continent for well under half the price of the boards imported from America.

"SURFIES"

● The southern end of the beach was roped off with a warning: "For surfboards only."

About a thousand yards out a little knot of board enthusiasts waited, their legs dangling lazily over the sides of multi-colored Malibus.

They looked every inch the surfer: tanned, glistening young bodies, rainbow-colored Bermuda shorts, long hair bleached by the sun and probably just a dash of sink-cleaner. An everyday sight on Australian beaches.

But these slaves of the surf were not within hot-dogging distance of Manly or Bronte or Cronulla.

THEY were at Newquay, on the coast of Cornwall, a quaint little English holiday town that was once a muted outpost of the deckchair and sun-hat brigade, who looked on the surf as something to sit by, not swim in.

Their tranquil existence has been disturbed by an enterprising band of young Sydney surfboard riders who have turned Newquay into a surfing centre of Europe.

The Australian surfing craze is rolling like a Bondi breaker across the pleasure resorts of Europe and North Africa.

On the crowded beaches at

Casablanca, Naples, Biarritz, and Marseilles the sleek fibreglass boards that dominate Australian surfing are taking a magical grip, and many of them are made at Newquay.

The Aga Khan, the young man with time and money on his hands, has decided to become a "gremlin," the surfing fraternity's term for an apprentice boardrider.

From his luxury villa in Sardinia, where he recently entertained Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, he has sent a message to two surfboard champions from Australia that he wants to try his hand at the Malibu madness.

His instructors will be Sydney boardriders Rodney

Sumpster, 18, of Avalon, and 23-year-old Dennis White, of Collaroy.

This surf-mad pair left Australia in January for America, where they tried out their boards on the beaches of Newport, Rhode Island, after a stint in Hawaii.

With money running short, they crossed the Atlantic to the island of Jersey, home of a big contingent of Australian surfies.

There they took part in the British national and international championships in July.

Rodney Sumpster, a lean, lively English migrant who learned all about surfing in Sydney, took off both the



OF CORNWALL

AN END-OF-SUMMER DAY at Newquay, and it looks like rain, but enthusiasts are in the surf with several kinds of board. Board-riding caught on rapidly during the season which has just ended.

national and international titles.

Dennis, Sydney-born and bred, was not far behind, and finished fourth on points in the international contest.

The British tobacco firm which sponsored the championships was so impressed with the response from British spectators that it decided to sponsor the Sydney experts on a world tour.

I spoke to Rodney at Newquay, where he and his blond-headed partner were preparing to leave for France to take part in the French championships.

They were waiting for their Australian mate 24-year-old Bob Head, of Newport, N.S.W., to finish two new boards for them.

Head, who has lived at Newquay for three years, is the one who has really cashed in on the European surfing boom.

"To sit on"

He arrived on the Cornwall coast three years ago with a Malibu board and landed a job as a lifeguard.

At that stage, Malibu boards were as scarce in England as boomerangs.

Nobody at Newquay had ever seen one before. "A lot of people didn't even know that you had to take them

into the water," Head told me.

"They thought they were something to plonk on the sand and sit on.

"The curiosity was tremendous at first, and it wasn't long before people started asking me to get them boards."

Within two years the small stream of orders trickling in has developed into a tidal wave.

Two years ago Head made ten boards in 12 months. In the past month he has been turning out 20 a week.

With three English partners he has set up a factory and a surfing shop in Newquay, and has made Cornwall as proud of its surfboards as Liverpool is of the Beatles.

"The whole thing is spreading like wildfire," Bob Head said.

"We have six people in the factory making surfboards, skateboards, and other beach gear.

"We have another six in the shop selling them, along with beachwear and all kinds of surfing books and trinkets.

"On the Continent they've really gone for the boards in a big way. We have an agent who takes them all the time to flog in Europe.

"We met him about four months ago when we had a stand at the Boat Show in

From KERRY MCGLYNN, in London

London. He looked our stuff over and took 50 boards on the spot."

Head, who was a sales representative in Sydney, had never made a surfboard before he came to England, and his first effort was "a bit rough."

He has one Australian working for him; this is Mick

particularly good foam, so our boards are not as good as the ones sold around Sydney."

But to compensate, Head's company, European Surfing Co. Ltd., is selling its product at around £30stg. each (an American board costs about £70stg. in Europe).

How quickly are the British and Continental "gremmies" catching on?

"I've been away four months of the past six in Britain and the Continent giving lessons, exhibitions, and demonstrations of all kinds," Head said.

"There has been tremendous enthusiasm for board-riding everywhere that I've been, and the youngsters seem to pick up the knack fairly well.

"They are probably a bit slower than Australians, but that's only natural, because they haven't had nearly as much opportunity as the kids back home."

Head rates the Newquay surf the best in Europe "on its day."

"The difference," he said, "is that in Sydney you can surf for maybe two-thirds of the year."

"Here you are lucky to surf for even a third of the year."

Head is the "elder statesman" — certainly the

longest-established member — of the 15-strong Australian surfing community who live in Newquay.

Five of these Sydney surf fanatics, Bob ("Nuts") Newton, 26, of Balgowlah, Gary ("Lumpy") Cox, 23, of Harbord, Warren ("Sul") Sullivan, 27, of Warriewood, Noel ("Yokum") Harridine, 28, a former captain of Warriewood Surf Club, and Mick ("The Phantom") Irwin, 25, of Harbord, work as £14-a-week lifeguards on the beaches around Newquay.

In caravans

At nights they serve in a local pub pulling beer.

Bob Newton estimates that he makes about £21stg. a week ("enough for a few beers and the birds").

Six of them live in a caravan park and spend all their spare time in the surf.

Mick Jackman, known around Newquay as "Shades," earns extra money playing piano in a four-piece band at a hotel.

"I'm about to marry an English girl, so I need the money," he said.

"I suppose I was earning about £2000 a year in Sydney as a photo-engraver."

"Now I'm ripping off about £33 a week with two jobs."

Both he and Head are the

permanent members of the Australian community, and plan to stay in Newquay for another five years.

Head has married an English girl and has a baby son.

"The Phantom" is also married. ("These English birds, mate, they are really great," explains Mick Jackman.)

The other Australians in Newquay work in pubs or on the beaches or both.

They are the idols of dozens of Cornish school-boys, who have given up the Rolling Stones for the rolling surf.

Said Dennis Holmes, "I've seen a few English 'gremmies' who look as though they will be real good on the boards."

Rodney Sumpter agreed. "One kid I have seen is going to be a world champion."

Sumpter and Holmes are off soon on their sponsored tour which will take them to Sardinia, the Canary Islands, Africa, and Singapore.

"The Aga Khan has offered to put us up in his place at Sardinia for a while if we will give him lessons and demonstrations," said Sumpter.

"I reckon it's going to be pretty outrageous."

"Outrageous" is the surfers' word for "wonderful."

THIS
SURFING
CRAZE
— 2 —

Jackman, a 25-year-old ex-Sydney photo-engraver. The rest of the factory help are English.

"Mick and I both used to hang around the board shops in Sydney, so we both had a pretty good idea," said Head.

"But mostly it's been trial and error. Making surfboards is a trade of secrets — every bloke has his own techniques and nobody is prepared to give his tricks away, so we have had to find out for ourselves.

"We have suffered from a shortage of proper materials,



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SPLASH INTO SUMMER...



MAKE THE MOST OF FRECKLES. Don't sell short the benefit of making the most of freckles. That fair, freckled look is newly fashionable — and fun.

So much so that in some places overseas fake freckles painted on to look exactly like sun-freckled skin are a big new fad.

If you are freckle-prone, you have to accept the fact that you simply can't lie there in high-voltage Australian sunshine and bake. But do you have to give up the beach altogether?

Not really, thanks to moisture creams, sun-screen lotions, lip creams, and the like. So... start your sunning slowly and sensibly, using a waterproof suntan preparation during the first pallid days and covering up with a sunshade or an amusing hat part of the time.

Then, when you've acquired a pale shade of tan, graduate to a good cover-up sunscreen that will give your skin the fullest protection. A good post-swim schedule: Shower to rinse off drying salt water, and put on a new coat of cream.

For people who freckle heavily over the shoulders, neck, and arms, a course of sunlamp treatments is a good preparation for the sun.



FINGER NAILS — NEW IN TWO-TONE. Color is news as well as allure in this summer's nail make-up, which today is as run-of-the-mill as lipstick.

Finger (and toe) nails painted in two-tone effects are rather startling at first blush, but they are a surefire conversation-piece in any company.

The sky's the limit when it comes to the colors you can use — indeed, your choice may range through the gamut of available lacquer colors and, for beach appearances, match or clash with your swimsuit of the moment.

Spotted, zigzag, and pointed effects are specially nifty.

In the event of male disapproval — and men are notoriously bewildered by feminine quirks of this kind — two coats of lacquer in fashionable pale coral pink should be just about the right touch.

PLAY UP NEW COLORS. Brightest note in this summer's make-up — and one that everybody seems to have gone wild about — is the lipstick range in the new honey-toned pinks which appear to be based on a subtle glow of golden color. Glowing pink (which becomes nearly everybody) and coral red also look exciting with bronzed skin, as do clear red and bright orange shades.

To give your make-up a truly up-to-the-minute look, try wearing the thinnest coat of lipstick you can manage. Watch the way you put it on, though, for to obtain bright color and shine — two "musts" of the unpainted look — your lipstick must be quite smooth and even as well as light.

For the beach, if you don't tan easily, play up a cool, creamy look.



LOOK SPECIAL IN SPECS. Wear the newest shapes in sun-specs if you want to cut a dash this summer, and make the fashionable eye even more so.

Newest news in this field of beach accessories are egg-shaped styles from France and those sinister-looking narrow bands of plastic that reach from ear to ear and have a tiny ribbon of dark lens across the middle.

Elsewhere, new sun goggles go square, round, elongated, hugely wrap-around, and there are recessed ones that allow plenty of blinking space for the longest eyelashes. Some Italian styles on the market feature interchangeable lenses.

Generally, the shapes that bend toward the temples are best — too straight a frame leaves gaps at the sides. Best time to wear sunglasses is when there is glare, especially glare from sand, water, and pavements.

A TOUCH OF SWITCHCRAFT. Sea-soaked hair is a nightmare; bathing without a cap a delight often regretted later in the day. So, whether you are staying at a friend's beach house or just beachcombing around for the weekend, keep a wiglet or a false hairpiece of some kind on hand for a quick hair transformation.

A pin-on chignon, a pouf of a ponytail, or maybe a long switch to roll on top of your head or pin on the back of it will cover lanky ends and straggly locks undone by the water.

All you do is brush your own hair back smoothly, anchor the ends, pin on the hairpiece, and no one will know the difference. There are some truly lovely real and synthetic hair switches and poufs you can buy and style in different ways.

—Carolyn Earle



... with up-to-the-minute make-up and grooming notions for beach belles. A little gimmicky, a lot of fun.



NEW LEGGY LOOK. This is the year of legs in beauty and fashion, and to make the most of the occasion, legs need to look smooth and polished on the beach.

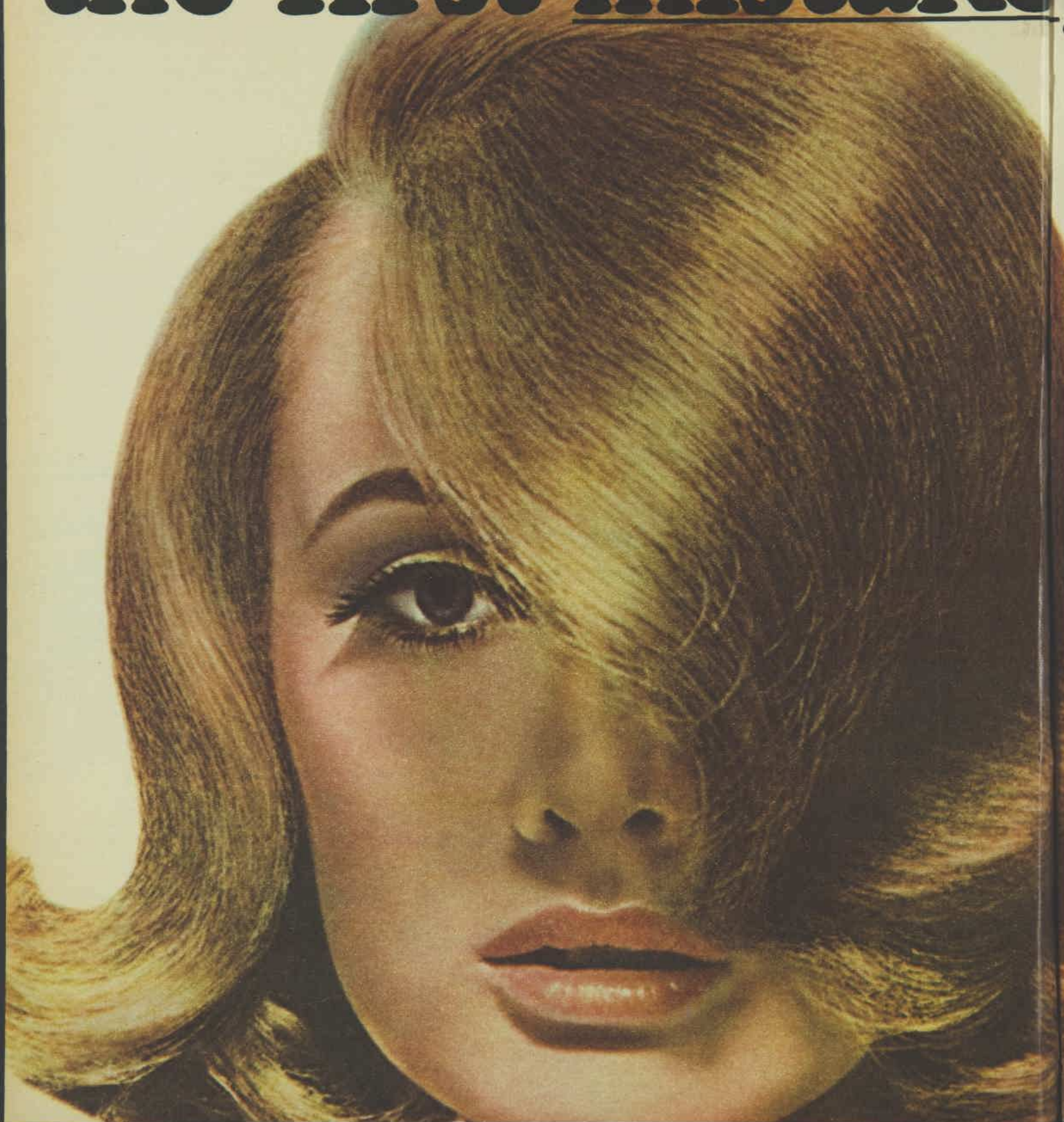
Even under stockings — and there's a pretty new sunny tint to this season's stockings — legs should look polished. So try an oil or cream rub before your bath to promote shine.

You'll find that some of the oil will cling, and you can polish it in afterwards. Still another good leggy trick is to rub in lots of hand-cream at the knees and ankles every night.

And, while you're at it, don't forget your feet. You can use skin food to soften and smooth foot skin, and a bit of baby oil used daily on the backs of heels will prevent roughening.

NEW FROM REVLON

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mistake-proof* hair color!

Takes just minutes (and 1 pair of hands).
You can cover grey, go lighter .. or go darker ..
the only way you can't go is wrong!

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New exclusive shade selector won't *let* you pick the wrong color.

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It's all pre-measured. Just pour 'Colorsilk' into squeeze-bottle applicator and it's ready to use.

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You can't over-color your hair. The coloring action stops automatically when the shade is just right.

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Instead of sectioning and messy retouching ... simply shampoo all over again. Color won't build up (no matching worries!). Your shade comes out even time after time.

Everything you need is in this kit.*When used as directed, you just can't go wrong!

From the Research Laboratories of Revlon - world's foremost color authority

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and be free from **HEADACHE....free from PAIN.**

FASHION NIGHT OUT

Glamorous New Fabrics

Made in Australia

● Fabulous hostess ensemble (right) is made in estacel fabrics. The harem pants are pleated into the ankle and worn with a matching button-through jacket. The coat is lined with the fabric in the suit.

● Chic slender-line evening dress (below) skims the figure with ease. The dress is made in hand-woven estacel and cotton, highlighted with lurex thread. Beaded bands trim the skirt and high neckline.



● Superb evening coat (above) made in terylene-and-viscose blend has de luxe cuffs of white mink, embroidered in pearls and fine ribbon. The dress, made of 100% terylene batiste, has an embroidered top and wide culotte skirt.

"Fashion Night Out," a presentation of high-fashion garments demonstrating the up-to-the-minute techniques of Australian textile manufacturers and Australian couturiers, was a glamorous highlight of the Australian Textile Exposition held recently in Canberra.

The Exposition, organised by the Textile Council of Australia, also included an exhibition presenting all aspects of the textile industry, and covering all fibres — wool, cotton, and synthetic — and the Australian Textile Congress, during which 500 men and women, leaders of the textile industry in Australia, heard addresses by world authorities and discussed important textile problems.

The "Fashion Night Out" presentation, held in the new Canberra Civic Auditorium, included evening and afternoon wear, leisure and sportswear. Just a few of the 63 garments are shown here and overleaf.





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New concentrated "Spray Net" outlasts all other hair sprays 1100/65
Page 30



● Cotton plush, a fabric new to couture fashion, is the material choice for this hostess dress. The high, Empire-line bodice is finished with a soft self-bow and above-elbow, bell-shaped sleeves. The floor-length skirt has all-round fullness.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 20, 1965

FASHION NIGHT OUT

Continued

● Chic check suit and matching seven-eighths coat (left) is made in a terylene - and - wool mixture. The suit collar is worn outside the coat's scoop neckline.

● Pure wool plaid in a diagonal weave (below) is the material choice for this dress and matching jacket. The jacket has an easy cut, and the bodice of the slender-line dress is sequin - embroidered.

● Dashing suit (left) made in pure wool boucle tweed. The trim jacket is collarless, the skirt a swing of pleats.

● Jumper suit (right) made in 100% cotton jacquard jersey is worn with a scarf hat. Fringe adds drama.

"Fashion Night Out" pictures were taken by Les Gorrie.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 20, 1965



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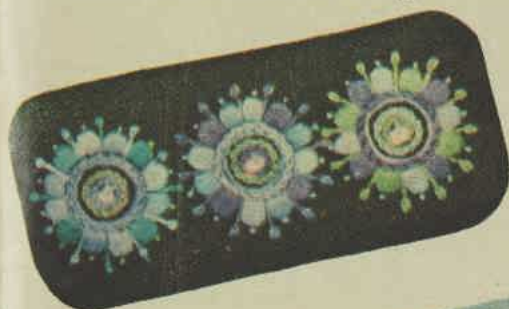
THE TEA OF FLAVOR

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

NEW OFFER TO OUR READERS

● Looking for novel Christmas sewing ideas? These six spectacle cases in delightful designs were created for our readers as a Christmas Needlework Offer.



● Witching Black (above) is No. 1. Various shades of blues and greens stand out starkly against the black background. Capri Blue (right), which is No. 4, is embroidered in easy satin, chain, and stem stitching.



● Grotto Blue (above), which is No. 2 on the order form below, has a circular pattern based on sequins. Various shades of greens and gold threads are used.



● Fiesta Brown, No. 5 (above), features yellow, white, and gold daisies against a soft brown. Sew it as a gift for a friend.



● Sea Green, which is No. 6 (above), has a pretty pattern showing birds sitting in a tree. Any beginner could sew the easy loop and stem stitches used.



Six lovely designs in glowing colors

● The six beautiful embroidered spectacle cases shown on this page comprise our new needlework offer to readers. Although so effective when completed, the designs are simple enough for any beginner to do.

YOU can order the entire set of six different cases shown on this page, or you can order a single case, two or more of the same design, or in any other combination.

Each spectacle case costs 9/- including postage. See the order form below at left for details.

All the spectacle cases come complete in their own sewing kits.

Each kit contains the outer spectacle case of a heavy woven linen-finished rayon in one of the six beautiful colors shown. The design to be embroidered is outlined on this fabric.

Stiffening, lining, the necessary embroidery threads, and easy-to-follow directions are included.

Sequins, too, where they are applicable to the design, are also included.

The spectacle case when completed is approximately 6in. long by 2½in. wide.

The beautiful colors of the cases are called witching black, grotto blue, pink champagne, Capri blue, fiesta brown, and sea green.

The designs were created by a talented handicrafts artist, and are based on easy stitches that any beginner could do.

The patterns are worked in simple chain, stem, and satin stitches.

Solve your Christmas gift problems by ordering these delightful and unusual spectacle cases now.

Perhaps you might prefer to send the kit, ready to sew, as a gift to a friend who enjoys unusual needlework.

To order the kit, fill in the order form and address label below and send in with your cheque, money order, or postal note to "Spectacle Case Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

ORDER FORM

Address envelope to "Spectacle Case Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mark your order and how many you require in the appropriate square below. Each separate spectacle kit is 9/-.

Note: Price includes postage within Australia and overseas.

Please send me:

No. 1 Witching Black ☐ No. 4 Capri Blue ☐

No. 2 Grotto Blue ☐ No. 5 Fiesta Brown ☐

No. 3 Pink Champagne ☐ No. 6 Sea Green ☐

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Cole have collected imported Dan River
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Suppliers of Cosmetics
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Ardena Liquid Night Cream opens the way to worlds of beauty for you today. Use it regularly at bedtime, you will awaken each morning to discover a smoother, more silken complexion.



By Appointment to
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Elizabeth Arden

Such unexpected wealth was
beyond their wildest dreams,
but Donald and his wife knew
money wasn't everything
... an appealing story

By **BARBARA
HOLLAND**

DONALD asked, "Tired, darling? Here, why don't you put your feet up?"

"Thanks. Yes, I am," said Daisy. Of course I'm tired, she thought, with the touchiness of the end of the day. What does he think? I work all day in an office, come home and cook dinner and wash the dishes, and I'm five months pregnant; how does he think I feel? Like dancing?

But she didn't say it. Donald's face, as he arranged her feet on the stool, was so concerned and so terribly young. She couldn't shout at it, no matter how much she wanted to shout.

"I was looking at cribs in my lunch-hour today," she said. "In those second-hand furniture stores on Front Street? I saw a good one for ten dollars. It needs painting, but it's strong."

"The price sounds all right," Donald said. "I thought they cost more than that."

"Of course, most do," she said. "But it's the size that bothers me. I don't think it's going to go into that little room. Not with everything else he'll need. A bureau for his clothes and some place to change him on and keep the nappies. And his bath thing. We can't fit it in the bathroom, goodness knows. And then a playpen later. That room just won't be big enough for him."

Donald seemed to be considering. He frowned and rumpled the soft thick hair that made him look like the handsomest boy in a high school. Then he said very solemnly, "Suppose he's a girl?"

"Oh, Donald, please. You're no help. Don't you see? We're going to have to give him our bedroom. Or her, whichever. And move into the little one ourselves. It's the only way."

"If the baby won't fit, how will we?"

"We will. Just," said Daisy grimly. "The bed against the east wall and the dresser on the north at the foot of the bed. Oh, I hate this house! Why did we ever buy it? It cost all our money, and it's too small! There's no place to put even one tiny baby!"

She clenched her teeth against tears, the quick surface tears of pregnancy. "We don't even have a right to a baby. We don't know anything. Heaven knows what'll happen to it."

"Hey, Daisy, love, Daisy, don't cry. Please don't cry." Bewildered, Donald took her hand and patted it.

His clumsy kindness burst the tears through her self-control. He's so

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Temptation



Vegetables are so down to earth *but so heavenly with Butter!*

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN

Fresh, natural foods like vegetables can be an epicure's delight by using imagination, care and Butter! Nothing brings out the flavour, or adds to the enjoyment of eating the most humble vegetables as much as Butter.

When you add Butter to vegetables, you are adding concentrated food value—energy and vitamins. For Butter is naturally rich in these. There are many ways of using Butter in or on vegetables—try these ideas . . .



Little tips for BIG successes

TOMATO KEBABS . . .

Small tomatoes on skewer are brushed with melted butter. Grill lightly, brushing again with melted butter when turning.

CORN-ON-THE-COB . . .

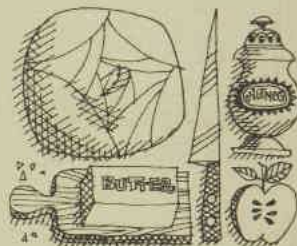
Cooked corn is served with butter, or brushed with melted butter and paprika and grilled.

CARROT GLAZE . . .

Cook and drain small young carrots, add salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar. Reheat until sugar melts and coats carrots.

ITALIAN GREEN BEANS . . .

Toss cooked beans in melted butter and a little lemon juice. Sprinkle with grated cheese.



LEAFY VEGETABLES . . .

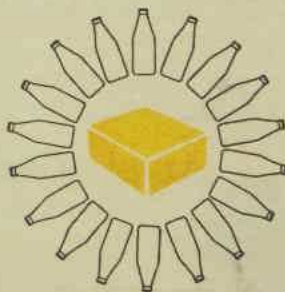
Melt butter in pan, add washed, shredded cabbage, spinach or silver beet, salt, pepper. Cover, shake over low heat until just tender (water on vegetables is usually enough).

Try also—thinly sliced onion cooked with cabbage; 1 teaspoon each sugar and vinegar with silver beet; add cream and nutmeg to cooked spinach.

PEAS, BEANS, CARROTS, CAULIFLOWER, BROCCOLI . . .

Slice beans or carrots, break cauliflower or broccoli into small flowerets. Add to melted butter in pan with 1-2 tablespoons water. Cover, cook gently, adding a little water if necessary. Add mint and sugar to peas; sprinkle carrots with nutmeg and brown sugar; cook thinly sliced onions with beans.

Any vegetable—cooked in your usual way—is greatly improved in flavour if tossed in melted butter after cooking.



IT TAKES THE CREAM FROM 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

THE BUS

It was an eventful journey . . . a dramatic story

By SHIRLEY JACKSON

MISS HARPER was going home, although the night was wet and nasty. Miss Harper disliked travelling at any time, and she particularly disliked travelling on this dirty small bus, which was her only way of getting home; she had frequently complained to the bus company about their service, because it seemed that no matter where she wanted to go, they had no respectable bus to carry her.

Getting away from home was bad enough, Miss Harper was fond of pointing out to the bus company, but getting home seemed very close to impossible. Tonight Miss Harper had no choice; if she did not go home by this particular bus, she could not go for another day.

Annoyed, tired, depressed, she tapped irritably on the counter of the little tobacco store which served also as the bus station. Sir, she was thinking, beginning her letter of complaint: Although I am an elderly lady of modest circumstances and must curtail my fondness for travel, let me point out that your bus service falls far below . . .

Outside, the bus stirred noisily, clearly not anxious to be moving; Miss Harper thought she could already hear the weary sound of its springs sinking out of shape. I just can't make this trip again, Miss Harper thought; even seeing Stephanie isn't worth it; they really go out of their way to make you uncomfortable.

"Can I get my ticket, please?" she said sharply, and the old man at the end of the counter put down his paper and gave her a look of hatred.

Miss Harper ordered her ticket, deploring her own cross voice, and the old man slapped it down on the counter in front of her and said, "You got three minutes before the bus leaves."

He'd love to tell me I missed it, Miss Harper thought, and made a point of counting her change.

The rain was beating down, and Miss Harper hurried the few exposed steps to the door of the bus. The driver was slow in opening the door, and as Miss Harper climbed in she was thinking: Sir, I shall never travel with your company again. Your ticket salesmen are ugly, your drivers are surly, your vehicles indescribably filthy . . .

There were already several people sitting in the bus, and Miss Harper wondered where they could possibly be going; were there really this many small towns served only by this bus? Were there really other people who would endure this kind of trip to get somewhere, even home?

I'm very out of sorts, Miss Harper thought, very out of sorts; it's too strenuous a visit for a woman of my age; I need to get home. She thought of a hot bath and a cup of tea and her own bed, and sighed.

No one offered to help her put her suitcase on the rack, and she glanced over her shoulder at the driver, sitting with his back turned, and thought: He'd probably rather put me off the bus than help me; and then, perceiving her own ill nature, she smiled. The bus company might write a letter of complaint about me, she told herself, and felt better.

She had providentially taken a sleeping pill before leaving for the bus station, hoping to sleep through as much of the trip as possible, and, at last, sitting near the back, she promised herself that it would not be unbearably long before she had a bath and a cup of tea, and tried to compose the bus company's response to her letter of complaint. Madam, a lady of your experience and advanced age ought surely to be aware of the problems confronting a poor but honest little company which wants only . . .

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The rain was pouring down relentlessly when Miss Harper alighted from the bus.



Double Wedding

By HUGH CAVE



Dreamy—new hair colours plus instant body and bounce



Color Plus is the new hair-beauty discovery. Apply any of the eight fashion-fresh shades direct from the bottle. Instantly, you have an exciting new colour plus bounciness, glossiness, nice-to-touchness your hair never had before. Semi-permanent. \$1.00 or 10/-. (It's double size!)



napro's
NEW COLOR-PLUS
THE NATURAL LOOK

ALL of us in the family thought it was pretty foolish of Mary Nickerson to agree to a double wedding. Even her mother tried to talk her out of it.

Not that the girl was an ugly duckling, mind you. She wasn't anything like that, and was such a sweet child that most people wouldn't have noticed, anyway. It was just that her sister Beverly was such an outright beauty that she became the main attraction at any affair, and Mary was bound to be second fiddle.

Both girls were marrying boys from out of town. Mary's Will Prentiss was a Greenville boy, a surveyor, whom she had met when she went there one time for a football game. He was at the university then. Beverly's man, Thurston Combs, was from Boston and worked in his father's law office.

As I say, Mary's mother did her best to talk Mary out of it, but Mary wouldn't listen. She just laughed. "We can't afford two weddings," she said, "and besides, I don't mind if Bev is the star of the show. When it's all over, I'll be just as much married as she is."

She wouldn't listen to Edith and me, either — Edith, my wife, is her aunt — and that was that. Not that Mary was ever stubborn or unreasonable. We all figured that she was just so used to being second fiddle it didn't matter any more. Not even at her wedding.

The wedding was to take place on Saturday morning, with the reception across the road in the parish house, but of course both young men arrived in Weyland the day before to take part in the rehearsal. My Edith had invited Will Prentiss and his folks to stay with us, and I liked Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss on sight. He was a pleasant, easy sort of man, and his wife was all excited in a way that made you chuckle.

Will, of course, we knew well. He'd been dating Mary for over a year. He was a tall, freckled boy with a natural grin, and he brought my Edith a whopping big box of chocolates. "And don't tell me you're on a diet," he said. "You're thinner than my mother, and I happen to think she's beautiful."

At the rehearsal, as you can guess, Beverly took charge. She had already picked out the music, and the organist was a friend of hers, but she wanted the music played more slowly and she showed everybody how to walk down the aisle. Nobody minded being told how she wanted things. You expected that sort of thing from Beverly, and she was so lovely it was a privilege to please her.

Thurston Combs and his folks beamed at her all through it, and Mary and Will Prentiss never once raised a fuss. When I got Mary aside and protested that if I had to walk down the aisle that slowly with her in the morning I would fall on my face, she just squeezed my hand and said, "I'll hold you up, Uncle Jim. Don't worry."

"You can't walk that slowly yourself," I said. "Maybe your sister can, with her long legs, but you'll look as if you're jumping puddles."

"You and I have jumped puddles together before, Uncle Jim," she said. "Anyway, nobody will be watching us."

She was right. Nobody paid much attention to her part of the wedding. Her sister Beverly was the prettiest bride you could ever hope to see, and, to be blunt about it, people were scarcely aware that Mary and Will Prentiss were there in the church at all.

I was even a little surprised when my Edith said to me afterward, "Did you notice when Will was putting the ring on Mary's finger, Jim? The two of them looking

Joy was in the air — a short short story

straight into each other's eyes? Those two weren't putting on a show for people; they were marrying each other."

But the real difference showed up at the reception, and at the house afterward.

In our part of New England, when folks go through a receiving line they don't just mumble a few pat words and pass on; they're likely to stop and start a conversation. It may slow things up, but it's how we are.

Charley Watkins and his wife, for instance, had arrived late for the wedding because they had two flats on the way from their place in Skowhegan, and they were bound to tell both brides and their new husbands all about it while apologising. Bessie Wilkinson was flower-minded and just had to admire the girls' bouquets.

Now I happened to know that both of the young couples were anxious to get away because they had reservations. Beverly and Thurston Combs were driving south and spending the night at a hotel in Boston. Mary and Will Prentiss were driving north to Nova Scotia and had arranged to stop at a motel halfway.

Well, what happened when the reception took so long?—Thurston Combs got impatient. He kept scowling at his watch and telling Beverly they had to hurry things up, and Beverly kept telling him they just couldn't. Both of them began to get edgy.

Mary and Will, on the other hand, never seemed to notice the time at all. They acted as if they had nothing else to do for the rest of their lives except chat with people who'd paid them the compliment of coming there to see them get married.

We were an hour and a half behind schedule getting back to the house. By that time Thurston Combs wasn't even pretending to be polite any more. And at the house there was a pile of gifts.

We do that in our neck of the wood. Some folks send their gifts ahead of time, but a lot of others just bring them over when they come to the wedding. The parlor was full of presents, and the house was jam-packed with people who had brought them.

What happened—Beverly and Thurston Combs went straight upstairs to change, but, when they came back down, there was Mary still in her wedding dress, with Will Prentiss at her side, opening presents and exclaiming over them and thanking the people who'd brought them.

Beverly just had to do the same, whether Thurston liked it or not. But she barely went through the motions, while her husband looked at his watch and got grimmer by the minute.

I walked over to him and said offhandedly, "Why don't I phone your hotel, Thurston, and tell them you'll be a bit late?"

His answer was simply: "No."

"All right," I said, and strolled over to Will with the same idea.

"Thanks, Uncle Jim," Will said, "but I already took care of it. I told them we might be late arriving." He grinned at his bride. "It isn't as though we had to catch a plane. Mary and I have a lifetime together. We certainly can spare a few minutes for our friends."

"I love you," Mary said. So that's how it ended. Beverly and Thurston Combs, happy now and arm in arm, smiling in their private elation, said their good-byes and hurried off.

Mary and Will Prentiss stayed a whole hour longer, finally changed out of their wedding clothes, and drove away waving, with all of us out on the lawn waving after them and remarking what a grand pair

of youngsters they were, and how happy we knew they would be.

I was the last one to have a word with Mary before they left. She was coming down the stairs in her pretty new going-away dress, and I was waiting at the bottom, and when I saw the glow in her face I took hold of her hands.

"Well, sweetheart," I said, "it turned out to be your day after all, didn't it?"

She whispered her answer as she kissed me goodbye. "My day and Will's day," she said proud as punch. "And I knew all along it would be."

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Nothing
cleans mirrors
like Mr. Sheen



Clean, wax and polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen

Just spray Mr. Sheen on your mirrors, then simply wipe over to remove smears and greasy finger marks. There is no hard rubbing, because you leave the work to Mr. Sheen. Mirrors stay brighter longer because Mr. Sheen polishes as it cleans. Use Mr. Sheen to give a

long lasting shine to all the surfaces you clean. Mr. Sheen polishes furniture and plastic surfaces; cleans and protects your refrigerator, washing machine, stove; cleans venetian blinds; and makes chrome even shinier. So clean, wax and polish the easy way... with Mr. Sheen.

SPRAY ON MR. SHEEN AND WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE

Only 6/6



KEEP your chineline firm and young by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream the chineline generously and then, with the backs of your fingers, slap all round the chineline back and forth, letting the movement come entirely from your wrists. Then, with the fingertips, smooth the Ulan vitalizing night cream from the cleft in the chin along the jawline to the ears. This tissue toning and nourishment will ensure a firm, youthful chineline and a skin of milky beauty.

young, she thought resentfully, even while she cried on his sleeve. She could think that even though she was only twenty and he was twenty-two.

Why hadn't she married someone older—someone who knew what to do? Knew how to buy a house, make more room in it, keep her from crying, earn more money?

"And what are we going to do for money, after I can't work?" she whispered bitterly.

"I'll manage," said Donald. "It'll be all right. Don't worry so, Daisy, it's bad for you. And please don't cry."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just edgy. You mustn't be nice to me when I get like that; it always makes me cry."

Donald grinned, relieved. "OK. Would you like to go out? See a movie or something?"

"I'd love to. But it's not in the budget."

"Cards? Want me to beat you at gin-rummy again?"

"No, thanks. I'm tired of cards." Daisy knew that she

Continued from page 37

was being peevish and difficult, and hated herself for it, but somehow she couldn't stop.

"Hey, I know," he said. "When I was cleaning out all that junk in the attic on Saturday I found a perfectly good Monopoly game. It must have come with the house. How about Monopoly? I haven't played that in years."

"It's no fun with just two, is it?"

"Sure it is. And we'll let the baby play, that makes three. I'll get it."

She watched his legs and feet disappear up the narrow stairwell. Poor Donald, he was so patient with her. If he worried, too, if he, too, had these fits of despair and helplessness, he never let her see them.

Waiting, she looked around the narrow living-room, with a slice off the end for a kitchen. She hated it. When

they bought the house, recklessly plunging into it every cent they had saved and all they could borrow, it was perfect. A house for two, snug, not too big to clean or heat. They weren't planning any family for a long time yet, five or six years at least.

Now, a year later, she was pregnant. The rooms shrank around her and pressed against her skin, cramped narrow rooms too small to breathe in, much too small for three.

Donald's heels rang on the steep steps. "Here it is," he called. "Dusty, but all here. I hope the rules are in it somewhere, I've forgotten how to play. How much money do we get to start with?" He was excited, as pleased as a little boy with his find. "Let's sit on the floor, it's easier. Now, how do we start?"

He took the lid off the box and spread out the board. He gathered up the money and

began to divide it between them while he read the rules.

Daisy sat clumsily on the floor, her hair, damp with heat, curling in dark wisps around her cheeks. She pushed it back with her square little hands. "You're giving me too much," she began and then stopped. She stared at the green heap on the floor by her knee. Her heart began to thump slower and harder, as if with fear.

"Donald," she said. She cleared her throat and tried again. "Donald. It's real. It's real money. Real money."

DONALD froze, his hand in the air. He looked at her pile, and his own, and the bill in his hand, a fifty-dollar bill. There were hundreds and another fifty showing on the floor.

At last, slowly, bewildered, he said, "But why would anyone put real money in a Monopoly set?"

"What's that got to do with it? Count it, Donald! Count it, see how much there is!"

"It's probably counterfeit, Daisy. Don't get excited."

"Counterfeit! For heaven's sake, why would anyone put counterfeit money in a Monopoly set, after making it, and everything? Oh, here, let me." She scraped up their heaps and gathered the rest from the box and began to count it rapidly, whispering under her breath and casting aside the Title Deeds from the Monopoly game that were mixed in.

It took her a long time. There was a lot of it. When she finished her eyes were blank with excitement. "Donald, there's forty-three thousand two hundred and twenty dollars here. And when I was hating this house so. I was sitting here, hating it, and then it gave us this. Donald, all those hundred-dollar bills, can you imagine? I can't believe it yet. I guess it takes a while. Forty-three thousand!"

"Wait, honey. It isn't our money, you know. We can't keep it. We have to turn it over to the police."

"The police? Not on your

life, Donald Livingstone! That's the silliest thing I ever heard. It's our house, and the money was in it, so it's our money."

"I don't know what the law is," said Donald, looking down at his hands shuffling chance-cards together, "but I do know that kind of money's not standard equipment on Monopoly sets. Someone put it there. And it legally belongs to whoever it was. Or his children."

"It belongs to you. Finders keepers."

"Maybe it does." Donald sounded tired, and his hands, on the cards, trembled slightly. "But I doubt it. I'll have to ask the police."

"No! There's probably some silly catch, the State gets it, or they have to burn it, or something."

"You mean, you want to keep it, and not tell anyone? Not even your mother?"

"Mother? Why not Mother?"

"If we did this, Daisy, we'd have to never tell anyone at all. Never buy anything we couldn't buy on my salary. Never even tell the baby. Never tell Nina."

"Nina." Daisy, lowered her head. Nina was her friend. Daisy suddenly felt the full weight of having a secret; not a happy childish secret to be coaxed out, but a real dark and massive secret that must never escape.

The telephone rang. They stiffened like thieves. Daisy began to scramble the money together under her skirt and the box lid. Then, realising how foolish it was, she stopped. She gave a nervous laugh and bit her thumbnail.

The phone rang and rang.

Finally it stopped, and in the silence Donald said, "You see what I mean?"

"I don't care. I don't care if we have to sneak, and hide the rest of our lives. We'll get used to it, Donald. Most people have some kind of secret, don't they? You can get used to anything, it'll just be automatic. And Donald, think. For the baby."

"I'm thinking," he said miserably. "But it doesn't make any difference. Don't make it so hard for me, Daisy. After all," he smiled,

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Home Plans Service for our readers

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
- Alterations to suit site if wanted.
- When ordering a plan please state construction and roof covering required.

Headquarters of our Home Plans Service is now located in our Head Office in Sydney. Readers in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney can now write direct to the Service headquarters to the box numbers given below:

Sydney: 168 Castlereagh St. (Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney. 2-0666, ext. 2358).

Melbourne: Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney.

Hobart: FitzGerald, 28 Criterion St. (2-7221).

Adelaide: Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. 22-691.)

Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St., (21-4788).

Fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

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Who took the sting out of shampoo?

Johnson & Johnson did. This shampoo will remove marmalade and plasticine, and the other things children seem to collect in their hair. But it's specially made not to sting or burn the eyes. It takes the tears out of

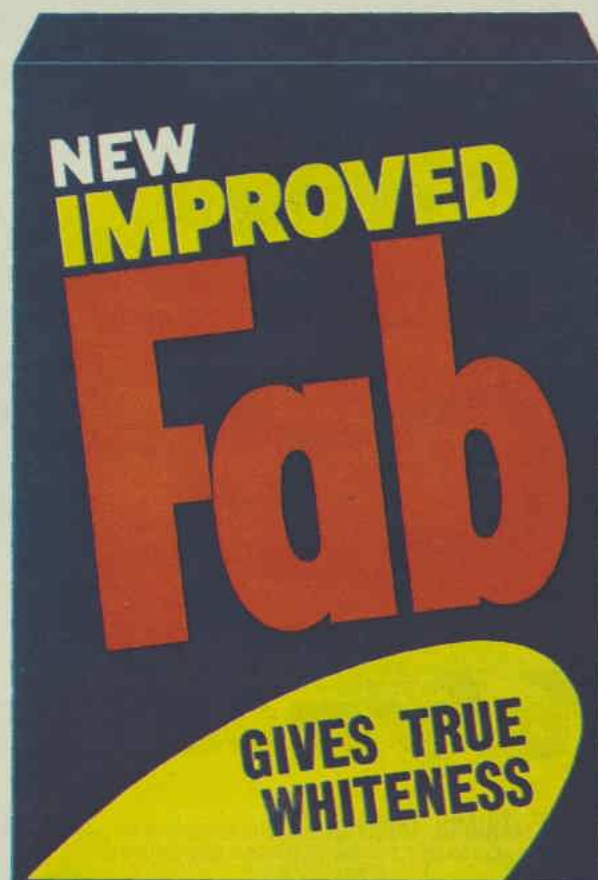


shampoo time, puts a fresh young lustre back into hair. (Along with a pleasant, natural smell that seems to whisper: Cleannnnnnnn).

Johnson's BABY SHAMPOO

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the secret
of true whiteness



Fab has a new high-energy detergent formula

which works without let-up till all your whites are whiter . . . makes them look like new again. New Fab holds the secret of true whiteness and puts the proof right on the line. Buy it—see for yourself.





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260 CYCLOPS PRIZES!
WAITING TO BE WON

10 FABULOUS CYCLOPS GYMNASIUM SETS!
Complete with swings, bars, basketball hoops and rings. Like having a park in your own backyard!

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20 STURDY CYCLOPS 20" TRICYCLES DE LUXE!
For the 5 to 9 year old brigade.

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50 BEAUTIFUL 18" "PEDIGREE" BRIDE DOLLS
Dream of all little girls.

20 CYCLOPS 16" TRICYCLES DE LUXE Same good looks and sturdy quality as the 20" size, for smaller children.

25" "JOHNNY SEVEN" ONE MAN GUNS Giant size guns for pint-size soldiers . . . perfectly safe, wonderfully durable.

50 GIANT-SIZE MR. BUDDY "L" TRUCKS Here's a toy the sturdiest boy CAN'T break.

JUST estimate the age of the little girl in the picture in years, months and days. Then write one line to complete the jingle (see coupon). Use the coupon provided or plain paper if you wish.

Include your name and address and the end flap from any size tube of **KOLYNOS** toothpaste (except where this contravenes State laws).

Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the closest estimate of the little girl's age on the day this picture was taken. Where there are more than 260 identically close estimates, the completed jingle will be regarded as a tie breaker and judged on aptness, originality and literary merit.

The contest closes October 31, entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered. Winners will be notified by mail on or about November 24. A list of prizewinners will be published in the issue of this magazine dated November 24. Employees (or their families) of International Home Products and their advertising agencies are not eligible to enter this contest. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

To the Kolynos Contest, Box 7079, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

I think Donna is _____ years _____ months _____ days.

Now, please write one line to complete the jingle:

"To get the nicest smiles today,
Brush your teeth the **KOLYNOS** way,
And always choose a Cyclops toy,

MY NAME IS _____

ADDRESS: _____

STATE: _____

NOTE: Please indicate here if the child you have in mind for a prize is a boy or a girl.

Boy: _____

Girl: _____

Age: _____

HURRY! ENTER TODAY! BUY DELICIOUS-TASTING KOLYNOS TOOTHPASTE FOR THE FAMILY (CHILDREN LOVE ITS FRESH FLAVOUR) AND GET BUSY ON YOUR ENTRIES. IT'S KOLYNOS FOR NICER SMILES—CYCLOPS FOR NICER TOYS!



KY709

They realised their
marriage had reached
a crisis — concluding
our two-part serial

The real thing

By
PAUL ERNST



EVERYONE had always taken it for granted that HELEN PRENTICE and VINCENT BRYAN would marry one day. Their parents had been the best of friends since their early married days and had always hoped secretly that their children would grow up to fall in love.

When Vince graduated and went into his father's real estate business, he saved up for a holiday trip to Europe. But before he could make definite plans he realised he loved Helen and asked her to marry him. Helen accepted his proposal, but insisted he still have the trip. Their parents were so happy about the engagement, one couple gave them a block of land and the other had built a home on it, so money was not important.

In Italy with two old college friends, DON and PETE, Vince met a group of American girls. He could not help falling in love with one of them,

DORIS TANE, who admitted she felt the same, although she was engaged to a boy back home. It was a case similar to Vince's — the boy next door and the inevitable engagement.

Doris and Vince made a pact that each would leave a souvenir statuette in a niche in the hotel wall if they decided to break off their engagements, but the next day after Doris had left, Vince was desolate to find only his souvenir in the niche.

Returning home he was shocked to find in the short time he had been overseas, TERRY LEE, one of his friends, had been killed in a speed-boat accident. Trying to forget Doris, he joined in the plans for the wedding. Seven years later, when Helen is making arrangements for a divorce, he thinks back over their life together and finds himself remembering as well the brief time Doris and he had known each other. NOW READ ON:

IN the weeks that followed, Vince thought more than once that he would surely go out of his mind. During the day he worked with robot efficiency at the office; evenings and weekends he sat or drove or walked with Helen while they discussed the details of the wedding very soberly and practically. If she would just laugh once in a while, he thought, only occasionally acknowledging that he was giving her very little to laugh at.

The death of Terry Lee such a short time ago accounted for some of Helen's lack of frivolity, of course. But the rest of it, Vince feared, belonged naturally to her. He tried to imagine Helen's crying at the sheer beauty of a mood and moment, and could not. And as the days crawled toward the wedding date he cried out in his heart, I can't do it! I can't live my life with this girl.

But then he would turn to her with renewed, determined tenderness, for he could not break the engagement now. It would have been bad enough breaking it for cause, for another woman; but to break it without apparent reason, in effect telling her and all her world that he simply didn't care to be with her any more, was impossible. It would have been too wantonly destructive. But he could not help imagining how these days would have been with Doris, with the tremendous adventure of marriage and a life together coming closer to them with every tick of the clock.

"I think Dad's going to surprise us with a house," Helen said one evening. She and Vince were alone in the Prentices' living-room. "Anyway, whenever I say it's past time for us to settle on an apartment or something, Mother tells me not to bother about that, there's plenty of time for that, and Dad sort of grins."

"I catch my father in a mysterious grin sometimes, too," Vince said. "And I happened to see a deed for a lot in Elmwood in your father's name. A house is going up on it now — George Prentice Company, Contractors."

"Vince — you knew about it and you didn't tell me? That's mean."

Smile, now, he told himself. He smiled. Kiss her.

cheek, he told himself. He kissed her cheek. "I didn't want to spoil your father's surprise. But since you've guessed it anyhow . . ."

"We're very lucky, aren't we?" Helen said soberly. Say yes we're the luckiest people in the world, Vince told himself. But that he could not do.

"Vince, you haven't talked about it much, but have you definitely decided you want to stay in real estate?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes I wonder if there isn't something else I might like better, but that's not enough reason to gamble on a different career. It will be Bryan and Son."

She pressed his hand. "I'm glad."

He had one of his bad nights when he got home. I wonder, he thought, and not for the first time, if I'm going to do Helen more damage by going ahead with this than I would by breaking off with her? But, as before, the answer seemed inescapable: The invitations had been mailed out; the wedding was ten days away; even a house had been newly completed for them by a couple of happy fathers. To back out now would shatter everyone. And, anyway, he was fond of Helen. No, he could not do a thing like that to her. He would marry her, and he would never let her guess that she was not first choice.

They'd selected as a honeymoon spot a beautiful old hotel in Brown County, with an Olympic-size pool, tennis courts, and a golf course.

They played some golf, at which Helen was good enough to need only four strokes from him, and some tennis, at which she was not so expert. They swam in the pool and went horseback-riding. There was quite a lot to do, and they usually found themselves dining with the last of the guests after a strenuous day and then, rather late, going up to their room.

On the last day Helen said, "It has been wonderful. I wish we didn't have to go back home."

"Not even to your own new house?" Vince said. He had cultivated a tone of jocularity in the past few days that had bridged some awkward moments.

To page 59



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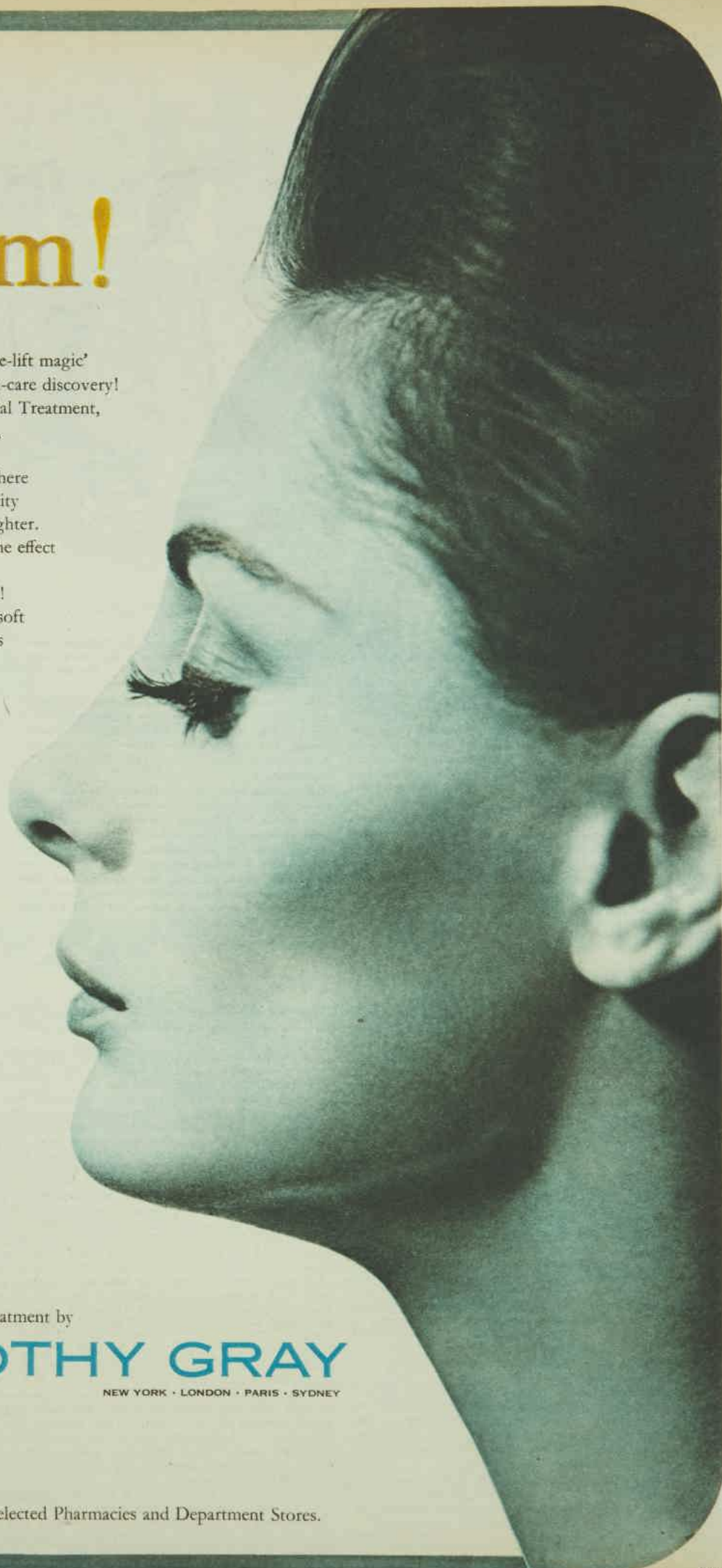


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FAMILY AFFAIRS

There's no friend like an old car!

By LORRAINE EDWARDS

● "Trade in your old car." "Free valuation." "Sell your old car through us." It sounds so easy, but when you sell your car you say goodbye to many memories.

AN old car is like a diary on whose pages is written part of your life story.

Almost every time you leave your front gate your car goes, too. Each weekday it takes your husband to work; each weekend it takes the family on outings; and each year it takes you on your annual holidays.

It is an integral part of your lives.

A teenager's car is usually the first big buy of his or her life. It is a step toward independence and adulthood.

My second-hand car, bought during my teens, was christened Algy. In Algy I took my first tentative turns around the block.

A few nerve-racking weeks later Algy and I took our driving test together, shunning the modern car of the driving instructor. She behaved beautifully and I collected my licence. We were a team.

Algy was washed and polished lovingly and often, and she in return carried me safely each day to my very first job. I give credit to her for our safety, as my teenage recklessness did nothing to ensure a safe journey.

Risks we took

She had good tyres, a good engine, and good brakes, which probably saved us both. Now we are both much older and I am much wiser, so that it terrifies me to think of the risks we took.

When my job took me away from our mild seaside climate to a small country town, Algy came, too. To me she was a symbol of home and security in a strange and faraway town.

I felt we were in it together and felt less lonely. Algy, however, was disgusted with the cold and frost of the inland. She would balk each morning like a stubborn donkey.

I remember the red-faced embarrassment of thinking the whole town was listening to my efforts to get her out of the hotel yard and off to work.

Soon after returning from the country my future husband

drove Algy to our wedding, and it was in Algy, festooned with confetti, old boots, empty tins, and coins in the hub caps, that we took off on our honeymoon.

Apparently this honor restored her good humor, as she drove over swollen out-back rivers, muddy mountain tracks, and unmade roads without a hint of trouble. Maybe she liked the handsome man behind the wheel, too.

Algy's job...

Eventually we moved into our first house and Algy moved into her first garage. Of course, Algy took us both to work each day to help pay for our house and her garage.

Each weekend, because we had no one else to consider, we were free and Algy came with us wherever we went—to the city, the country, the mountains, or the seaside.

At last came the day when our second mortgage was finished. Algy took us to town to celebrate. Now I no longer had to work, so my husband went off alone in Algy each day.

One warm spring night, several months later, Algy was driven out of her garage at midnight on one of the most important trips of her career. That night our baby was born. It was Algy who bore us triumphantly home a week later with our little new daughter.

Now we have sold our first house and our little girl is

nearly three. People look at Algy's faded duco, rusty bumper bars, and torn seats and say, "Trade her in."

How can I? She has travelled with me through reckless teenage years, into courtship and marriage, finally to the fulfilment of motherhood and the maturity of womanhood.

I have not yet found the courage to give up this little old car that has taken me on some of the most important journeys of my life.

And what is YOUR story?

THE story on this page was written by a reader. If you, too, have a story to tell on any subject—a personal problem solved, an unusual or difficult family situation, or any other topic of interest—address your contribution (which may be up to 1500 words) to "Family Affairs," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay for each story published.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Mum's raising money for a new dress."

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HPS/3

How to make CHRISTMAS CARDS

● Make your own Christmas cards from the 23 Australian scenes in color in this week's lift-out section.

WE have left the backs of the pages blank so that no print will show through when you paste the pictures on to the mounts.

For the sample card illustrated on this page we mounted the picture on colored pasteboard, added a Christmas greeting in gold lettering, and a red ribbon bow trim.

Other suggestions: Add a festive touch with colored metallic foil or glitter dust; use stencils of Christmas lettering and figures, with poster paints or watercolors; write a verse inside each card with colored inks or ink-pencils.

Materials

You will need: Stiff paper for the cards, envelopes, a small bottle of clear liquid gum, ribbon for bows, scissors, ruler, safety-razor blade.

Optional: Golden touch-paper or stencils and paint, metallic foil, glitter-dust, colored inks or ink-pencils.

Pasteboard is available at newsagents and stationers in 25in. x 30in. sheets (approximately eight cards, folded once over, can be cut from each sheet, so you will need three sheets for the 23 cards). Colored pasteboard costs 1/9 a sheet, plain white 1/3.

If you prefer to use a lighter-weight paper, medium-weight artists' paper costs 1/9 for a 22in. x 30in. sheet at artists' supply stores throughout Australia, or any plain paper of appropriate size would be suitable — lightweight quarto paper should be folded into four for extra thickness.

(Prices quoted above are for Sydney, there may be slight variations throughout Australia.)

For a glitter effect you could glue colored metallic foil to the card before mounting the picture. Metallic foil can be bought at department and chain stores and at newsagents and costs about 3/6 for a 6ft. roll.

Standard envelope sizes range from 5 1/2in. x 4 1/2in. to 8 1/2in. x 5 1/2in., and the larger ones are more expensive, so it is best to estimate the size of your complete cards and buy envelopes to match.

Making the cards

The first step is cutting out the pictures, using the double lines around each as a guide. Cut between the lines to give a border effect.

To make the mounts, carefully measure

the size and shape you want for the card, allowing a margin of approximately an inch and a half for the four sides of the picture. Pencil a faint line to guide you when cutting the card out.

It's easier to cut straight if you place a ruler on the pasteboard to guide you, then cut along the edge with a safety-razor blade.

Paste the pictures on to the mounts, applying liquid gum thinly and evenly along the edges of the picture, then placing it in the centre of the card and quickly smoothing out any wrinkles.

If you use lighter-weight paper for the mounts, place the cards under a heavy weight (several heavy books would do) until they are completely dry to prevent buckling.

Trimmings

When the cards are dry, add your personal Christmas trimmings.

The golden-touch paper we used for the Christmas greeting on the front leaf is obtainable at newsagents in gold or silver (about 2/11 a card) and is an easy way to brighten up your own handwriting.

Simply place the shiny side of the paper face-up on the card and write your signature or Christmas message with a knitting needle or other pointed (but not too sharp) instrument.

An easy way out for the "not-so-good" artist is to buy stencils of Christmas lettering and figures (a pack of four stencils costs about 2/-).

Place the stencil firmly on the card and paint over the cut-out section with water-colors or poster paints. Lift the stencil away and you have a neatly lettered greeting.

Your favorite Christmas verse or quotation or just a cheery Christmas greeting could be written inside with colored inks (about 2/6 a bottle) or with ink-pencils (about 9/11 for a set of eight, some newsagents sell them singly for about 1/6 each).

A sprinkling of glitter-dust on a light smear of gum will give a festive dazzle to your cards. Glitter-dust in many colors costs about 1/- a phial in most chain stores and department stores.

Multi-colored satin ribbon (1/2in. wide, from 3d. a yard) or satin-finished paper ribbon (1/2in. wide, 3d. a yard) will give a finishing touch. Make two small round holes near the crease of the card, thread the ribbon through, and tie a flat bow.

The 23 pictures in the series include an unusual sunset photograph of the Opera House taken by Mr. Eric Ray, of Sydney, from Dawes Point at 5.30 p.m. on an August evening. The photograph of Soldier's Beach is also by Mr. Ray.

Other contributors are:

Mr. Vincent Serventy — Pink Lake, Rottmest Island; Baobab tree at Wyndham.

Mr. Douglass Baglin — Cattle at Simpson's Gap; Ghost Gum at Alice Springs; Sheep at Sellick.

Mr. K. P. Phillips, of Mitcham, S.A. — Flinders Ranges.

Mr. G. T. Caldwell — Surf-board rider at Warri Beach.

Mr. F. W. Thornhill, of Kingston, Tas. — Hopfields on the Macquarie Plains.

Mr. J. Addison, of Marryatville, S.A. — Snow scene at Mt. Buffalo, showing a shelter hut overlooking Owens Valley.

Mr. Ian Mainbridge, of Lindfield, N.S.W. — On the road to Gundagai.

Other pictures are by staff photographers.



The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Make your own Christmas cards

● 23 "Beautiful Australia" pictures to use for your own personal Christmas cards. See how to make them on page 48 of this issue.



Wattle



Waratahs



Autumn in Melbourne



Cattle at Simpson's Gap, Northern Territory

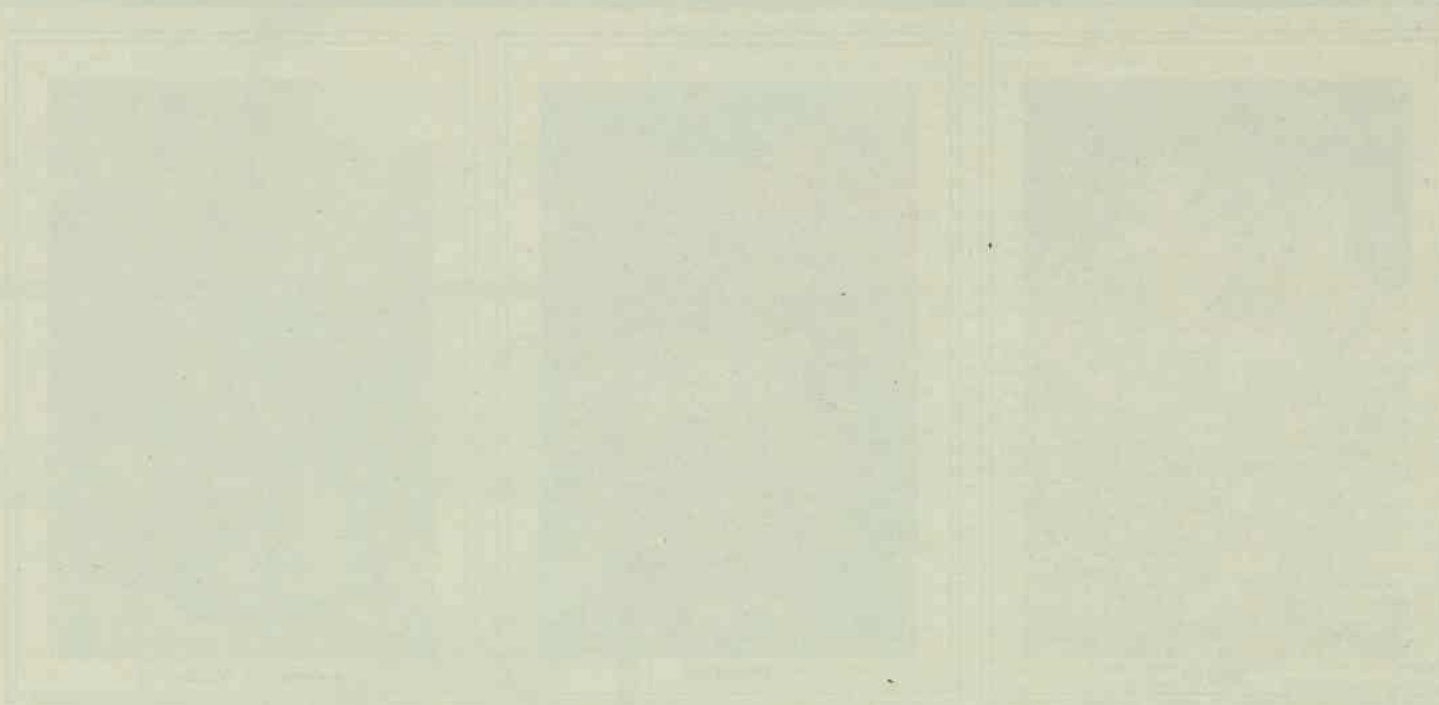


Australian wildflowers



How to make

Make your own
Christmas cards





South Molle Island, Great Barrier Reef



Soldier's Beach, N.S.W.



Hopfields at Macquarie Plains, Tas.



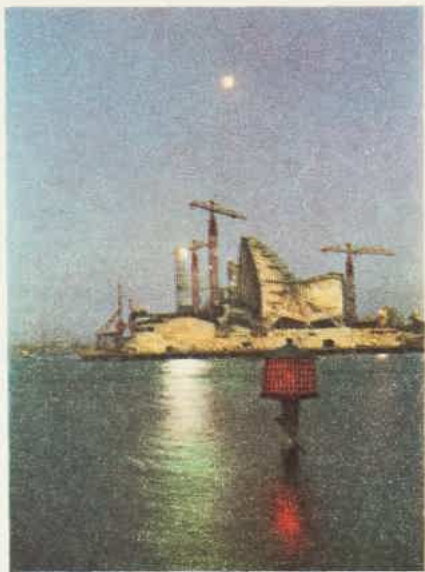
Surfboard rider at Werri Beach, N.S.W.



Sheep in Southern Sellick area, S.A.



Snow at Mt. Buffalo, Vic.



Sydney Opera House



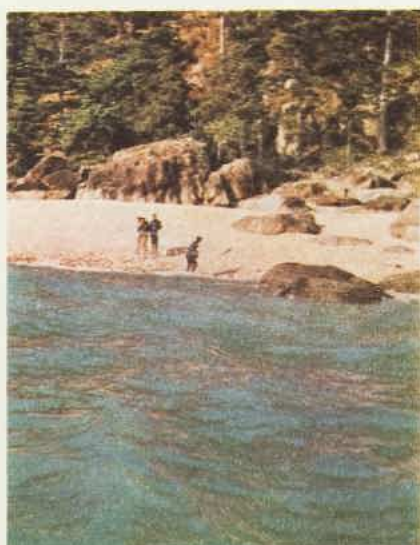
On the road to Gundagai, N.S.W.



Sunset at Pink Lake, Rottnest Island, W.A.



Droving sheep



Whitsunday Passage, Great Barrier Reef



Surfboard riders at Coogee, N.S.W.

Here they come...



Flinders Ranges, S.A.



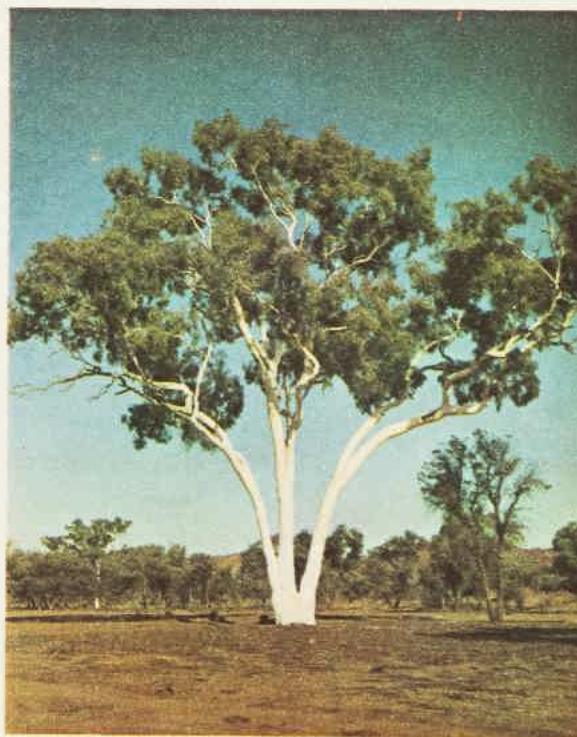
Koala



Jacarandas at Grafton, N.S.W.



White wallaby with twin joeys



Ghost gum at Alice Springs, N.T.



Baobab tree at Wyndham, W.A.

Here they come...

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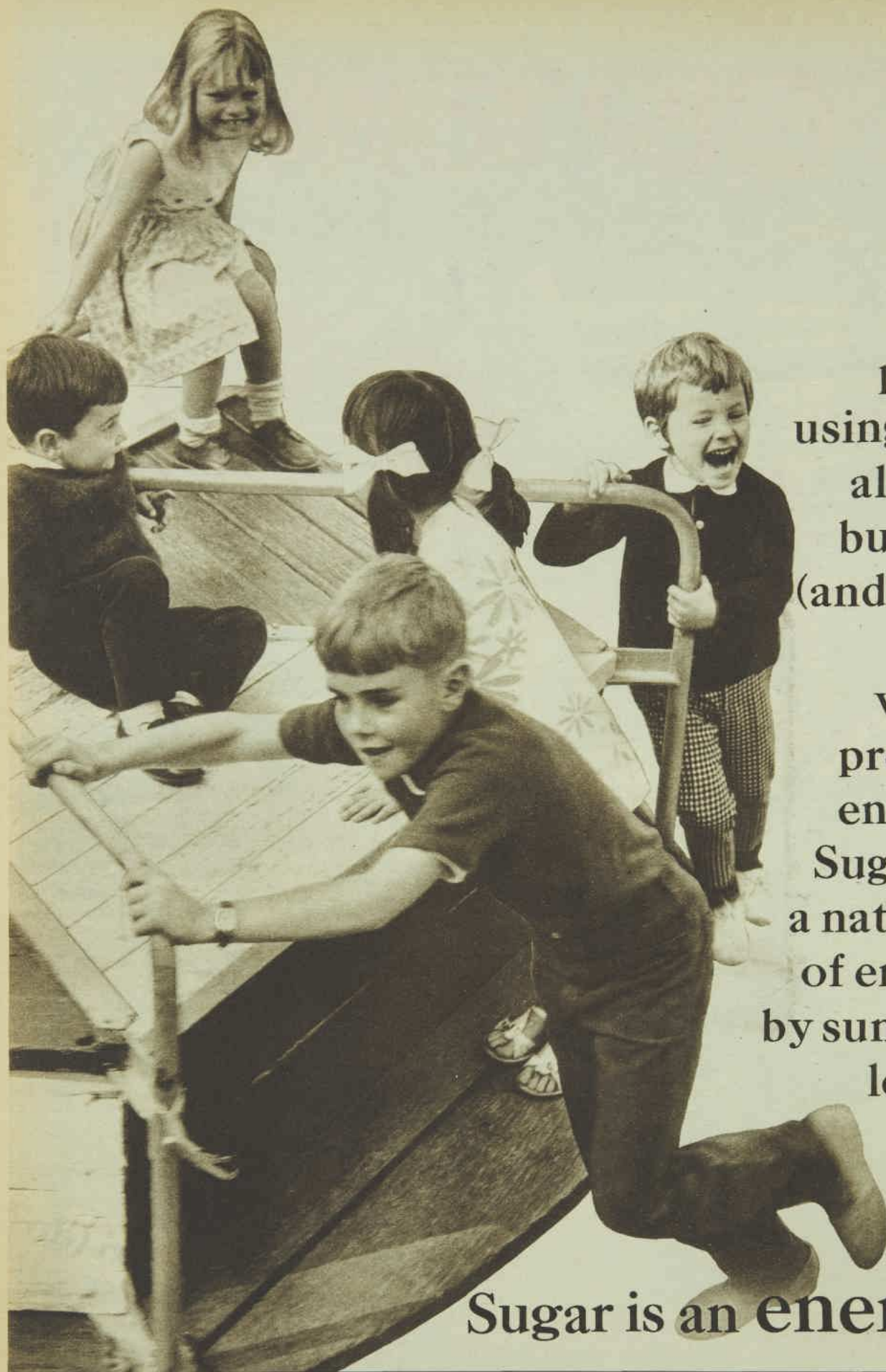
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about and
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using up energy
all the time...
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(and adults too)
need foods
which
provide
energy. 
Sugar is
a natural source
of energy made
by sunlight in the
leaves of the
sugar cane
plant.



Sugar is an energy food.

For a balanced diet you need three main kinds of food: body-building foods, energy foods and protective foods.

Body-building foods

These include meat, fish, poultry, milk, eggs and cheese. They contain proteins which your body uses for building new tissues.

Energy foods

Foods such as bread, butter, rice, sugar and potatoes are fuel-foods and provide energy.

Protective foods

Protective foods like fresh fruit and vegetables are rich in the vitamins and minerals necessary to your body for good health.

CSR 72

TEMPTATION

"you know what they say. Money isn't everything."

Daisy gathered the money in her arms and climbed to her feet. "No, of course it isn't everything," she cried, her voice roughening as she plunged close to tears. "Neither is being loved everything, or being pretty, or being smart. But they're nice to have. It's better to be loved than not, or pretty than ugly, or smart than stupid. Isn't it? Isn't it, Donald? And it's better to have money than not to have it. It's nicer to be rich than poor."

She stood over him, her head up, clutching the great unwieldy mass of bills against her stomach. They spilled out over her arms and dropped to the floor in clumps and bunches. She stamped her foot among the bills that had fallen and cried, "Donald, I want to keep it. I want a house to put the baby in. I want a yard, where he can play. I want to take care of him myself, and not work any more. I want to keep the money!"

For the space of a held breath the air lay still between them, quivering in a delicate balance. Then Donald stood up. He stood taller than she, and looked down into her face. He gave her shoulder a brief squeeze.

"Daisy, I'm so sorry we found this stuff. I'm sorrier than I can say, because now it's going to upset you and make you feel bad. The money goes to the police, honey, and let's not talk about it any more. OK? Help me pack it up. Then I'll make a cup of coffee."

She stood staring at him. Her mouth opened slightly, and presently her arms dropped to her sides and the money cascaded on to the floor in a whispering rush that buried her feet. "But, Donald . . ." she said.

DONALD knelt down and began to stack the bills into piles. "Poor Daisy," he murmured, as if to himself. "You should have pretty things, and a nice life. Maybe you shouldn't have married me. But you did, and we have to follow the road we're on. This stuff . . ." he held up a hundred-dollar bill and looked at it thoughtfully, "it's like a daydream."

"And if we kept it, it would be a nightmare. It's too strange a way to live, I couldn't do it. I'd crack up, or start confessing to every murder I saw in the paper, or sleeping on one of those beds with spikes. I can't explain it, but I know what I mean. I'm sorry, honey. Try not to think about it too much."

She continued to stare at him for a while, and then knelt down beside him to help sort the money and pack it tightly into his briefcase. She kept glancing at him sideways. Absorbed, he worked with his quick hands, his forehead smooth and clear.

The money would go to the police. Donald had won. He had been stronger than she was. She was furious, she was disappointed, but in some private corner of her mind she was relieved. She felt safer than at any time since their marriage, as if finally she had leaned back and found something more solid than air behind her.

The next day Donald took the money to work with him in the scuffed and battered briefcase that had been his father's. In the evening he reported that the police were starting to search for the rightful owner and heir.

Daisy nodded, and went on setting the table. They ate on a round table in the living-room, because there was no space in the kitchen. Looking for the pepper she found a short bit of candle, and melted some of it on to a saucer and stuck it upright. She carried it, lighted, out from the kitchen, moving as carefully as a little girl with a blazing birthday cake in her hands. "There," she said to herself, and stood back from the table to admire the waving, yellow light.

The money was dropping back from the front of her mind already. It was so much, and they had had it for so short a time. The whole discovery and possession and loss of it were beginning to seem fantastic, and of no more importance than the loss of a penny in a dream.

If she had ever carried it in her handbag, if she had ever bought anything with it, a crib or a new lamp or even a pair of stockings, then it would have been real money, and the loss of it unbearable. But it had come and gone like heat-lightning, leaving no trace.

Reporters came, and their pictures were taken, and the evening paper ran the story: "Couple Finds 43,000 dollars in game."

The next week they moved their bedroom furniture into the cramped front bedroom. It was months too soon, but Daisy wanted to have everything possible ready. It made her feel as if she had some control over the precarious future.

They bought the second-hand

crib, and it stood empty and waiting, freshly painted with a new mattress, in their old room.

The nights of the late summer months were smothering. Sometimes, ironing after dinner in the evening, Daisy would sway dangerously and lean against the ironing board, reeling with heat. Then, sometimes, she and Donald would go out into the streets where there might be a breeze, and walk aimlessly up one block and down another.

They held hands, Daisy's sandals padding quietly along and Donald's hopeful uptilted profile appearing against the street lights as they

To page 58

LULUBELLE



"Suitable for Adults Only' . . . Now THAT ought to be good!"

**FEEL
YOUNGER
LOOK
BRIGHTER**

Clear skin is an outward sign of inward good health. Young people find that the daily "KRUSCHEN" plan assists in removing those embarrassing skin blemishes. Older people find that the daily "KRUSCHEN" plan also relieves irregularity, rheumatism, sick headaches and dizziness. If you want to feel on top of the world—want that "great-to-be-alive" feeling, start the "KRUSCHEN" plan today.

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Sweden has some beautiful ideas

Swedish Smorrebrod: Colourful, fun-to-eat open-faced sandwiches. With tempting toppings you can yield to. With shredded lettuce, slices of hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika, garnished with tomato or red pepper strips. Or with any toppings you like, but *always* with the good rich taste of rye. The good rich taste of Ry-King. Crunchy, flavoursome goodness that satisfies and delights — with never a worry about calories. Try the king of the crispbreads, Ry-King.

After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

Ry-King

CRISPbread



Ry-King from Sweden with flavour!

AK23.5

A reader's story

Time to stand and stare . . .

By BERYL PENWILL

● How precious time becomes as the years slip away. Time: the commodity social workers advise parents to give more of to their children. Time: something spent recklessly because the end cannot be seen — unless, like me, you are getting on in years and the gap between now and someday is lessening.

"I HAVEN'T time," we so often say. How often these few words are used as an excuse.

I'm a busy housewife, mother, part-time worker, voluntary helper, and spasmodic writer, and, as such, I had to make the time for all these demands. But now I feel that my greatest need is just the TIME TO STAND AND STARE.

What precious moments of my life have slipped by because of this constant working to a timetable; this crushing of so much into the waking hours and subtracting from the sleeping ones.

How many hours in the sun with a book have I had to forfeit? How much joy lost in the chatter of the children who have been shooed from my kitchen, the friends mislaid, the opportunities for self-expression passed by?

And all these sacrifices just gave me time to accomplish the things, when now I look back, that didn't really matter.

When I reached my 50th birthday I took stock of my life.

What had happened to all the little pleasures of my early married life, when wives did not work? Pleasures such as visits of friends for lunch, gossip at afternoon teas, days on the beach, or relaxing in the garden, hours spent with my knitting by a cosy fire when the world outside was freezing. In later years I'd suffocated in airless or overheated working places or frozen in cold ones.

So I decided that I'd retire from the part-time job. I gave away the hon. sec's thankless task.

Old enough to be selfish . . .

At my age I can afford to be selfish. I've done my stint on mothers' clubs and school committees. Now I do the things I've always wanted to do — with reservations.

My purse has not suffered overmuch through the sudden lack of salary.

I've had time to write and earn a little that way; I've "invested" and made a modest return; my wardrobe doesn't need to be so extensive; my hosiery bill is now a mere fraction of what it was; I don't get involved in so many raffles, presentations, or expensive outings.

I can do without all these things and I still have a pleasant if less costly social life. Now I can enjoy a cup of tea with a neighbor on the back porch in the morning sun, go to art exhibitions, see my friends again, weed the garden at leisure, admire the roses, smell their fragrance.

I can spend a whole morning going through cupboards, rediscovering my treasures, and trying out all the recipes I've accumulated over the years. And my housekeeping bills are less now that I have time to prepare less costly dishes — and we don't dine out as much.

Breakfast is not now a time of frenzied rush. It is a relaxing period. I can take my time, enjoy my cup of coffee, and read the morning papers from cover to cover.

If the neighbor's children, tired of their games and toys, come visiting (often with a flower from my own garden), I can enjoy their artless prattle and feel a reward in their trust and friendliness.

Life has a new meaning for me. My home, my garden, and my family mean security and love. What more do I need? There are still a few "outside interests" to keep me from being bored or dull.

But the world of simple things — of homely pleasures and everyday needs — is mine . . . And this is a world where time was never more precious — now that I have enough of it just to STAND AND STARE.



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Let Mercolized Face Cream bring out the deep-down beauty of your complexion by preserving and restoring skin tissues. You'll find your complexion is smoother, younger-looking, more alluring after even a few nightly applications . . . Mercolized Face Cream works wonders while you sleep.

6/6 at chemists and stores.



52. 11A

WHO'D EVER DREAM she's wearing Elastic Hosiery?



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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Feelings run high on the subject of titles for women, to judge from the letters which came in after I mentioned the absurdity of calling England's first woman High Court judge "Mr." Justice Lane.

THIS letter from a New South Wales reader sums up the position rather neatly, don't you think? She writes: .

"Actually, we women deserve all we get, and we will continue to have to take it just so long as we allow men to dictate our state of maturity.

"A man is Master Jones until he is Mr. Jones. He does not have to wait until he marries to be addressed by the 'mature' title.

"For a woman it is different; she is MISS until she dies of old age, unless she marries. In my opinion it is a humiliating form of address for a mature woman, and, on behalf of the unmarried woman, I resent it.

"Quite possibly many married women enjoy their 'superiority,' and it's possible many young girls marry with the change of title firmly in mind. It is time women grew up in the same way men do, with the courtesy title a natural one.

"Who has not heard the derogatory statement hundred of times, 'She's only an old maid—what would she know?' Who knows or cares about the marital status of our MPs, for instance; yet it is not difficult to imagine the reaction, in this country, to 'Miss' on the floor of the House.

"The Queen calls her housekeeper Mrs. I feel it is urgently necessary for women to exert themselves. I have been happily married for many years, but I do not wear my wedding ring. That is another matter, but one which also is a 'division' we could avoid by following the example of our 'free' menfolk."

Please call every woman

"Mrs." even if she's "Miss"

THIS business of a man changing his title when he reaches maturity, but a woman bearing the same title from three to 93 unless she marries, is something that hadn't registered with me until I read this letter.

Now it has registered, I object to it. Surely it dates right back to the days when the only possible usefulness of a daughter was to marry her off to some powerful man who would ally himself with you against your enemies?

I don't know how one could set about altering it, but it seems a tediously medieval idea to have survived beyond the middle of the twentieth century.

I wear a wedding ring myself, but I don't really know why. I took it off just now while I was pondering this problem, and discovered that my finger is ring-barked. The ring is loose, but umpteen years of its pressing against the flesh as I wield a broom or wring out a dishcloth has made a permanent depression.

Ring or no ring, I'm branded now. What a good thing custom doesn't make us wear nose rings, or numbered tags stuck through the lobes of our ears!

My correspondent mentions that the Queen's housekeeper, whether married or unmarried, is always addressed as "Mrs." Professional cooks are, too, especially in big households with a staff; the heads of hospitals are also given the courtesy title

"matron" regardless of whether they are married women or not.

While we're on the subject of wedding rings, I've been firmly put right by a male reader who says I'm entirely wrong about the meaning of the word Mizpah.

Remember I mentioned it as a word, signifying remembrance and loyalty, which used to be engraved on pieces of jewellery exchanged by engaged couples, and on wedding rings? My correspondent feels there's more threat than promise in the word.

If you're interested, have a look at Genesis 31, verses 42-55. After reading it carefully, I think he's right — though it's easy to see how a small shift of meaning has led to this common misapprehension about the intention behind the words "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

Why our publication is

always ahead of time . . .

ANOTHER reader has written to ask something that probably puzzles quite a lot of people.

She says, "Can you please answer in your column something I just can't work out. Why is it that I can buy a Women's Weekly dated 29/9/65 on 22/9/65?"

This is a good question—and I've got a good answer for it, too, because I asked the Editor.

It seems that most magazines are post-dated like this to help the casual buyer. If the magazine carried the date on which it first went on sale, the casual buyer, browsing along a bookstall a couple of days after the magazine appeared, would say to herself, "Oh, this must be last week's," because the date she saw on the cover would actually be passed.

So magazines are dated in such a way that the paper remains current until the date on its cover is reached, when it is replaced by the next issue, dated one week ahead.

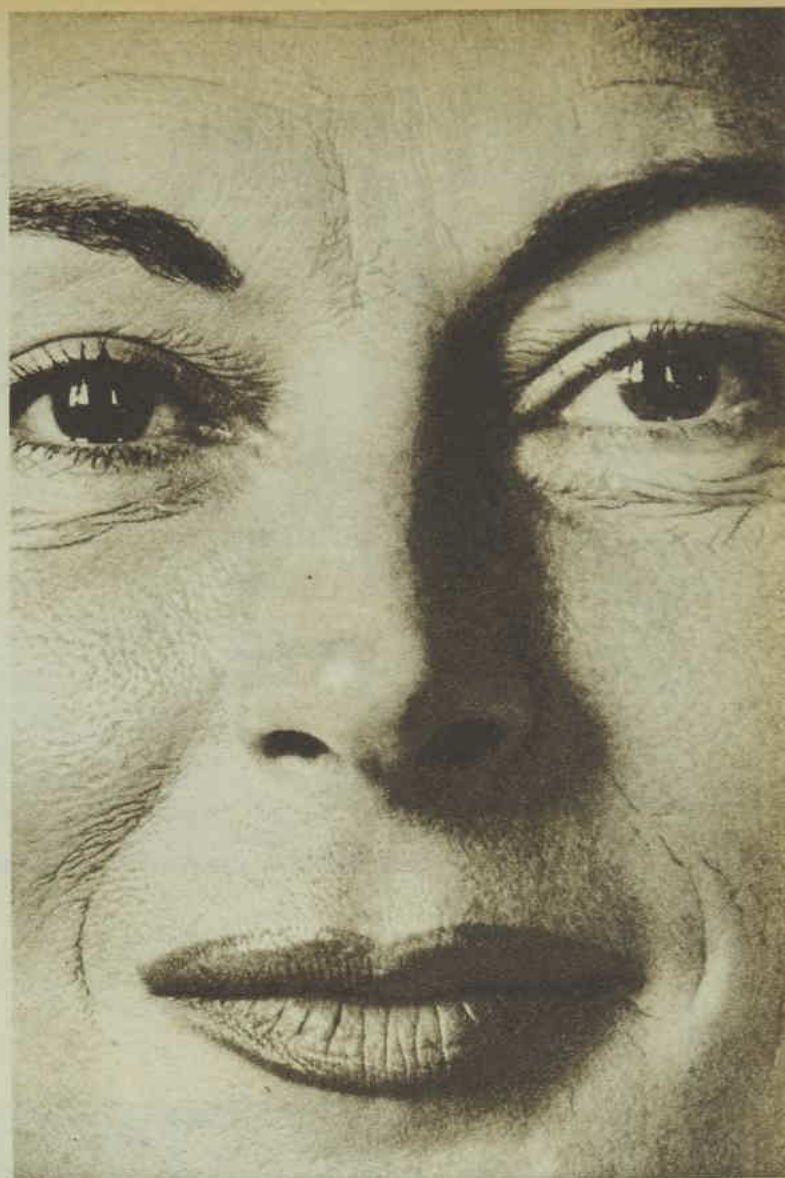
This information is strictly for intellectuals who are always aware, at any given moment, not only what month we are in but what part of the month.

Nongs like me, who never know what the date is, or how many shopping days there are till Christmas, buy magazines on the I-know-I've-had-that-one-before-I-remember-the-cover system.

DO you want to know how to reduce your housekeeping bills, so that you can feed your family for only 8/9 a week each? All you've got to do is to follow the menu worked out by a research nutritionist at the Queen Elizabeth College in the University of London.

Addressing a conference recently, he said that the best combination of necessary nutrients with minimum cost came from flour and bread, oatmeal, potatoes, haricot beans, liver, carrots, cabbage, spinach, and watercress. "The cheapest mixture that we have been able to devise from these foods that would meet the daily nutrient requirements of an adult is a vegetable stew and dumplings," he added.

Much as I'd like to cut the housekeeping bills, I can't say I fancy that—not three times a day, and with the hot weather coming on!



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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND GOOD STORES



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Felix Classica—the finest knife you will ever use. Exceptionally sharp, guaranteed to hold its original edge for 12 months. Easily resharpened. Carving knife, 45/-, steel 39/6. Others from 12/6. Gift sets £4.7.6. to £12.12.0.

FELIX



WMF Cromargan Stainless is the world's finest. To the eye it has unsurpassed richness. To the touch it is flawlessly smooth. In hard use it's a treasure with its exceptional strength and easy cleaning. WMF stainless cooking utensils too, have elegance and strength, function and economy. Illustrated: of the eight designs

available in WMF stainless cutlery we show you here: Laurel, a rare and beautiful blend of function with elegance, 42 piece suite, £32.10.0. Other suites are priced from £27.10.0. Casserole with serving lid, £8.17.6. Toastrack, 87/6. Butterdish, 49/6. Salt, peppers on tray, 59/6. Egg cup, 17/6. Mustard pot, 49/6.

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Arzberg

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about a willow plate and Davenport breakfast set.

I HAVE part of a set which belonged to my grandmother. There are two cups and saucers, four plates, a covered dish, and another container which could be for butter. I am told it was a breakfast set. It has a honey-colored glaze on the outside and white inside.

The saucers and plates have this mark on the bottom — "28, Davenport" and the numbers "5" and "6" intersected.

I also have a bottle or small decanter. It is red glass with finely etched design of vine leaves and grapes. The base is clear and it stands eight inches high. — Mrs. M. Jelbart, Burrumbutlock, N.S.W.

Your set is a Davenport breakfast set. The Davenport factory, of Longport, Staffordshire, was founded about 1793. The pottery remained in the hands of the Davenport family until 1887. About 1881 the firm was registered as Davenport Limited.

The interesting factory mark which occurs on your set enables me to identify the exact year of manufacture — numerals 2 8, Davenport, an anchor with two numbers placed on either side — five on the left, six on the right — indicates that the set was made in the year 1856. (The last two numerals of the year being placed either side of the anchor.) This method of marking wares was not common practice.

The small bottle or decanter is mid-Victorian.

I HAVE a willow-pattern plate (right). On its base in a circle are the words, "Improved willow." It has a crown and fern-like foliage over the circle with the name Dillwyn and a small blue 6.

I also have two revolving piano stools. One has the name "Chas. Parker & Co. Ltd., Meridon C 7," in the cast iron. The other has "Cook quality" on it. Could you please tell me something about my plate and the age and origin of the piano stools? — Mrs. J. Lord, Lugarno, N.S.W.

Your 19th-century willow-design plate is Welsh pottery, and was produced at the famous Swansea pottery, which was first conducted by Lewis Weston Dillwyn. It was known as the Cambrian pottery. The D. and Co. mark was first used between 1811 and 1817. This appears chiefly on porcelain ware. Your plate bears a mark which does not appear to be recorded. However, the Dillwyn mark impressed on pottery was on pieces made between 1824 and 1850.

Your piano stools are American. They are late 19th century, being made in 1880 to 1890.



● Willow plate

Home hints

● Useful cookery hints and kitchen tips, sent in by readers, win a prize of £1/1/- each.

PUT a toothpick through a garlic clove when adding to french dressing or sauces. It is easier to remove and discard the garlic when this stage of the recipe is reached. — Mrs. M. Laing, 65 Chalmers St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

Wash strawberries and grapes, sprinkle with powdered glucose, cover, and keep in refrigerator. They make a nice trimming for salads, especially with lettuce and pineapple or cheese. Dark grapes have the appearance of olives. — Mrs. Allen, c/o 30 Abelia St., Nunawading, Vic.

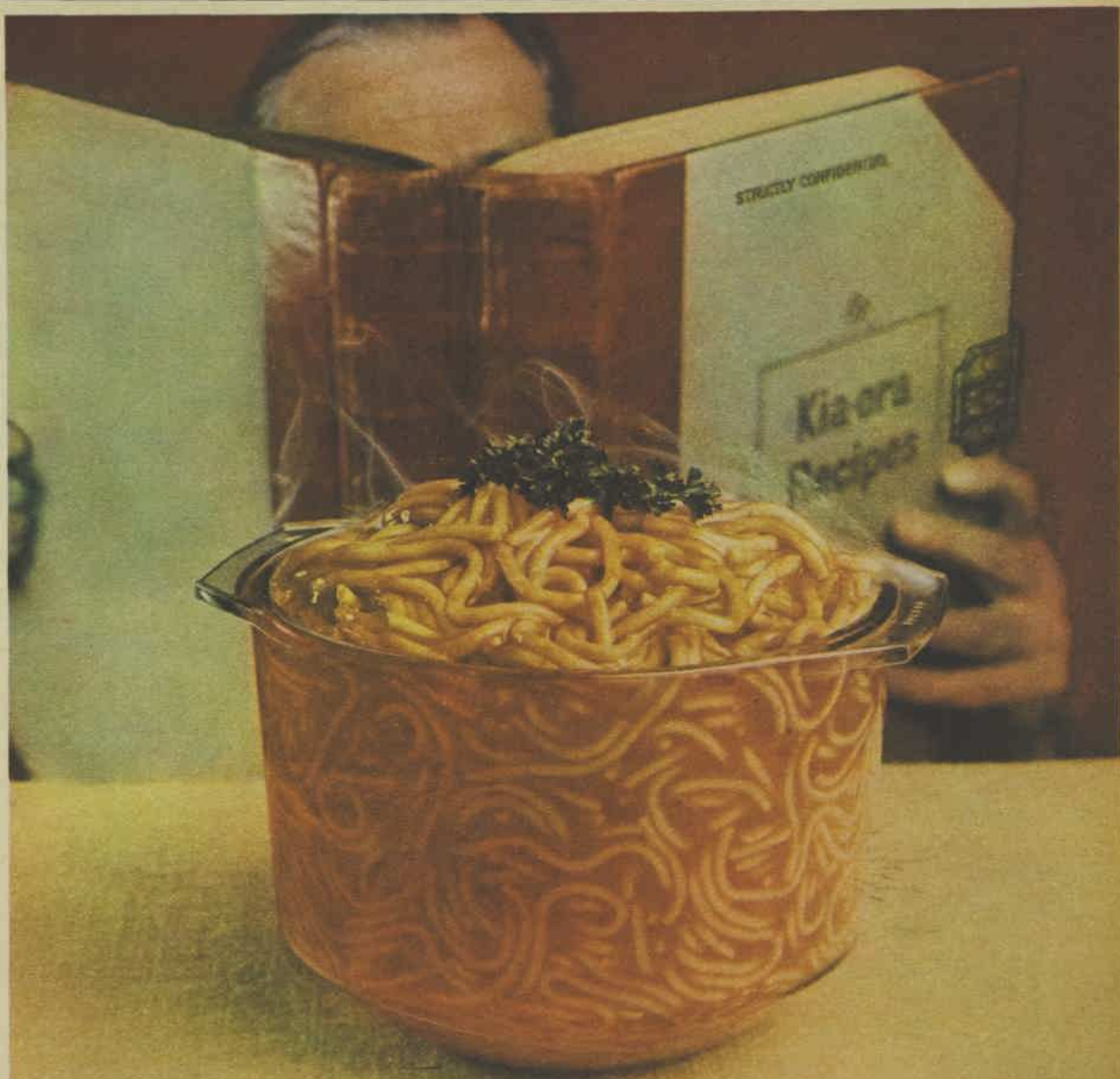
Add a very ripe mashed banana to your usual pikelet recipe for a different and unusual flavor. — Mrs. J. Bates, 177 Goodwin St., Currajong, Townsville, Qld.

For an unusual tang, when preparing Italian-style spaghetti, add a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce to the boiling water just before you put in spaghetti to cook. It really makes a difference. — Miss S. Straughair, 44 Deas St., Benalla, Vic.

To skin chicken pieces easily, first dust your hands with kitchen salt, and there will be no slipping. — Miss E. Bruton, c/o 21 Balfour St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Barbecue bread and butter will look and taste more interesting if you sprinkle it with chopped chives. — Mrs. W. Watson, 1 Duncan Rd., Beaumont, S.A.

Before cutting up oranges for fruit salad, stand them unpeeled in a bowl and cover with boiling water. Leave five minutes; rind and pith will come off easily. — Mrs. P. Youngberry, Curtis St., Tully, Qld.



He knows a Kia-ora taste secret worth millions

(The recipe for America's tastiest, sauciest, best-loved spaghetti—now made by Kia-ora!)

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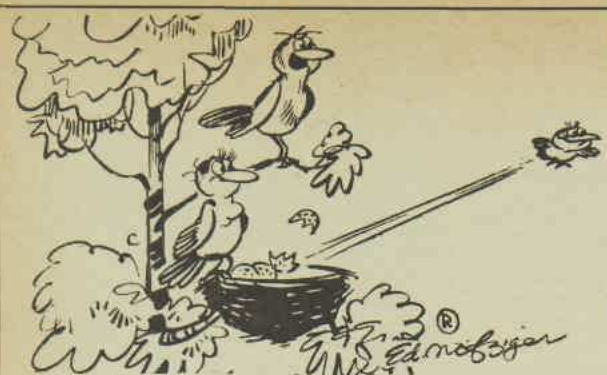
One taste, and you know why its secret is

shared by so few: the sauce is an out-of-this-world blend of rich, red-ripe tomatoes, spices, and cheddar cheese specially matured 12 months.

The spaghetti? Firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Even if you're a spaghetti expert, you're in for a pleasant surprise—from Kia-ora! Mm-mmmmmarvellous!



"Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark.



"There — I told you we shouldn't build so close to Woomera!"

passed. Daisy would glance at it, and glance away, her heart painful with wondering what would become of them all.

Then fall came and the nights were cool. Daisy, who was tired now most of the time, breathed gratefully and prayed for the end of waiting.

The baby would come, and she was afraid for him. When she looked at Donald, she felt like a child who has gone to sea in a paper boat with another child, and suddenly sees clearly the waves, the coming dark, and the shrinking shore behind them, while the other child is still blissfully being Columbus or Captain Kidd.

At last the time could be put off

no longer, and Daisy left her job. At home, she started great projects to keep herself from brooding; began to wax floors, paint the bedrooms, reorganise cupboards, re-finish the table. But her ambition was stronger than she was, and she kept having to stop halfway through, disappointed by her own weakness.

One afternoon she tried moving their collection of old newspapers up from the basement to the garbages on the front sidewalk. The stairs were steep and her back ached, but she forced herself on, load after load. Finally she stuffed the last pile into the can and jammed on the lid.

Straightened up, she wiped the hair off her forehead with her arm,

and saw Donald, walking down the street with his briefcase and a paper cone of flowers from the florist. He waved the flowers at her.

"You're early," she said. "Is there something wrong?"

"Nope. Come on in." He pulled her into the house and shut the door. "Sit down." Gently he forced her backward into a chair. "Smell the roses? Aren't they nice?"

"Donald. You didn't get fired?"

"Nope. Daisy, remember the money?"

"Money?"

"From the Monopoly set, dopy. Don't tell me you've forgotten."

"Of course not."

"Well, it's ours."

"Ours?"

"Yup. They can't find a shadow of a claim, except some crackpots that called up from the newspaper story. The old boy who built this house had one daughter, Phoebeanna, and she inherited it. She lived here all her life. She was married, but he was killed in a car accident and they didn't have any children.

Then when she died her only relative was a bachelor uncle about a thousand years old, and he sold the house, and we bought it. Now he's dead, too, in St. Petersburg. They think Phoebeanna might have put the money there, but they just don't know."

"Was she rich?"

"No, but her husband had insurance. Maybe she didn't like to spend the money after he was killed. Or maybe it was her idea of a joke, maybe she really played Monopoly with the stuff. Nobody knows who really put it there. But, anyway, the . . ."

SUDDENLY the catch on the briefcase gave way and the money broke out in a cloudburst on to the table, slithering across it and spilling over the floor.

Daisy gave a startled laugh. The laugh caught hold, and she kept on and on like a hysterical child, unable to stop. She picked up a handful of bills and threw it at Donald. Catching her hysteria, he pushed a pile of them on to her lap, then gathered an armful and poured them over her head.

"Stop it," she cried. "I'm getting a stitch in my side. Oh, Donald, stop!"

"Get out your needle, woman! Make yourself a dress!" He was flinging them at her in handfuls, pelting her with bills that struck as softly as kisses.

"Rompers for the baby," she gasped. "Rompers made of hundred-dollar bills. I'll make you a suit, and a shirt, and a tie, all to match!"

Abruptly, at her own words, she stopped laughing and looked at her husband. There he was, trying to fold money into a paper glider to throw. There he was—with the turned collar of his shirt, hair that needed cutting, his hopelessly worn scuffed shoes and his shiny only suit.

He had walked all the way home to her like that. Shabby as a tramp, with a shabby briefcase stuffed with money, he had walked past stores selling gleaming shoes and unfaded shirts and magnificent suits. Stores selling guns and cameras and wrist-watches and all the gadgets dear to the male heart. He would never have thought to stop. He would only have thought of her face when she heard. The only thing he stopped to buy was a paper cone of roses for her.

The money was lovely, but it would be spent and disappear. The goodness of Donald would endure. It was nothing to do with being too young. It would be there, that expression of open and gentle trust, when he was eighty. His innocence and goodness were as deeply set into him as his bones, and would never change.

The child was his. She was ready for the baby now, let him come as soon as he would. What a wonderful welcome to the world, she thought, to find that you're Donald's child.

(Copyright)



Tomorrow, make them a school Vita lunch

(a crisp change from the same old thing)

Tomorrow give your children a lunch that will stay crisp and fresh all day long. Give them a Vita lunch. Vita-Weat and anything. Anything tasty. Anything nourishing. Give them the goodness of 100% whole wheat. P.S. Don't forget Dad would thoroughly enjoy the change too.



Peek Frean's Vita-Weat

"Oh, you know what I mean."

"Sure, I know what you mean. You'd like to stay here and be waited on hand and foot instead of getting back to toil and struggle, where you have to wait on a husband. It's time I stopped spoiling you, woman."

Back in Seton City they went slowly along Elmwood Drive to their new house, the first of many hundreds of times they would drive up that winding lane. They parked in front of the garage and looked at the yard and house in a moment of silent acceptance. Then they went to the door, where they stood for several seconds before Vince, with an awkward laugh, picked Helen up and carried her across the threshold. It was the age-old symbol of beginning marriage, but this was not the girl he should have carried into a new life. That girl had finally decided against love in favor of money, security, and the background she knew best. He set Helen down on the bare living-room floor. "I smell something good," he said.

The note was on the kitchen table, from his mother. "Darlings, it's in the oven, all ready to heat up." They saw it through the glass door of the oven, a picture-book roast with browned potatoes all around it. A bowl of salad was on the middle shelf of the refrigerator, which was stocked with enough food to last them for at least a week.

Helen laughed unsteadily. "It looks as if all we'll have to do is just live here, with everything done for us," she said.

Yes, thought Vince behind his determined smile, all we have to do is just live here. And I wonder how I'll ever manage it.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the roast was much too large for two people. It seemed to say: If you feel like it, and it isn't too soon, why not make it a family party?

"I'll call them," Helen said. "You bring the things in from the car."

That evening, over the old round table which the Bryans had resur-

Continued from page 45

and wanted her father to realise it, too, but who nevertheless did her very best because not to do so would be cheating.

Doris, Doris, he cried to himself—if only you had not cheated us.

In a little while they went upstairs to bed.

It was waiting for him at the office: a letter marked "Personal" in a handwriting Vince had never seen before—clear, backward-slanting, almost childlike. His hand trembled as he closed his office door.

A newspaper clipping fell first from the envelope when he tore it open—an account of the wedding of Vincent Bryan and Helen Prentice. The accompanying note had no

salutation and no signature: "When I left in the morning there was still only the one Castel in the niche, which I had put there at ten the night before. Perhaps your decision was best. Good luck."

Thunderstruck, Vince stared at the words. He could feel the color draining from his face, hear the thudding of his heart.

"Which I put there at ten the night before . . . good luck."

At ten the night before!

It burst on him then with complete and desperate clarity. The urchins of Venice. Those descendants of dogs, the fat man had described them, those small sons of wolves. Slipping into the hotel patio, one of them had seen the

Castel put in the niche by Doris and had taken it. It might bring a few lire. And in the morning Doris had seen his Castel and thought it was hers, still alone in the niche. The things were identical, after all; she'd have no way of knowing unless she picked it up and saw the note on the bottom. And why should she do that?

By this improbability two lives had been shaped. "Perhaps your decision was best."

Vince Bryan did something then that he had not done for many years: He put his hands over his face and cried.

Vince set the Castel back on his desk now and went to the kitchen

and mixed another drink. He took it back to the study and sat down in the captain's chair—a present from Helen. He had just made his first major sale, he remembered, and with his share of the commission they had furnished the study. The carpeting had come later, because at about that time they had begun putting money aside for their first child.

"There's no doubt about it," Helen had said one night after dinner. "Dr. Tracey gave me all the tests."

Vince had found himself staring at her in surprise. He said, "Why, that's great, darling. Simply great!"

"Do you want a boy or a girl?"

"You mean you can mail your order in, just like that?"

To page 60

THE REAL THING



FROM THE BIBLE

● He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

— Psalm 91:1.

rected from storage until Vince and Helen could shop for the furniture they wanted, Vince was increasingly uncomfortable. He could see that something perplexed their parents. Later he overheard his mother mention it to Sarah Prentice. "I'll never understand the younger generation," she said. "When Ed and I were married we gushed all over the place. Vince and Helen act like an old married couple."

"Oh, they're just self-conscious," Sarah said. But she said it doubtfully. "Anyway, they've known each other so long . . ."

The parents left early. Vince closed the door behind them and turned to Helen. Take her in your arms, he ordered himself. Press your cheek to hers.

"Alone at last," he said jovially. "Yes. Alone." Helen's voice was sombre. "I want to be a good wife, Vince."

"How can you miss, you being you?" In the kitchen the new dishwasher rumbled and clunked. "Quarter after nine. A little early for bed. Do you want to read for a while?"

"No. Let's have an iced tea on the porch and then go up."

They sat in the dark, and through the still night the lightning bugs darted like small lights bobbing up and down on Venetian waterways.

"What are you thinking?" came Helen's voice.

Vince said, "How lucky we are. You?"

"The same. How lucky we are."

And how civilisation would fall apart, Vince thought, if people gave their true thoughts on request. What am I thinking? Of a girl with gold-brown eyes who cried one night because the world was so beautiful and who knew she was a lousy artist

get away from the everyday

...swing over to cool clean Consulate



for that surprising extra it gives you

CONSULATE

THE ONLY VIRGINIA MENTHOL CIGARETTE

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF ROTHMANS OF WOLFE MALL (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED



Continued from page 59

"Of course," she replied, smiling. "Then let's have a boy. Later, a girl."

"We'll name him Mark, if that's all right with you."

"Of course it's all right with me. Anything you want to do is all right with me." He kissed her tenderly.

"Obviously it will be a big change, a different kind of living for both of us. More of a change for you than for me, I think."

"Yes, darling, I'll have less of you, I'm afraid."

She put his hand against her cheek. "Not if I can help it, Vince."

He wondered if she had divined that she did not have all of him—

and had perhaps guessed the reason why.

The offices of Bryan & Son took up the first floor of one of the older buildings on Indiana Avenue. In the front sat two secretaries, and in the rear were the offices of the three salesmen. Across from these were Vince's office and the larger office belonging to his father.

Ed Bryan was at his desk when Vincent came in. "Hi," he called.

Vince went in to tell him the big news, but he stood a moment before his father's desk, looking at him uneasily. Ed was a heavy man with sand-colored hair and a florid complexion; recently it had seemed to Vince that his father's color was not what it should be.

THE REAL THING

Sometimes the older man seemed short of breath when he trudged around a property.

"Hi, Dad. You're going to be a grandfather."

"Congratulations!" Ed got up and reached across the desk to shake his son's hand. "I can't tell you how happy—especially since—"

He reddened.

"Especially since what?" asked Vince curiously.

"Well, it's a crazy thing to say these days, when so many younger people duck responsibilities, but it has seemed sometimes to your mother and me that you and Helen take responsibility too seriously, that you're almost too sober and settled. When we were your age we acted like a couple of crazy kids. But I suppose it's the difference in generations. Ours may have been more childish."

"That's a fine thing," Vince said, grinning. "There's no pleasing parents. If you act slap-happy, they tell you to be more adult. If you act adult, they say you're too serious and settled."

THE grin faded when he was in his own office. Not the least of his guilt feelings was the secret acknowledgement that his and Helen's marriage had never really got off the ground. Now it seemed that it was not so secret. His parents, at least, had vaguely sensed that all was not quite as it should be.

He held the box behind him when he went in the door that evening. He kissed Helen and gave her a one-armed embrace, then produced the present. "Happy Mother's Day."

"Vince! An orchid!"

"Yep. Big spender, me."

"Big idiot, you. There's half a ham in this box. Or half a dinner out."

"Sustenance for the soul is more important than sustenance for the flesh, O Queen." When we were your age we acted like a couple of hopped-up kids. "Not that I mean to knock the flesh, dearie."

"I hope you don't intend to bring me an orchid or something every night for the next seven and a half months," Helen said.

Vince kept smiling. "You won't be making such momentous announcements every night for the next seven and a half months," he said gaily. "Just the once. So just the once, an orchid."

"It was sweet of you and I love it," Helen said. "Should I put it in the refrigerator for a special occasion or wear it now?"

"Wear it now—this is a special occasion. Candles on the table, if you please, and red wine for dinner."

"White wine," Helen replied. "We're having fish. There was a special."

Vince conjured up a picture of Helen walking thoughtfully through the supermarket on the lookout for a sale. Which was what young wives should do, of course—they could not spend their time strolling hand in hand with you over beautiful bridges or looking adorable with paint smudges on their nose. "Poor males," he said lightly. "They yearn for romance and get fish."

Her eyes were steady on his, but she only said, "Poor males, all married to realists."

In the succeeding days things began to get hectic. Vince hadn't realised that Helen had so many women friends, and all of them

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Crush Tear Curl

These three words are the secret of "quick tips" extraordinary strength and flavour.

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles, up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE REAL THING

dropped over often to be with her. He soon gave up trying to join in, and after greeting the visitors would withdraw to the bedroom that he was fixing up as a nursery. Then he took to staying later at the office; there was always work to be done. He didn't realise how often he was doing this until Helen said one night, "A quarter to seven. You must have a big deal on."

"No. Just the usual. But one thing sort of led to another . . . I didn't notice it was getting late."

"And also it isn't much fun at home right now?" she suggested.

"It's not that at all. Naturally you've got your hands full . . . What's this?"

He looked through the dining-room doorway at candles on the table; on the buffet there was a bottle of red wine.

"Have I forgotten something? Birthday? Anniversary?"

Helen laughed. "This is to remind us that the two principal characters here are still you and me. Go wash your neck and ears while I make cocktails."

They were closer together that night than they had been since their marriage. A little longer, Vince told himself. Just give me a little more time and I'll get over this . . . this disease.

VINCE'S mother came into his office a few mornings later. She shook her head at the chair Vince pulled out for her. "This will only take a minute. Vincent, you really spend more time with your father than I do. Have you noticed anything about him lately?"

"You think something's wrong?"

"I don't know. I've asked him, and he gets really irritable about it. Of course, he says nothing's wrong. But I've noticed that he has cut his smoking down to almost nothing, and seems to move more carefully."

"I've thought now and then that his color wasn't too good. And he seems to get short of breath sometimes."

"Yes." Grace bent forward over Vince's desk. "I don't want him to go to that convention next week. Couldn't you go in his place?"

"That's a tall order," Vince said doubtfully.

"I know it is. But will you try?"

Vince said he would, and talked of Helen and the coming event for a moment, and then his mother left. Vince leaned back in his chair, frowning, but later that day persuaded his father to let him attend the convention.

"I don't see why you have to go," Helen said to Vince.

He had thought it over and decided against telling her the real reason. It would be sure to come out in talking with her mother, and then George Prentice would know, and he would treat his old friend solicitously.

"It's important," he said. "It won't sell more property for us or make us more money, but it will do a lot for me personally."

"Two days alone, at this time?"

"Your mother will be with you. She jumped at the chance."

"I think you should be with me," Helen said.

Vince took her hands in his. "You really want me to give it up?"

Her fingers did not tighten on his own, but after a while she said, voice muffled, "No, not really, I suppose."

"I'll leave one morning and be back next evening. You'll hardly miss me."

Nevertheless, Vince felt guilty about it when he took the plane for Indianapolis. If he could have told Helen that he was going to save his father the exertion, she would have understood at once. As it was, she must have thought that he had deserted her for his own pleasure.

She should have been there, Vince thought afterward. Pleasure! After a hectic and busy two days he was on the way to the airport amplifying the notes he meant to show his father, and nothing was further from his thoughts than romantic

dreaming when he sat down to wait for his plane.

"Flight four-two-one, Los Angeles, now loading at gate twelve," the loudspeaker announced.

Vince opened his briefcase to add to his notes. A couple were walking through the waiting-room toward the ramp. The man was tall and broad-shouldered, with an easy gait; the woman was slim and attractive, with a way of moving that put Vince's heart in his throat.

"It couldn't be," he murmured. Then he heard the woman's quick, gay laugh at something her escort had said, and he knew it was. Even before he got a glimpse of her face, he knew.

She looked exactly as she had in

Venice — the same sweet lines of the body, the same free, wonderful stride that stirred the silky hair with each step. All the faults that he had desperately sought for in his memory fell away. They weren't there, had never been there.

He hardly saw the face of the man, the one who had been in the picture; he devoured Doris with his eyes, staring so hungrily that she must have felt it, for she half turned, then shrugged and went on through the gate.

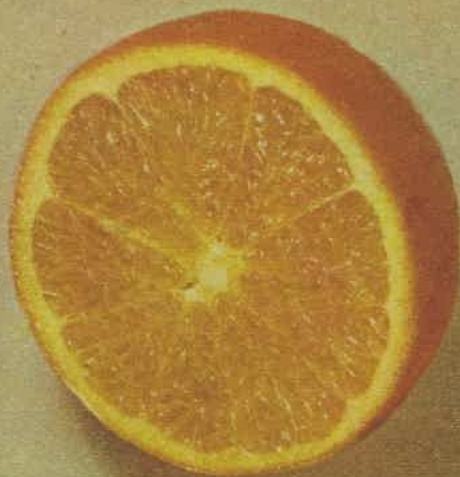
Why Doris was here, what errand called her to Los Angeles he would never know. Whether she was happy or only resigned as another man's wife he would never know, either,

To page 72

THE BOYFRIEND



"But I AM wearing a tie—what do you think's holding my trousers up?"



To get the pure juice of one orange
squeeze this



To get the pure juice of 12 oranges
open this

(and it only costs about 2d. an orange)

Why go to the trouble of squeezing? It's far easier to open a can of Birds Eye concentrated orange juice. Birds Eye is pure fresh juice with only the water removed before freezing. Replace the water and you've got the pure juice of 12 oranges. Better buy Birds Eye!



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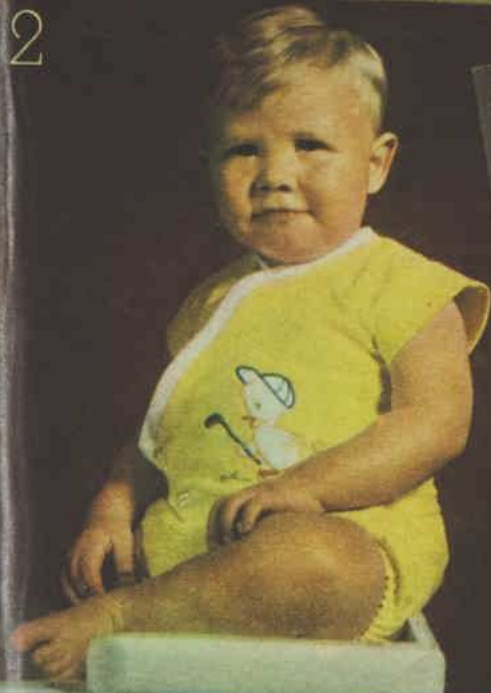
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2



3



4



8



9



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13

Junior Bondwear

Fashions for 2 to 6 year olds

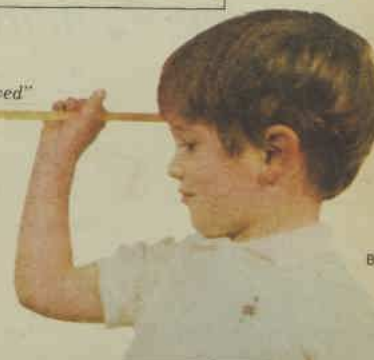
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- 11 Mesh-knit Top 19/11 (\$1.99) 2-6 yrs. Cool cotton. 45950.
- Matching Shorts 13/11 (\$1.39). Side stripes. 2-6 yrs. 45050.
- 12 Terry Beach Jacket 17/11 (\$1.79) 1-3 yrs. 19/11 (\$1.99) 4-8 yrs. Cute 'Sail-A-Way' poplin trim. 45956.
- Matching Shorts 9/11 (\$0.99) 1-3 yrs. 11/6 (\$1.15) for 4-6 yrs. 'Sail-A-Way' poplin trim. 55050.
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Page 64



DEEP-FRY COOKER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 20, 1965

STRAWBERRIES

● Strawberries are in season now. If you're a strawberry-lover — and who isn't? — you like them served as a dessert, with whipped cream, or you eat them just as they come from your garden or the shops.

STRAWBERRIES are delicious used in other ways, too, as given in the recipes below. Simple methods are best with strawberries, so their fresh, sweet flavor is enhanced, not hidden by the other ingredients.

When washing strawberries, do not allow the cold water to run directly on to them; this will injure the delicate flesh of the berry.

Put them into a bowl of cold water, then lift them out gently with your fingers cupped; any sand or soil on the berries will settle at the bottom of the bowl.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.

STRAWBERRY TARTLETS

Pastry: Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 2oz. rice flour or cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder.

Filling: Strawberries, strawberry jam, kirsch or brandy, whipped cream.

Pastry: Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Chill overnight or a few hours before using. Knead well, roll out thinly. Cut into small rounds, press into round-based patty tins. Prick well, bake in hot oven until golden brown; cool. Heat strawberry jam (approximately 1 cup will be needed, depending on amount of fruit used); push through strainer. Stir in little kirsch or brandy. Dip each strawberry in this mixture then arrange in baked tartlet cases. Top with swirl of whipped cream.

STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF

Two or three boxes strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy or cointreau, 1 small block vanilla ice-cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream.

Wash and hull strawberries, pour over the brandy or cointreau, chill until serving time. Allow ice-cream to soften slightly. Whip cream, fold into ice-cream. Arrange strawberries with their brandy in individual serving dishes, spoon over the cream mixture. Serve at once.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

BRANDIED STRAWBERRIES

Strawberries, sugar, brandy, whipped cream.

Wash and hull strawberries. Sprinkle over little castor or icing sugar, chill. At serving time, arrange in serving dishes (a champagne glass looks elegant), pour brandy over, top with whipped cream. If desired, few drops of almond essence can be whipped into cream. Or 1 or 2 small macaroons placed in serving dishes before adding strawberries.

STRAWBERRIES FLAMBE

Two boxes strawberries, 1 cup red currant jelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy, vanilla ice-cream.

Melt red currant jelly, add washed, hulled strawberries; push them round gently to coat or baste with syrup. Pour brandy in, flame. Spoon over ice-cream in serving dishes.

SIMPLE STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN

One strawberry-flavored junket tablet, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, pink food coloring, whipped sweetened cream, fresh strawberries.

Dissolve junket tablet in cold water. Mix sugar with milk. Heat, stirring, until lukewarm. Mix in dissolved tablet. Color, if necessary, with pink food coloring. Fill into individual serving dishes, allow to set. Serve garnished with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

STRAWBERRY JAM

Two cups strawberries, 2 cups sugar, juice and rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

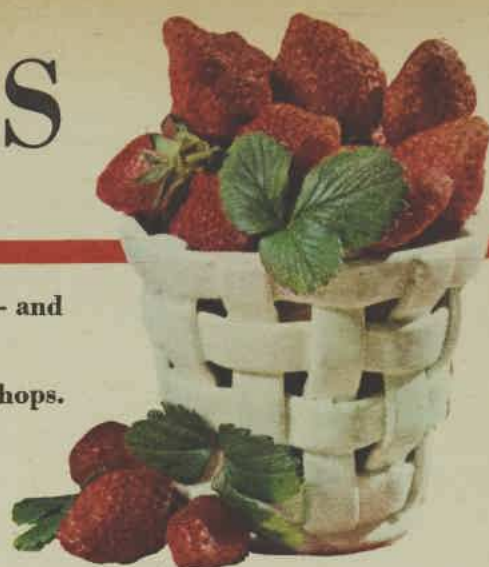
Wash and hull strawberries. Put into pan with sugar, lemon juice and rind. Heat, stirring gently, until mixture boils, then allow to boil gently 10 minutes; skim well. Turn out on large heatproof platter; let stand overnight, turning several times so berries will become plump and well mixed with juice. Then pack cold into sterilised jars and seal.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM

One cup sweetened condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups crushed strawberries, pinch salt, 1 cup cream.

Wash and hull strawberries. Crush enough to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Combine condensed milk and water well, add crushed berries. Whip cream with salt, stir in to berry mixture; put into refrigerator tray. Freeze until mushy, remove from tray, beat until smooth. Return to refrigerator tray, freeze until firm.

Another cookery feature on page 67



BRANDIED STRAWBERRIES
is one of the simplest and most
delicious of desserts. Top with
lightly whipped cream.





Make a
TROPICAL CALYPSO
*with the creamiest, best-tasting
 home made ice cream you've ever served!*

Here's a dessert to take you on a tropical holiday...all done with Nestlé's Ice Cream and Golden Circle Pineapple. It begins with Nestlé's Liquid Ice Cream Mix: just chill it and whip it, then you're ready to make island magic when you freeze it with the Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces. (Wait till you taste that sauce!)



TROPICAL CALYPSO

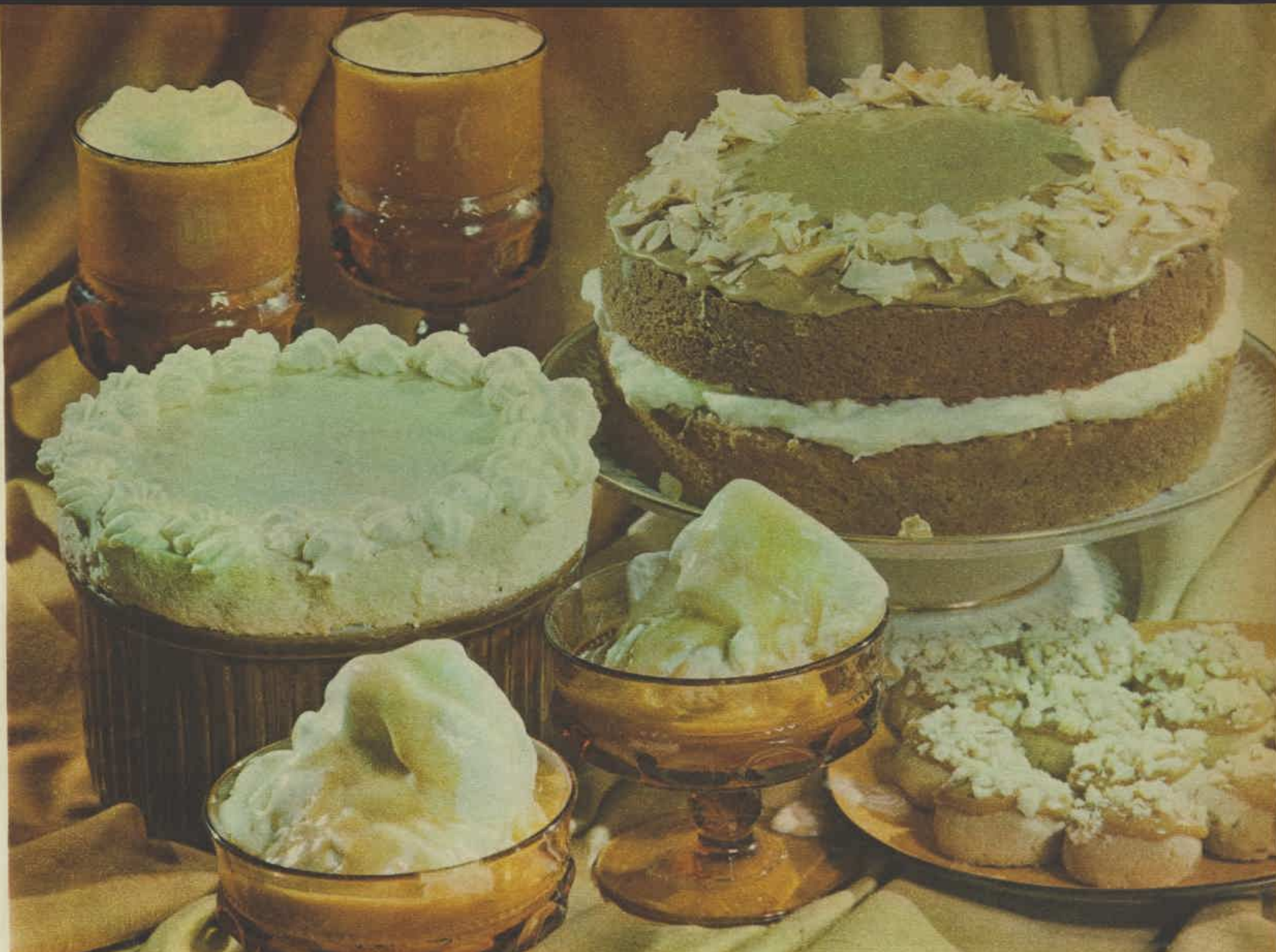
1 can NESTLÉ'S LIQUID
 ICE CREAM MIX
 1 x 15 oz. can Golden
 Circle Pineapple Pieces
 (drain and reserve liquid)
 1 tbsp. chopped mint

METHOD: Prepare Liquid
 Ice Cream Mix as directed.
 After final beating fold in
 pineapple and mint. Pour
 into freezer tray and freeze.

SAUCE

Pineapple syrup
 3 lev. tsp. cornflour
 1 dsp. lemon juice
 1 dsp. sherry (optional)

Sauce: Place syrup in small
 saucepan over low heat. Add
 cornflour blended with a
 little cold water, lemon juice
 and sherry. Bring to the boil.
 Simmer one minute. Serve
 hot or cold over ice cream.



CARAMEL SOUFFLE, caramel sauce over ice-cream, nut biscuits, milkshake, and a wonderful caramel cake are some of the recipes given.

Flavored with caramel

CARAMEL (which is merely browned sugar) is also an old-fashioned, favorite way of adding rich brown color to savory sauces and gravies.

CARAMEL CAKE

Nine ounces plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup caramel syrup (see below), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt 3 times. Cream butter, gradually add sugar, beat until light and fluffy. Mix in the well-beaten egg-yolks. Combine caramel syrup and water. Add to creamed mixture alternately with dry ingredients. Beat 2 minutes, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes; cool. Join together with whipped cream, top with Caramel Icing.

Caramel Syrup: Melt 2 cups sugar in saucepan, stirring constantly. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water. Cook until lumps, which will form when water is added, have been dissolved, and until mixture is a heavy syrup. Cool and measure.

Caramel Icing: One cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil; boil 3 minutes. Pour into heatproof basin, beat until icing thickens. Allow to cool before spreading.

CARAMEL SOUFFLE

One and half ounces sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk, 6 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 4 egg-whites, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 6 macaroon biscuits, crushed, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Place sugar in saucepan, cook until light caramel color. Gradually add the hot milk, stir until well blended. Beat together egg-yolks and castor sugar, add to caramel mixture. Cook over gentle heat, stirring, until thick. Dissolve gelatine in the hot water, add to caramel mixture, stir well; set aside to cool. Then stir in the crushed macaroons and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the cream, whipped. Whip egg-whites very stiffly, fold in. Pour into greased 4in. or 5in. souffle

From our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

• Caramel is one of the most popular of all flavors. Adults and children alike enjoy its good, rich taste, which can be added to many types of sweet dishes—and to drinks. We give a variety of recipes with a wonderful caramel flavor — in cakes, biscuits, desserts, and many more.

dish, with piece of greased paper tied round outside of dish and extending 1in. above rim. Refrigerate until set.

Just before serving, decorate with remaining whipped cream; sprinkle, if desired, with chopped nuts.

CREME CARAMEL

Half cup sugar, little hot water, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons extra sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 pint milk, whipped cream.

Place the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in small saucepan with little hot water, cook until it turns rich caramel color. Pour into warmed, lightly greased individual custard cups, turn cups round so caramel coats bottom and sides.

Beat eggs in bowl with extra sugar and vanilla, slowly add scalded milk. Strain into prepared cups, stand in

baking dish with warm water coming half-way up cups. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 25 minutes, or until custard is set. Remove from oven, cool, then chill. Turn out on to individual serving dishes, serve with bowl of whipped cream.

To give additional caramel flavor, substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of caramel syrup (see recipe for Caramel Cake) for $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the milk; scald with the milk.

CARAMEL NUT BISCUITS

Two and a half cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, 8oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. soft caramels, 2 tablespoons water, extra chopped nuts.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add brown sugar, vanilla, and chopped nuts. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Flour hands lightly, shape mixture into small balls, place on ungreased oven slides. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes; cool on trays. Melt caramels with the water in top half of double saucepan. Spoon a little over top of each biscuit, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

CARAMEL MILKSHAKE

Chilled milk, caramel syrup (see recipe for Caramel Cake), ice-cream.

Add to chilled milk enough of the caramel syrup to give good, rich flavor. For each glass, allow 1 scoop of ice-cream, add to milk. Beat with rotary beater or put into blender; beat until light and frothy. Pour into glasses. Top, if desired, with sprinkling of grated chocolate.

CARAMEL CABINET PUDDING

Two ounces sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. stale bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 lemon, 1 egg, 2oz. extra sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2oz. sultanas.

Cut bread into cubes. Dissolve 2oz. sugar in water, cook until caramel color. Cool slightly, then add milk. Heat until caramel dissolves. Pour over bread cubes, leave to soak 1 hour. Add grated rind and juice of lemon, sultanas, remaining sugar, and well-beaten egg. Stir well. Pour into well-greased pudding basin, cover with greased paper, steam over boiling water 2 hours. Serve hot with custard.

Continued overleaf



COFFEE CARAMELS: See recipe on this page.

FLAVORED WITH CARAMEL . . . from previous page

CARAMEL SAUCE FOR ICE-CREAM

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 4 tablespoons hot water, milk or cream.

Combine in saucepan butter, brown sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is rich golden color and leaves sides of saucepan. Remove from heat, gradually stir in hot water. Return to heat, cook further 1 to 2 minutes. Allow to cool, then stir in sufficient cream or milk to make sauce of desired consistency.

CARAMEL SANDWICH

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 12oz. self-raising flour, 4 eggs, 4 dessertspoons coffee essence mixed in 4 tablespoons boiling water.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, then coffee. Lastly mix in sifted flour. Pour into 2 well-greased sandwich tins. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven; cool. Fill with whipped cream, dust top with sifted icing sugar.

CARAMEL BLANCMANGE

Two tablespoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups hot scalded milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup caramel syrup (see recipe for Caramel Cake on previous page), 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix together cornflour, sugar, and salt; blend in the cold milk. Mix in the caramel syrup, then stir in the hot milk very gradually. Cook in top of double saucepan, over simmering water, until smooth and thickened (about 10 minutes); stir frequently. Cover, cook very gently further 10 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool slightly, stir in vanilla. Pour into moulds and chill. Serve with whipped cream or with fresh or canned fruits.

Fluffy Blancmange: Stir a little of the hot, cooked mixture into 2 well-beaten egg-yolks; add to saucepan and cook gently, stirring constantly, further 2 minutes; cool slightly. Fold in vanilla and 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites.

CARAMEL MERINGUE PIE

Half pint milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white sugar, 1oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vinegar, 9in. baked pastry case.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Blend cornflour, brown sugar, and beaten egg-yolks with milk. Cook gently, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. In separate saucepan heat white sugar, butter, and vinegar until mixture is light caramel color, then quickly beat into custard mixture; add vanilla; cool. Fill into baked pastry shell, top with meringue.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, gradually beat in sugar; continue beating until mixture is of meringue consistency. Pile on to caramel filling, bake in slow oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

FRENCH CARAMEL PUDDING

Three ounces sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 4oz. stale cake crumbs, 2 eggs, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon brandy or sherry.

Place 3oz. sugar into saucepan with water. Heat slowly until golden brown. Add milk and condensed milk, continue heating until caramel has completely dissolved. Allow to cool. Pour over cake crumbs. Beat egg-yolks with extra sugar, add brandy or sherry, mix with crumbs and caramel. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased mould, cover with greased paper, steam gently 1 hour. Turn out carefully, serve hot with cream or custard.

CARAMEL CUSTARD SAUCE

Half cup sugar, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar and water in saucepan, stir until sugar has dissolved. Cook without stirring until sugar is light golden color. Be careful not to over-brown the sugar or the custard will curdle; cool. Beat eggs. Combine with milk and caramel in top of double saucepan. Cook, stirring, until custard coats the spoon; add vanilla.

COFFEE CARAMELS

One can sweetened condensed milk, 8oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

In heavy saucepan, mix all ingredients thoroughly. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is rich golden color and of caramel consistency, or soft-ball stage, when tested in cold water. Pour into oiled tin. Cool; mark into bars; when cold cut into bars.

WHOLEMEAL CARAMEL SPICE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon mixed spice, pinch salt, 2 cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 6 tablespoons hot milk or water, caramel icing, chopped nuts to decorate.

Cream butter or substitute with lemon rind, brown sugar, and golden syrup. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix (do not sift) flour, salt, and spices together. Fold into creamed mixture. Lastly fold in hot milk or water. Fill into greased and lined 7 or 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Leave 1 or 2 minutes in tin before turning out on to cake cooler.

When cold, ice with caramel icing and top with chopped nuts.



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KRAFT HOME COOKED DINNERS

THE KIND YOU COOK UP QUICK



for good food
and
good food ideas

*Kraft Trade Mark

Chicken dish for a party

● An excellent chicken dish, suitable for a party, wins the £5 main prize in our cookery contest this week.

PREPARATION of this prizewinning chicken dish can be done beforehand; about an hour before it is to be served, put it into the oven to complete the cooking.

CHICKEN NOURRIR

Two chickens, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 3 tablespoons oil, 2 bayleaves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon rosemary, seasoned flour, fat or oil for frying, 1 clove garlic, 1lb. small white onions, 2 sticks sliced celery, 3 cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream, salt, pepper, 1lb. sliced mushrooms (lightly sauteed in butter), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine, 2 tablespoons flour (blended with a little water), paprika, parsley and a few whole mushrooms to garnish.

Prepare marinade mixture by combining vinegar, water, oil, peppercorns, bayleaves, thyme, and rosemary. Cut chickens into pieces, rub with salt, and place in large bowl, pour marinade over and stand 3 to 4 hours, turning occasionally. Remove pieces, drain, coat with seasoned flour. Brown lightly in hot fat in a large frying pan, then lift into large saucepan or casserole. Saute garlic, onions, and celery in pan, then add 3 cups water, cream, half cup strained marinade (reserve remainder for future use), salt and pepper to taste. When just on boiling, pour over chicken. Liquid should come three-quarters of way up sides of saucepan. Cover; simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour until meat is tender, stirring frequently. Lift out pieces, remove any protruding bones, keeping pieces as large as possible. Add mushrooms, chopped parsley, wine; bring to the boil. Thicken with blended flour, replace chicken. Stir over low heat until well mixed and thoroughly reheated. Serve piping-hot, sprinkled with paprika and garnished with sauteed mushrooms and parsley.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

SUPER MARMALADE

Two oranges, 2 grapefruit, 2 apples, 2 lemons, 2 mandarins, 12 cups water, little extra water for apple and citrus peels, sugar.

Cut off tops and base ends of citrus fruits; peel and core apples. Place apple skins and cores with cut-off tops and ends of citrus in small saucepan and cover with water (about 1 cup) and soak overnight.

Grate apple finely and slice remaining fruit finely; combine in a large saucepan. Cover with 12 cups water, leave overnight.

Next day, boil each lot separately, until tender (about 1 hour for large saucepan and $\frac{1}{2}$ hour for small saucepan with skins, core, etc.); then drain liquid off skins and add to large saucepan. Add 1 cup sugar to each cup pulp and boil rapidly until mixture jells when tested. Allow to cool a little and stir before bottling. Makes 5 pints marmalade.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Walker, "The Glen," Billy's Creek, via Grafton, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE DATE CAKE

One cup pitted chopped dates, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 7oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chocolate pieces, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts.

Combine dates, hot water, and bicarbonate of soda; set aside to cool. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, beat well. Add date mixture alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Stir in vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chocolate pieces, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts. Pour mixture into greased 9in. x 13in. x 2in. cake-tin. Sprinkle remaining choco-

late pieces and nuts evenly over top of batter. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Vivian, 10 Fairway Ave., St. Ives, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute.

Beat eggs and sugar together

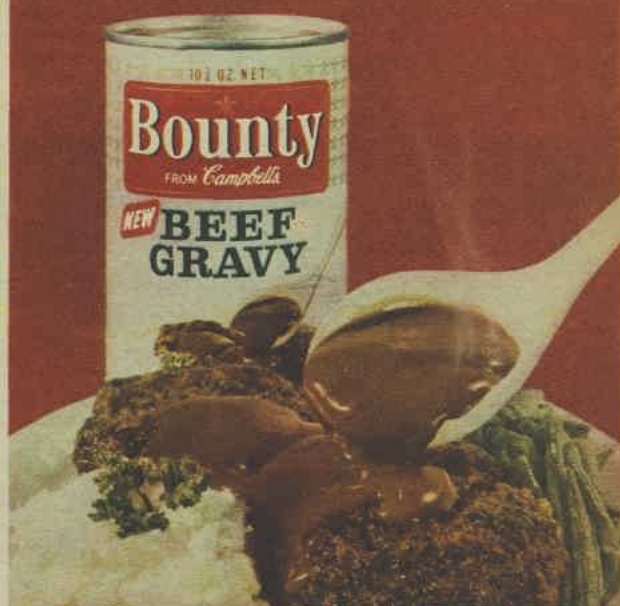
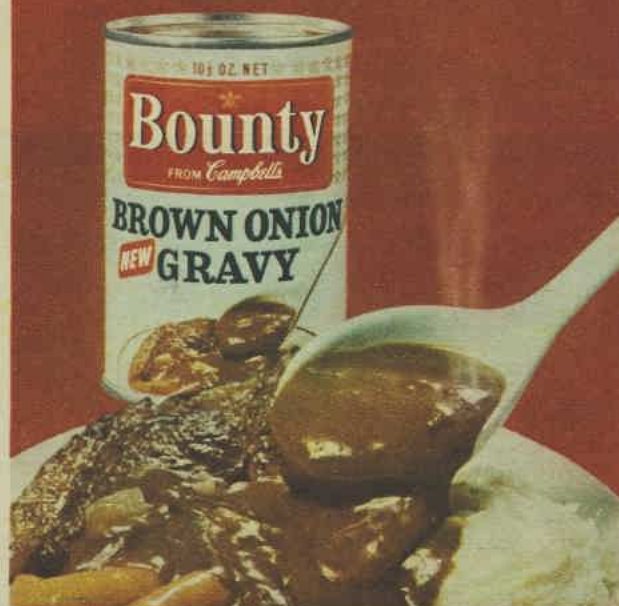
until creamy; fold in lightly the sifted flour, salt, and cocoa, then lastly add hot milk in which the butter has been melted. Pour into 2 greased 7in. sandwich tins, bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn out to cool; join together with cream, and ice with chocolate icing.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss S. Wallis, Gove Min. and Ind. Corp. Ltd., Private Bag, Gove, via Darwin, N.T.

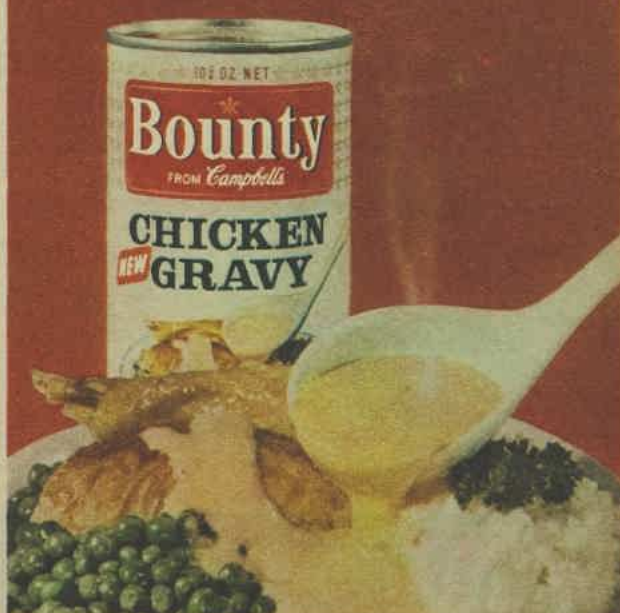
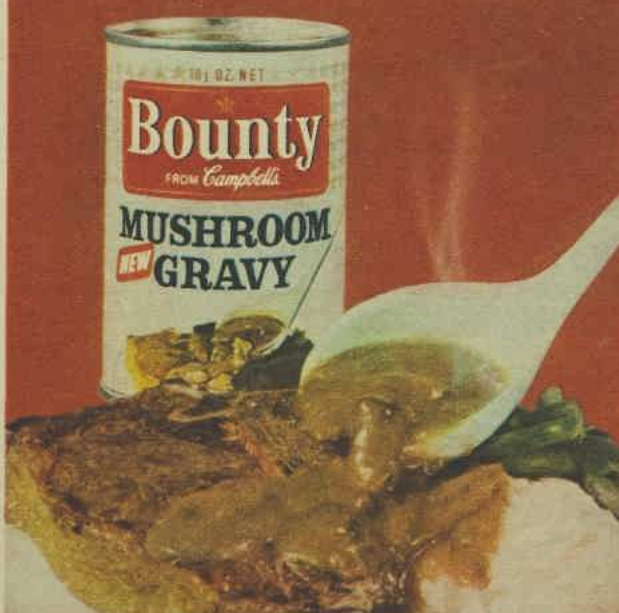


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Now, in Australia, KRAFT are making more wonderful varieties of cheese than ever before. Some of these have been little known previously in this country but KRAFT master cheese makers now bring you world-famous cheeses such as Cheshire and Parmesan, with all the superb flavour and texture that made them favourites in their countries of origin.



NEW: Here's new PHILADELPHIA¹ BRAND Cream Cheese, with fresher flavour and better texture. Try this Asparagus Party Dip: bring a 4 oz. package PHILADELPHIA BRAND Cream Cheese to room temperature and beat until smooth. Chop two tablespoons well-drained canned asparagus and blend into the Cream Cheese with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add sufficient asparagus juice to make a dipping consistency (about 1 teaspoon), and spoon into a small bowl. Chill. Sprinkle dip with paprika and serve with potato crisps.



Deliciously different, with a slightly nut-sweet flavour that teams wonderfully with rye bread, KRAFT Swiss Cheese Slices are versatile, bring new enjoyment to a whole range of exciting open-face sandwiches. Try Swiss Slices with cold meats and salads, too. If you prefer, you can have KRAFT Swiss Cheese cut from the big block at your grocer's or delicatessen.



NEW: Spaghetti and Macaroni have wonderful new appeal when you serve them with KRAFT Grated Parmesan Cheese. Now available in an attractive new sprinkle-top can, KRAFT Grated Parmesan Cheese brings an authentic Italian touch to your cooking, a touch that your family and friends will applaud. Always have a can of KRAFT Grated Parmesan Cheese in your kitchen. Also available in 2 oz. pouches.



You know your children will grow up strong when they grow up with VELVEETA[®] Cheese Food, because it supplies six essential nutrients. Here's an easy luncheon to serve as soon as your toddler is old enough to take solids. Spoon 2 tablespoons of seasoned mashed potatoes into a ramekin. Break in an egg and dot 1 oz. of roughly chopped VELVEETA around the edge. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes or until egg is cooked.

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*Reg'd. Trade Marks. ¹Trade Mark.

or whether, if she had seen him, she had been as profoundly moved as he.

But he did know his own heart. He had been convalescing; he had almost got his dream under control. And one brief glimpse had plunged him back again.

Now, over a fresh drink, Vince went to the porch and lay down on the chaise-longue. Things were weaving around him a bit; he had had a light lunch and very little breakfast.

He rather doubted that he'd have much dinner. The thought of driving downtown to a restaurant was unappealing, and going to his parents' house was impossible—all the talking, the condolences, the insistent question: Why? There was no answer. "We simply didn't get along, that's all."

After her difficult pregnancy Helen had given birth to Mark with a minimum of distress. Vince had seen her as soon as the sedative had begun to wear off. "You wanted a boy," she said sleepily. "Service."

Then came the moment when he looked through the plate-glass window at his son. He stared with pride and humility and the thoughts he had were probably the first completely selfless thoughts he had ever known. This was a new life they were entering, a life in which there was no longer room for ghosts. He'd be the perfect husband.

THE house on Elmwood Lane became a setting not too suitable for a husband of any kind. Again the women gathered and again the talk was such that no male could entirely understand it. And when they were gone and Helen and Vince and the baby were alone, there was only the baby; Helen's life and hours belonged to little Mark. This was all right, Vince told himself, this was as it should be—until one day the indifference with which he was accepting second place alarmed and obscurely angered him. The fact that he didn't mind, that his wife had become just a busy woman who happened to live in the same house with him, pointed up more clearly than ever before the great lack in their lives together.

"Hey," he said lightly the night Mark was three months old. "My name is Vincent Bryan. If you aren't busy tonight, how about dinner out and a movie later?"

Helen's smile came slowly as she looked at him. "Poor Vince. It's just the way I swore it wouldn't be, isn't it? I'm sorry. But I don't know that we should leave Mark."

"He can clean out the garage while we're gone—he's husky enough. Besides, you have your pick of the two finest baby-sitters in town."

She didn't want to go; he could see that. He could also see that she felt she should.

"I think it would be lovely," she said. "It's been too long since we've done anything together."

Sarah Prentice was at their door almost before Helen could hang up the phone, so eager was she to stay with her grandson for an evening. Vince and Helen went to the Cartwheel Inn for dinner.

"Vince, I haven't meant to be so preoccupied with the baby."

"It would be strange if you weren't."

"Maybe other wives do better. But he's so little, so helpless..."

"I know."

He danced with her, trying to shut out the wild, sweet memories that sixty seconds in an airport had brought sweeping back.

It was a month later when Vince returned from a late lunch and went into his father's office to find him clutching at his chest, his breath rasping heavily.

Later, in the hospital, Ed said, "Three weeks in this bed? And six months at home doing nothing but twiddle my thumbs? This is why I didn't check in with you, you old scaremonger. I knew you'd try to make an invalid of me."

"Sure, sure," said Dr. Tracey. "You're tough and lucky. Your

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arteries are fair. You'll get at least three-quarters well, but you can never again be as active in business as you have been. You will have to take over, Vince."

Even before this, when there had been no particular reason for it, Vince had been working long hours at the office. Now, of necessity, he increased them. He left the house at seven-thirty and as a rule did not come home again until twelve hours later. Then, after dinner, he retreated to his study.

Helen filled these hours with tending the baby, seeming never to run out of chores to do. So their marriage in this stage was comprised of hasty breakfasts together, brisk dinners. Preoccupied with

their separate pursuits, each demanded little of the other.

Unexplainably, Helen seemed able to care efficiently for two children with less time and effort than she had previously expended on one. Now she did have empty hours, and she was less and less patient about them.

"No other man we know works sixteen hours a day," she said. "I don't know why you have to."

This was difficult to answer. By now Ed Bryan had long since been back at the office on a half-day basis, and the man Vince had hired was still with them and doing well. There was no longer an emergency; no one really had to put in over-

"It looks as though you'd rather be at the office than at home," Helen said. "You haven't wanted to go out or to invite friends here. We've practically withdrawn from the human race, Vince."

"Have anybody in you want. Plan anything you want."

She had ten couples in for a buffet dinner that Saturday—an unspoken proclamation that the Bryans were back in circulation. The women all cooed at Mark and Priscilla, and the husbands had a quick drink while the wives were upstairs. Helen had hired a maid for the evening so she wouldn't be swamped with work, and she was gay and warm with everyone except Lila Brock.

It was the first time Vince had realised his wife's antipathy to Lila. He did not know whether anybody else sensed it, including Lila's husband, Bob; but he saw that it was plain enough to Lila. He also saw that it hurt as well as puzzled her; toward the middle of the evening, when Bob and Helen were dancing, he went over to her.

"Such a thoughtful look," he said.

"I was seeing phantoms," she admitted after a moment. "Terry Lee. He should be here tonight with this crowd he grew up with."

Vince nodded. "Poor guy. Why does the worst luck seem to happen to the best people?" He took her glass and set it on a table. "Let's dance. Terry wouldn't want long faces."

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THE REAL THING

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She fitted smoothly in his arms, and they danced across the living-room and hallway and then, laughing, she began showing him a new dance step; but underneath he sensed a continuing preoccupation with the past, and he remembered then that Lila and Terry had gone together before the accident. He glanced at Bob, across the room with Helen, and wondered whether the Brocks were another couple with one loving a living person and the other loving a wraith. However, when Bob and Helen stopped beside them, the way Lila went to Bob made Vince know that he had been imagining things.

After the party Helen straightened up the living-room, and then went upstairs without a word. Puzzled, Vince followed her.

"You gave a nice party," he said.

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"Do you think so?" she asked coldly.

"Sure. Didn't you think it was?"

"I guess so."

Vince bent to kiss her, and she turned her cheek. "Is something wrong, Helen?"

"Why, no," she said. "What could be wrong?"

"That's what I'm asking. What'd I do that I shouldn't have done?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. You were the perfect host. Superperfect here and there."

"Like?"

"Well, like with Lila Brock."

"Lila—" Vince shook his head.

"I danced with her, as I did with a lot of others. You and Bob were busy and she looked forlorn."

"It's perfectly all right. You made yourself a bit conspicuous with her, but it's all right."

"I don't get it. I also don't get what's biting you where Lila is concerned. What have you got against her?"

"Against Lila? Nothing."

"Can it be you're jealous? You?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Good night."

"Good night, then," Vince snapped, perplexed and angered by what seemed a complete irrelevancy; except as a friend, he had no interest whatever in Lila Brock.

He went to the kitchen now and refilled his glass, stumbling a little on his way back to the porch. He regarded the amber liquid with a

quizzical glance. There had been a period several years ago when he reached out for this stuff more often than he should—a cocktail or two before lunch to pick him up after a long morning and buoy him up against an even longer afternoon, a couple on his way home in the evening to help armor him against Helen's discontent. For by now she was as dissatisfied with life as he was, and the fact that it was largely his fault did not make it any easier to bear.

Except for the times when they were alone together, they kept the friction between them pretty well submerged. With the elder Bryans and Prentices they were smiling and at ease with each other. At home,

when Vince came in from the office, Helen met him at the door with a kiss. Mark and Prissy, clamoring behind her for their nightly greeting, too, could not know the coolness of her lips, or sense the slight withdrawal from the bourbon on his breath. The children climbed on to his lap till it was their bedtime, and then Helen and Vince would have a cocktail before dinner.

"Couldn't you get home at six, Vince? I could move the children's dinner up from five thirty and we could all eat together."

"I get home at six now, Helen."

"Once in a while. It would have to be all the time—you can't change a child's schedule every other day."

"And if something comes up that makes it important for me to stay late at the office?"

"I expect there will always be something important coming up to keep you late, if you want to be kept."

Vince wondered sometimes if the brutal truth might not have been preferable to the evasion that his whole life had become. But, of course, he couldn't tell her—he was too decent to damage in that way—and besides, none of it was her fault. He did think occasionally that if Helen ever asked him directly: What's wrong with our marriage, what's wrong with us? he might tell her. But she never did, not once. And meanwhile, their relationship slowly deteriorated to the point where nothing either of them could do was right.

DECIDING to get a divorce had not been easy. There were the children to consider, the heartbreak of their parents, the public admission of failure. If there could have been a stated reason it might have helped. But the reason in this case could not be stated; it was just there, a stubborn wedge between them.

In January they had made a final try at reconciliation. Vince had instigated it; since his was the blame, it was up to him to make the most effort. His father had unwittingly sparked it.

One morning after six weeks of leaden skies and cold and snow, Ed had said, "How long has it been since you had a vacation?"

"Why, I don't know," said Vince, taken by surprise. "A year or two, I guess."

"Longer than that, son, longer than that. You're overdue for one, and I think you should take it. You're not looking too happy these days."

"Take a vacation now? In January?"

"What better time? Get away from the snow and ice. Go south for three weeks, you and Helen."

"I'll think about it."

He thought about it for several days, and the more he thought, the better the idea seemed. A trip for Helen and him—get away from everything. A second honeymoon. . . . He shied away from the cliché, remembering how the first had been.

He broached the subject one evening after dinner.

"Dad thinks I ought to have a vacation," he said.

"In winter?" Helen asked, as he had.

"Get a change," he said. "Go south for three weeks. It's kind of an idea. Would you like to go?"

To page 74

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"I'm anxious to see how this apartment-size washing machine works."



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THE REAL THING

She smiled. She said, "It's nice of you to think of it, Vince." And he knew she didn't give a snap of the fingers whether they went or not.

He remembered the several trips they had taken in the past — short ones, over a three- or four-day weekend — sitting side by side in the car, each looking uninterestedly ahead. "We'd better have lunch at the first likely place." . . . "Yes, it's nearly one." Silence . . . "Did you reserve a place for tonight?" . . . "No, I don't think the motels are too full." Silence . . . They might as well have stayed at home.

He would make this trip different, Vince resolved. The five-day weather forecast was

vaguely favorable, so they decided to drive down. They took the children to the Bryans — the grandparents had tossed a coin to see who could have them — and started out on a brilliant winter morning.

"So here we go in a cloud of snow," Vince said gaily.

"Not much of a cloud, I hope," Helen responded. "You checked the antifreeze?"

"Yes. And the oil. And the tyres and everything."

"Of course. You would. Silly of me to ask."

Pat her hand, Vince told himself. Smile a little. "Not silly at all. Anyone can forget things."

"Vince . . ." Helen hesitated.

"Yes?"

"You think the children will be all right?"

"I wouldn't be starting out on this trip if I didn't," he replied.

"I mean, all right for your parents. Mark and Priss can be a handful."

"Mum and Dad can take care of themselves." Vince swerved to avoid a car stuck in the snow along a kerb. Perhaps they should have flown down — except that Helen hated flying. "One thing we'd better promise each other right now — not to worry about the kids."

"You're right, of course." Silence. But he was simply not going to let that flag of boredom

fly over this trip. "Do you know, we've been married over seven years and this is the first real trip we've taken together?"

"I know," said Helen sombrely. Then she patted his hand. She smiled. "There has been so much to do at home."

They drove along in silence.

"Did you reserve a place to stay tonight, Vince?" Helen asked.

"No. This time of year there should be plenty of vacancies."

"Yes, I guess so."

The countryside was beautiful, white and glistening in the sun. Vince searched for conversation. "It seems fantastic that there's sun and warmth down south of here, with all this snow and cold."

"Last year Blanche Rickard wrote that it was cold in Lauderdale. They can have chilly spells, she says."

"Maybe we'd better take a place there on a daily basis, and go on farther south if the weather isn't right."

"It might be a good idea."

They drove along, and Vince stopped trying . . .

"We'd better have lunch when we see a decent-looking place," Helen said after a long time.

"Yes, it's nearly one."

The heater fan whirled, the tyres sang softly on pavement now melted bare. At length, one of a large chain of restaurants showed ahead.

"OK? Should we stop here?"

"I think so. I'm not awfully hungry, anyway."

BY the time they stopped for the night in a small town south of Louisville, Vince knew the trip would pay no dividends. There was no spark, no enjoyment; like their marriage itself, it was a thing it seemed they should endure, so they were doing it.

He woke up before dawn to a light tapping sound, and he didn't have to get up and look to know what it was — sleet, driving against the windows of their ultra-modern motel room. They looked out at breakfast-time on a world of ice, and they could hardly manage the short walk to the dining-room without falling.

"Vince, I don't want to drive on this stuff," Helen said.

"No," said Vince, "unless it's clear a few miles farther south."

He called the auto club. Ice, blanketing four States. Don't drive except in extreme emergency.

"We'll have to stay here all day!" Helen cried in dismay.

"Looks like it," Vince said, and sighed. Then he smiled determinedly. "But so what? It's not a national disaster. I'll get a bunch of paperbacks and we'll do some reading."

It was the longest day in Vincent's life. They read for a while, or tried to. They turned on the television set and watched numbly. They read again. They walked precariously to the dining-room at eleven-thirty, not because they were hungry but for something to do. They read a little afterward, watched television again, napped a little, read a little more . . .

Vince swore and threw his book against the wall.

"Yes," Helen said. "I know. Poor Vince. Dear Vince."

He stared at her, his exasperation submerged for an instant by curiosity. "Now that's a funny thing to say. 'Poor Vince. Dear Vince.'"

"What's funny about it? It's not the first time I ever called you dear."

"But in that queer tone of voice!"

"What's the matter with my tone of voice?"

"As if you pitied me, or something."

"Well, you aren't an inveterate reader, after all," she retorted.

"I think I'm quite as literate as you."

"Oh, stop it!" Helen bit her lip.

"I mean, let's both stop it, Vince. Let's not quarrel."

Vince took a deep breath. "Yes, let's not . . ."

They went on south. They lay on beaches, played in desultory fashion

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around golf courses, danced a few times to help the long day's ending. They finished out their trip; they served their sentence; they went home.

Now the sun was below the tops of the trees lining the ravine. Vince looked at his watch. Ten after seven. Food of some sort was indicated, unless he meant sophomoric-ally to drink his dinner. "Why am I drinking like this?" he demanded of himself. "Anybody'd think I had sorrows to drown."

A car drove down Elmwood Lane and Vince listened gratefully; it was the first sound of any kind that he had heard for quite a while. It was so quiet in the house. And so lonely. "I s'pose I ought to go out for dinner," he said aloud.

He had not given much thought to what he meant to do after the divorce. Get a bachelor apartment somewhere, probably. A cleaning woman by the day, make his own breakfasts, have dinners sent in if he didn't feel like eating out. He would be busy at the office most of the time, anyway. Evenings?

"That's a question, boy," Vince said. "Evenings. Very good question. Next?"

He lifted his glass. "You're doing this because there's nothing else to do. You'll have to find something else to do. Basket weaving, maybe. Sundays with Mark and Prissy to keep you alive. And the other six days?"

But anyhow, he told himself defiantly, he wouldn't be with Helen, eternally with Helen, trying to make talk, trying to do the right things as a husband and all the while unfaithful with a phantom.

"Poor Helen," Vince said. He set his glass down. "Hey, now, that's odd. On that trip Helen said to me, 'Poor Vince.' What'd we do for seven years — go along feeling sorry for each other? Irritated by each other, dissatisfied with each other, and sorry for each other? Crazy, man."

THE glass was almost empty. Vince took it to the study, snapped on the lamp, and sat down at his desk. He stared at the panelled walls. In this small room the last scene with Helen had been played out only two weeks ago.

He had come in after dinner "to do some work," but behind the closed door he had not even bothered to spread papers on his desk for camouflage. He had sat there as he was sitting now, staring at the walls, the lamp, the Castel Sant' Angelo on the corner of his desk. He had thought of the momentous subject he and Helen had touched on several times in the past month — the possibility of divorce.

"We could go on like this indefinitely, I suppose," Helen had said. "We don't quarrel in public — for days at a time we don't even quarrel when we are alone. We don't hate each other, do we?"

It had touched him deeply for a moment. No, he didn't hate Helen. He was very fond of her and respected her very much. The only thing wrong with her was something that she could not help — that she was not someone else.

"Of course we don't hate each other," he had said.

"But we don't love each other, either, do we? You can blame me for that if you want to."

"No. I'm to blame, if anyone is." "I certainly haven't made life exciting for you. Some other woman might. And yet . . . there isn't another woman, is there? I think I'd know if there were."

"There isn't another woman," Vince said.

"There must be, if we separated. You can have your freedom, if you like."

Another woman . . . Helen had repeated her words a few weeks later: "You can have your freedom, if you like."

"That's noble," he had snapped. Then he had shaken his head. "I don't know why I say things like that. It is generous. But how about your freedom? Don't you think of that, too?"

"Of course. I get so tired of . . .

THE REAL THING

But there's no other man, if that's what you mean. I haven't any plans for . . . for afterward."

"If it weren't for the children

"I know. If it weren't for them, we would have probably talked like this years ago. It would be very hard for them, of course. But I don't know that that should keep two adults from trying to make new lives for themselves."

Talking about it. Discussing it. Thinking of it. But it had been a trivial thing that finally had triggered it — the fact that when he went into the study that night "to do some work" he had not bothered to spread business papers on his desk.

Helen had come in at half-past nine. "Vince, George and Sarah want to take Mark and Prissy up to the Lake Michigan cottage for several weeks." She had stopped and looked at the bare desk, taking in immediately all that the bareness meant.

Work to do? There had been no work. He had crawled in there for refuge as he might have crawled into a cave, just to get away from her. At the look on her face he wished fervently that he had gone through the motions, but it was too late now.

He heard the slow exhalation of her breath. "All right, Vince. I'll see Elliot Westland in the morning."

To page 80



ANNOUNCING THE NEW HOOVER CONSTELLATION



You really must look into the new Constellation
(Because most of the features are inside!)



Still the world's most effective suction! And wait till you see all the exciting new features: A radically new dust collection system; an easy-to-use, new design cleaning head for all floors; and a new, modern colour scheme. Plus all the features that have made the Constellation the top-selling cleaner in Australia: the exclusive "walk-on-air" — double stretch hose and fingertip suction control. Look into the new Hoover Constellation at your Hoover retailer now!



New dust collection system New, low-cost throw-away paper dust bags, held inside a big-capacity cloth bag. A handy pistol-grip handle makes emptying the bag easiest of all. It's the simplest, most hygienic and most economical method there is.



New triple filter Three separate filters collect all the dust and dirt — only pure clean air returns to your room. The new throw-away bags are made from special filter paper — and with your new Constellation you get your first twelve bags free!

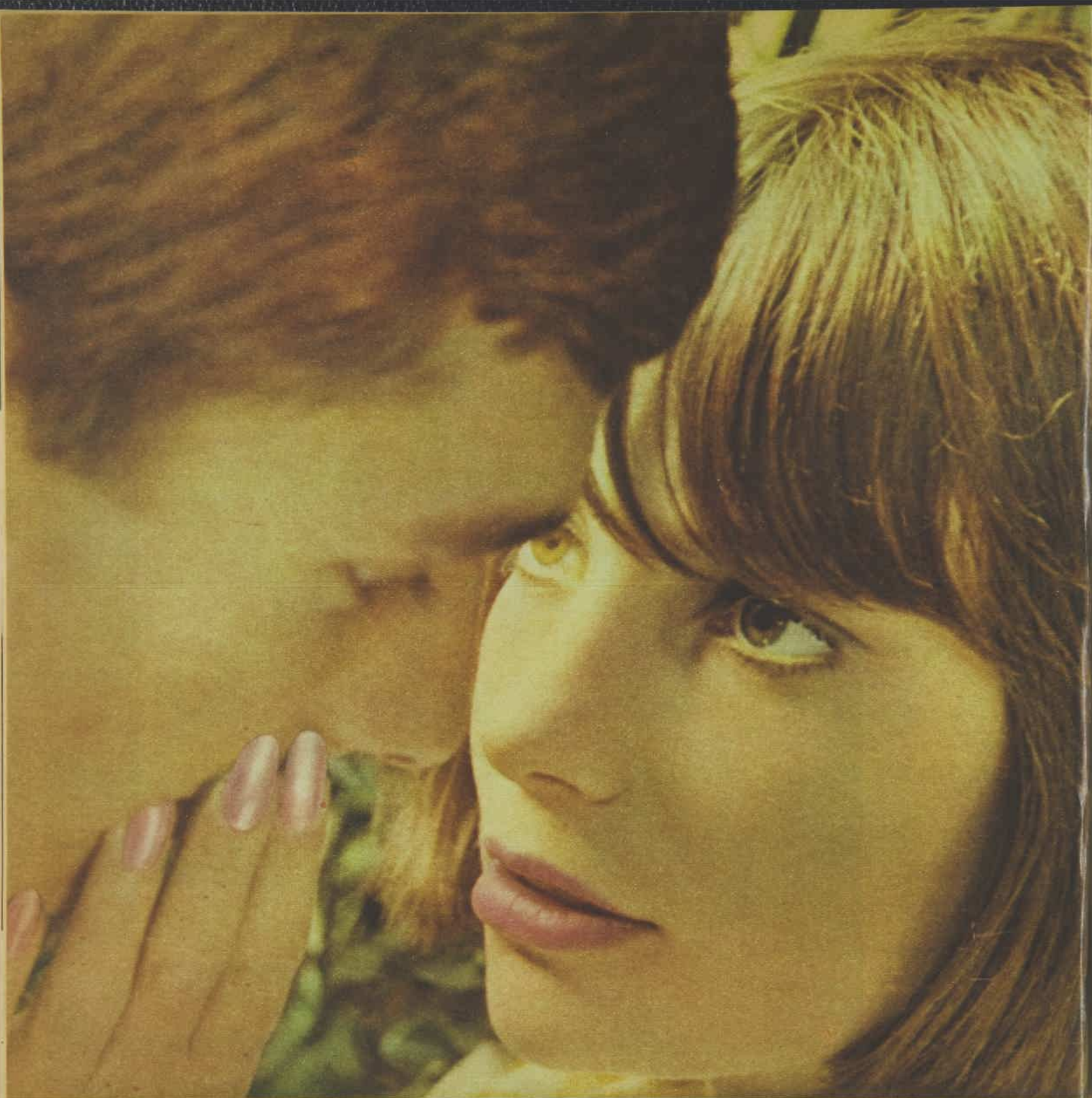


New design cleaning head Lightest to handle, and easiest of all to use. This robust new head combines the cleaning actions of suction, brush and comb. Cleans all floor surfaces in your home . . . faster and more thoroughly. (And there is a full range of special tools for every cleaning job in your home.)

NEW HOOVER Constellation CLEANER

... More than ever, the most beautiful,
most efficient cleaner you can buy!





Steal your way into his heart

Suddenly, you're warmer than he's ever seen you. Warm as he wants *his* woman to be! Lips speak magic spells. Fingertips are colored in the same soft promises. Cutex "Male Robber" colors make the promises — you keep them when you steal his heart (though he'll think he stole yours).

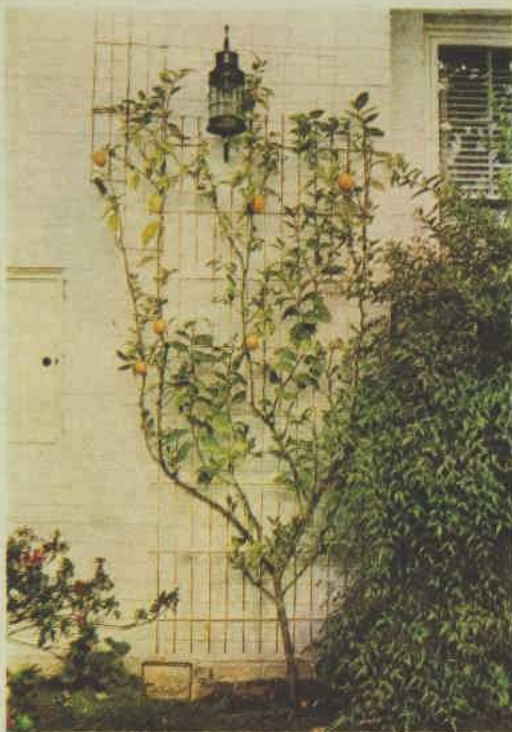


Male Robber
Colors *by*
CUTEX

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

ESPALIERS FOR ELEGANCE

● An espaliered lemon tree shaped in the irregular U fashion. This tree was photographed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Northam, Bayview, N.S.W.



Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 255

By R. H. ANDERSON

- The training of espaliers—trees held against a wall, trellis, or lattice—is an ancient art which calls for patience and skill.

ESPALIERS are grown for several reasons. On walls they soften the harsh appearance and add unusual charm to a building. They take up little room and can be grown in restricted spaces.

Espalier fruit trees, apart from being highly decorative, produce excellent crops, easily harvested and not liable to wind damage. They are very effective when grown on fences separating the vegetable garden from the main areas.

Gardeners long ago found that horizontal branches of fruit trees spurred more freely than vertical ones. So the aim is often to produce horizontal or inclined branches to encourage heavier fruiting. Short fruit-bearing spurs are developed along the length of the mother branches.

Reasonably good soil and plenty of sunshine are needed for most espaliers. Some will tolerate more shade, but sunshine is essential for fruit trees.

When deciding on the design, take into consideration the space available and the nature of the plant. A mature apple tree, for example, needs a trellis space 6ft. or 7ft. high and about 20ft. wide.

There are many possible designs—some are illustrated overleaf.

The choice having been made, the next step is to erect a framework on which the trees are to be trained. This has to be strong to restrain the plants' strenuous efforts to follow their natural habit of growth. With fruit trees it also has to help carry the weight of the fruit.

The trellis may be of wood, or wire strained between 3in. by 2in. hardwood with dowel sticks fastened to the cross-wires to provide for upward growth.

Any framework will do, provided it is strong enough and conforms to the design to be worked upon it. Paint woodwork for durability and appearance. Walls used for support should be properly plugged.

The ground should be well prepared and the plants then selected. Fruit trees vary in the suppleness or flexibility of the wood.

Pears and plums have branches which bend easily and can quite readily be trained horizontally. Apples have more rigid wood, but can be trained in horizontal positions. Peaches and nectarines have a more upright habit and the wood is not so easily trained, so fan shapes with the branches at angles of 45 degrees are more desirable.

Continued overleaf

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

BETTER THAN RAIN...

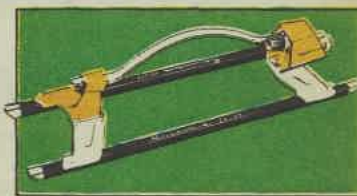
A POPE "RAINWAVE"

WATERS IN A RECTANGULAR PATTERN...LARGE OR SMALL AREAS...JUST AS YOU WANT IT!

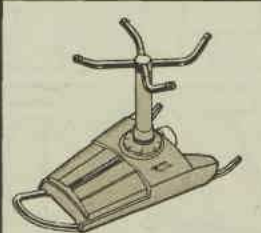


Simple dial-control allows you to water all, half or any part of large rectangular areas.

With a gentle, rain-like action, POPE 'Rainwave' waters gardens effectively. Every drop of water is used—just where you want it—with no wasteful run-off. Slow oscillation allows water to soak right in. Specially designed, curved bar is oscillated through nylon gears, has stainless steel spindle for long life. Smooth running gliders will not mark the finest lawn. Two 'Rainwave' models—DeLuxe, covers areas up to 2,400 square feet; Standard, covers up to 1,800 square feet.



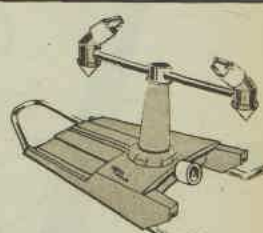
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... up to 34 ft. diameter



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... up to 50 ft. diameter



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HANDY ... for half round areas



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POPE



HERE'S THE PILE OF PRIZE WINNERS (OVER 500 OF THEM) IN THE SILVER SPADE CONTEST!!!



1st PRIZEWINNER: Mrs. B. J. Bowen, Glenside, S.A., will be shovelling florins for three minutes and she's guaranteed £2,500.



2nd PRIZEWINNER: Mrs. E. Grant, Kingsgrove, Sydney, N.S.W., will be shovelling florins for two minutes and she's guaranteed £1,000.



3rd PRIZEWINNER: Mrs. D. H. Clarke, Coorparoo, Brisbane, QLD., will be shovelling florins for one minute and she's guaranteed to take away £500.

There is, of course, no set limit to the amount of money Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Grant or Mrs. Clarke could win. Whatever they (or their nominees) can shovel up in the time allowed, is theirs to take away.

All prizewinners achieved a "highest total score" of 1260* with the line drawn as shown.

20	97	15	88	7	88	24	88	4	84	15	87
58	17	71	33	80	29	73	38	68	32	71	11
48	85	33	84	28	80	6	84	18	87	33	84
56	2	61	16	78	48	87	32	78	37	42	4
45	83	33	80	44	74	21	77	48	82	28	81
54	28	74	2	82	78	38	87	8	78	23	
48	86	32	87	42	78	28	78	43	88	32	88
52	18	88	21	78	88	58	42	73	18	88	1
37	88	31	85	18	87	1	36	22	83	35	87
37	18	74	32	88	25	71	37	88	34	78	14
43	95	13	84	8	88	22	87	8	88	18	87
54	28	68	48	51	41	88	38	58	46	57	45

Several thousand entrants reached this score of 1260*. All were carefully considered by the highly qualified panel of judges who selected the 503 prizewinners on what they decided to be the most appropriate, creative and neat endings to the "jingle."

* Any entries which exceed this figure were a result of errors in addition or the rules of the contest had not been followed correctly.

£20 PRIZEWINNERS NEW SOUTH WALES

F. Ansell, P.O. Box 35, Raymond Terrace. F. G. Atkinson, 4/86 Memorial Dr., Newcastle. B. Batten, 57 Gordon St., Brighton-Le-Sands. D. W. Black, Eureka, via Lismore. E. Blackett, 110 Gannons Rd., Caringbah. I. M. Burghmann, 50 Garden Grove, Pde., Adamstown Hts. I. Burns, 22 Cradon Rd., Epping. L. Connell, 2 Mercury St., Wollongong. Jean Cook, 8 Elva Ave., Killara. H. J. Crowe, 5 Tobruk Ave., Carlingford. Veronica Egan, 47 St. Johns Rd., Campbelltown. Miles Graser, 78 Bellevue St., Cammeray. B. L. Hansen, "Stirling," Molong Rd., via Orange. H. J. Hoskin, "Kurrajong Vale," Bareilly. N. E. McIntyre, Corambie, Narromine. M. Macpherson, 40 Minna St., Burwood. J. W. Mackay, 31 King St., Coonabarabran. C. A. Martens, 9 Campbell Ave., Dee Why. A. G. Martin, 15 Williams Ave., Cootamundra. Pat de la Motte, 25 Rigney Ave., Kingsford. K. L. Morris, "Glenariff," Byrock. Elizabeth Roth, 23 Short St., Mudgee. Betty Thomas, 42 Dale Ave., Liverpool. R. White, 37 Thompson St., Cootamundra. G. M. Wicks, 29 Mobbs Lane, Carlingford.

QUEENSLAND

R. Bates, 32 Walworth St., Tinana, via Maryborough. Lucy Collins, 147 George St., Rockhampton. M. D. Crank, 41 Gostwyck St., Toowoomba. R. F. Curtis, "Lesnes," Reeva St., North Tamborine. H. E. Kioskie, P.O. Box 138, Sarina. Colin Larkin, 15 Kenilworth St., Toowoomba. Peggy Lumsden, 133 Greiville St., P.O. Box 37, Biloela. Joan May, Ann St., Kallangur. Irwin Morgan, 110 Sharples St., Rockhampton. Valmai Orr, Resouesert Rd., Park Ridge, via Kingston. K. N. Palmer, 17 Robert St., Gladstone. C. Park, 18 Mary St., Nambour. R. S. Roskams, 54 Derby St., Hendra, Brisbane. Gloria Webb, Box 94, Thangool. B. W. Willson, 10 Eastbourne St., Chermide, Brisbane.

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A.C.T.

Sheridan Brooks, 89 Jacka Cres., Campbell. A. B. Dook, Brassy Ho, Murrumbidgee. S. Lind, 85 Wattle St., O'Connor. L. Maxwell, 72 Arthur Circle, Forrest. J. T. Morgan, Dept. of Statistics, A.N.U., P.O. Box 4, Canberra.

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WESTERN AUSTRALIA

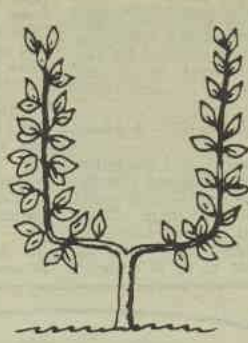
G. D. Bainbridge, 2 Fleet St., Leederville. Richard Barker, 40 Shenton Rd., Claremont. Andrew Cahill, 25 Williams Rd., Kalamunda. B. M. Clepton, 125 Forrest Rd., Hamilton Hill. W. O. Cooper, 425 Guildford Rd., Bayswater. D. N. Donovan, 47 Marbellup Rd., Albany. G. Fletcher, 32 Myndee Way, Nollamara. E. Hull, Flat 12, Civic Ct., Broome St., Cottesloe. Hilde Musyard, Pantapin. W. A. Joanne and Peter Purchase, 117 Rokeby Rd., Subiaco. R. M. Smith, C/- P.O., Buscon. M. Watterston, 33 King Rd., Albany. D. V. Yardley, C/- Main Rds. Dept., Albany. Z. Zalkstein, 112 Burgoyne Rd., Albany.

£5 PRIZEWINNERS NEW SOUTH WALES

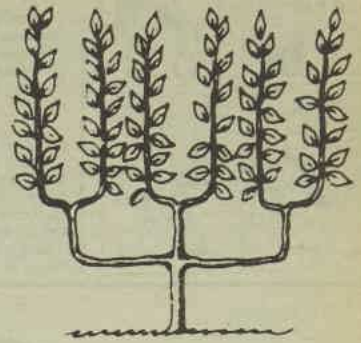
Eric Keith Anderson, Reserve Bank of Australia, 65 Martin Pl., Sydney. Edwin Atchuckle, 33 off Corlette St., Cook's Hill. J. Baldwin, R.M.B. 329 Colindale, via Narranderra. A. F. Baker, Primary School, West Ryde. R. K. Barnes, 5-Prunus Ave., Orange. I. K. Barwick, W.C. & I.C. Muswellbrook. Grace Beers, 40 Whale Beach Rd., North Avalon. E. Bindale, 81 Auburn St., Collaroy Plateau. C. Boon, 59 Gordon Rd., Moorebank. Irene Brazier, Ryanda St., Guyra. Barry Briscoe, 356 President Ave., Guyra. M. J. Brown, Princes Highway, Marimbuia. J. Bunfield, 42 Barber Ave., Penrith. J. Butler, 6/4 Rose Cres., Mossman. J. Charnley, 100 Rarr St., Mayfield. P. Cheong, 28 Unwin St., Bentley. J. Chittick, "Erisau," Warrawidge, via Griffith. Yvonne Collins, 41 Neptune St., Umina Beach. L. M. Cooke, 266

From page 77

FOUR ESPALIER STYLES

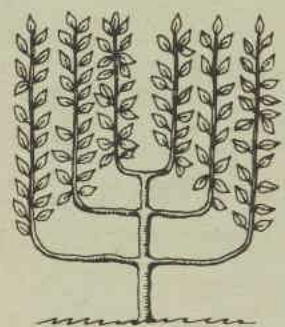


U shape

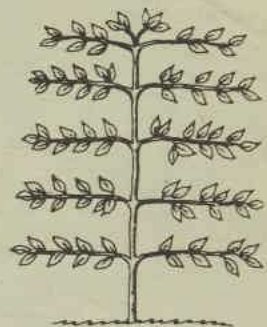


Triple-U shape

Sketches from "Espaliers and Vines for the Home Gardener," by Harold O. Perkins (D. Van Nostrand Co., Princeton, U.S.A.).



Palmette verrier



Horizontal T

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 257

Whips are the best fruit trees for starting an espalier. A whip is a young tree with a single straight leader untouched since being grafted. Cut off any unwanted branches, selecting two for the first tier of branches and a central leader if required to carry more tiers.

The branches should be trained in spring and summer while the tree is growing, not in winter. The tendency of growth is upwards, so when branches are forced into a horizontal position they still make every effort to grow upright.

Let's assume you are trying to build a two-tier espalier — that is, one with two sets of horizontal branches coming from the central stem — and you have tied down the lower branches to shape. Often these will send up vertical branches which are not wanted in the design.

Cut these back to about 12 in.; leave for several weeks and then cut back to a bud close to the horizontal branches, thus forming short fruiting spurs. The central leader should also be reduced to provide the two side branches for the second tier.

The horizontal branches are tied to the frame to keep them in position, but the ends will turn upwards. After they have made some growth they are bent back to the horizontal position and tied. Continue this procedure until the desired length of horizontal branch is obtained.

Don't forget that it is necessary to gain growth by allowing the ends to grow in an inclined or vertical position and then tying down. A branch restrained completely in a horizontal position will grow very slowly.

The branches on each side of the

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 258

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

49 Lincoln St. Waga. Waga. R. F.
 Cooper, 43 View St. Sifton. S. H.
 Cooper, 89 Gale Rd., Maroubra. K.
 Deathe, Wellington Rd. Gulgong.
 Drury, Cruki, via Taree. M. J.
 Buchtel, Box 583 Griffith.
 D. Elemen, 93 Conroy St. C. W.
 England, 17 Michele Cr. Cardiff.
 Fensome, 162 Sharpe St. Temora.
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 G. G. G. 111, Gungahlin Rd. West. Ind.
 Gibson, 73 Railway St. Peterborough.
 Cecil Gippel, 76 Bar Beach Ave.
 Merewether. Barbara Glover, 27 Joyce
 St. Pendle Hill. E. Glover, 11 Wallace
 St., Eastwood. John Gollidge, 1150
 Griffith Rd. Griffith. G. G. G. G.
 R.M.S. 111, Gurrington, D. Hann.
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 P. Harland, 27 Victoria St. New
 Lamb. R. Hawkins, 210 Bunnerong
 Rd., Maroubra. H. Hewitt, 10 Kirra
 Ave., Albionville Heights.
 Garfield St. Five Dock. Keith L. James,
 215 Liverpool Rd., Enfield. L. H. Johns,

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 B. N. Lascelles, 32 "Marl-
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 Rd., Macleay.
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 St., Marrubidge.
 R. McEwen, 381 Tratalgar St.,
 Marrubidge.
 Shirley
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 umbah.
 J. McKenzie-Smith, 63 Eliza-
 beth Bay Rd., Elizabeth Bay.
 James
 McNeil, 19 Brighton Ave., Brighton-le-
 Sands.
 C. McNeil, 135 Mitchell St.,
 Marrubidge.
 J. McWhirry, 135 Mitchell St.,
 Marrubidge.
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 Keith Murray,
 3 Russell St., Dundas.
 Parnastay, 32
 Clarks St., West Ryde.
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 Killmarley Heights.
 Cheryl Pellow, 14
 Alma Rd., Maroubra.
 D. Perry, 4
 Selwyn St., Hornsby.
 I. Peterson, 14
 14 Poickers Ave., Umina.
 C. Poile, 26
 Church St., Stockton.
 W. E. Pres-
 nell, 100 Commerce St., Taree.
 Lynette
 Punch, 47 Gillies St., Rutherford.
 3N.
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 R. Reilly, 66 Headland Rd., Castlere-
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 125 Croydon Rd., Hurstville.
 Doris Rimmer, 11 Dorset St., Emma-
 R. Roberts, 93 Tadmam Ave., Kenning-
 ton.
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 Christine Schauer,
 St. Vincent's Hospital, Darling-
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 M. Scedrille, 180 Denison
 St., Marrubidge.
 J. S. Shipard, 939 Corolla
 St., North Albion.
 B. Smith, 7 Ardella
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 Rd., East Croydon.
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 2H.
 Pauline Taylor, 14 Alameda Rd., North
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 H. N. Vahla, 33 Baroona Ave., Cooma.
 North
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 Christa Waterhouse, Yahganahy.
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 C. D. Webb, 37 Illiwa St., Cremorne.
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 Coral Whittle, 10 Plymouth Ave.,
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P.O. Biggenden. Joan Brown, 130 Har-
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Kingsbury. P.C. Cleary, South St.
Crown's Nest, Ivy Clements, Rydard St.
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Cooper, Mahala Lane, Koroit. F.M.
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Moongan, via Rockhampton. M. Dale.
B. Moreton Ave., Wynnum Heights. E.
E. Day, 40 St. John St., Toowoomba.
D. E. Day, 8 Dalrymple St., Ipswich.
S. Jarine, C.M. Drake, Woerabinda, via
Darraing. I. Duff, 81 Livestone St.
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Edenhope. M. Smith, 18 Lake St.,
Shepparton. M. Stevens, 201 Nichey
St. Ormond. M. Sweeney, 10 Bryson
St. Canterbury. H. Taub, 61 Milton
St. Elwood. S.S. J. G. Thacker,
Noorung Ave., Bundora. L. Thomson,
19 Lewis St., Glenroy. W.9. R. B.
Templing, 2 Roberts Rd., North
Melbourne. A. Liddesdale Ave.,
Frankston. W. R. Van Tongeren, 32
Beaver St., Box Hill. M. Vallis, 25 Wil-
fiam St. Mount Waverley. R. Valtera,
18 Morgan St., Sebastopol. F. Weber.
Hampden. 173 Glen Iris Rd., Glen
Iris. S.E.6. N. R. White, 29 Hampden
St. Mornington. A. Williams, 211
Lithgow Ave., Blackburn. M. Williams,
17 Clifton Ave., Burwood. E. Williams,
R. Warburton, 10 Ianchoe P. A.
Wynne, 5 Rutland Ave., Croaydon W.
Young, 49 Asling St., Preston. N.18.

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 Lybourne St., Chelmer, Brisbane.
 Lindis, 138 River St., Hastings.
 222 River Terr., Kangaroo
 Point, Brisbane. N. Hammond, 240
 Herries St., Toowoomba. Jennifer Ham-
 mers, 111 Fitzroy St., Rockhampton.
 E. Harris, Persimone, 1000
 Henderson, Long. J. Goodwin,
 R. Holzheimer, 11 Golf Pde.
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 103 Nova St., Yarmaluma. Peggy
 Conolly, 18 David St., Turner. A.
 Hughes, 1800 St. George, N.14.
 18 Simpson St., Watson. R. J.
 Riddle, 22 Piddington St., Watson.
 A. M. Ritchie, 4 Karloo St., Narra-
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 E. Bell, Granelly Beach, West Tamar.
 J. Bernheim, 90 Karroia Rd., Lindsie.
 Jarne. A. Brown, 33 George St., Som-
 erset. G. L. Coleman, 89 North Cres.
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Congratulations to all the prizewinners from Lever & Kitchen (and if you didn't win, we hope you enjoyed the contest, anyway).

RIVETS

Continued from page 75



You will want Sanderson, won't you? The company's lawyer?"

"Now, Helen . . ."

She stared at the bare desk, symbol of their barren lives.

"Sanderson doesn't handle divorces," Vince said, feeling a thousand years old. "But he can recommend a lawyer who does. Helen, I'm very . . . I'm really awfully . . ."

"I know," she said. "I know, my dear."

So it was decided, and the settlement was agreed upon and reservations were made for Helen's flight to Reno and the hotel there. These things had filled the past few days. There had been little time for thought — what to do afterward?

THE REAL THING

How to fill one's time? How to exist?

Vince stared at the Castel now, tarnished symbol of the inexorable past. "If only Helen and I had done this for something," he said. "But it was done for nothing. We just didn't want to be together any more, and now we've accomplished it. Now we are alone."

Often Vince had speculated about the cause of all this — Doris. What was she like now? Was she still the exciting, vital person with whom he had walked hand in hand in Venice? Or had life dulled and tarnished her as it had his Castel? Or — had she never actually been the paragon his mind persisted in presenting?

Now, for the first time, he wondered actively and currently about her, wondered if by chance she had divorced, or would consider divorcing, her husband. He was free to find out, to go to Detroit, look her up, talk to her . . . But then he exclaimed aloud in the silent room, "Oh, no! No!"

Free to go, he knew instinctively that he should not go. Suppose she was free or would consider freedom? Suppose, improbably, she agreed to marry him? Did he actually think that he would find in a mature woman the girl that the boy had dreamed of all this time? She could not possibly be that girl now, any more than he was still that boy. To seek out Doris after the inevitable

changes, to try to compress her into this narrow Seton City frame after the years in which her framework had been the golden wide world, would be a foolish mistake at best.

What then? Another wife? Another marriage probably foredoomed? For with the cold and brutal clarity of alcohol, he knew that he would not find another better than Helen. They just didn't come any better. If he couldn't make it with her, he couldn't make it with anyone. So what remained? A weekly visit for a few hours with his son and daughter?

"Is that to be my life?" Vince demanded of the lonely room. "Am I to be robbed of everything by a dream?" He closed his eyes and pressed his palms against them while the one word seemed to echo from the walls. Robbed . . . Robbed . . .

I expected the impossible from Helen, he thought. And then with a sudden shock of understanding: Why, no, that's not it at all. I expected nothing from Helen, so in the long run that was what I got.

He raised his glass. "I wish you well, dear. I hope you get a whole man next time." And she could succeed with another man, he thought; she had no barriers of the past to hurdle. Another man would share her life with conscious pride in her abilities, intelligence, and looks. For she had these — even when he'd found it hardest to be with her, Vince had never denied her that. And finally, another man would hold Prissy on his lap while he read to her, and play basketball with Mark, and fondly watch the two grow up. And what would Vince Bryan have? The Castel Sant' Angelo, gilt-peeling, squat, insensate, on his desk.

"Is a fool less of a fool because he can't help being a fool?" Vince demanded of it. "Well, say something. You've cost me everything I had; now justify it."

HE had come to this house every night, delaying, reluctant, because he would not get what he wanted here. Would it be better to return each night to an empty apartment? He had kissed with cool lips because he wanted to be kissing someone else. Would a television set be more satisfactory?

He had a sudden longing: If only Helen could know that I alone was to blame. If only she isn't impaired by what I've done to her. It's enough for me to have paid so big a price—let her not be dunned also. And let her, please, never know that I was unfaithful to her, not with another woman but only with a ghost.

Vince stared at the Castel with eyes suddenly smarting, and he could feel the surge of hot blood to his neck. "Well, now I've got my ghost," he shouted into the emptiness. "You! You —" He swore until he could think of no more words. Then he got up, lurching slightly, and held the chunk of metal in his hand. "You!" He hurled it at the window with such force that it tore through the screen beyond the open window.

The silence was a smothering, thick fog after that; and he stood there by the desk, staring at the hole in the screen. "OK, you damned fool," he said. "If you can't control something, smash it. Feel better now?"

But actually he did feel better. Nothing was resolved, but pressure had been relieved. He was even able to realise, abruptly, the fact that he was hungry, though for a minute he was undecided as to what to do about it. He didn't want to go out and he was not an eager chef, even in the backyard; however, he could fry an egg.

In the kitchen he poured the melted ice in his glass into the sink, and he turned the key on the door of the old pine washstand, locking it. Perhaps he'd needed the excess of the last five hours, but, forgivable or not, it would not be repeated. He was finding the prospect of life without Helen much less of a solution than he had thought it would be, and he was also belatedly recognising a richness in the seeming poverty of their marriage that had not shown through before.



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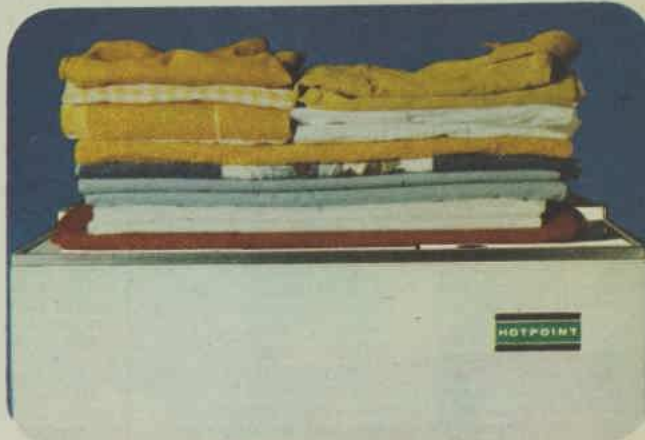
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Oh, please, I wish I had the fastest,
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Continued from page 80

THE REAL THING

He glanced at his watch. Helen would be looking down at the Mississippi about now, looking down and thinking—what? That even between two people who had never shared idyllic love the ties of seven years were not broken all this easily?

Or was she soaring in contentment as the plane soared in the air, feeling free at last? He certainly wouldn't blame her...

He opened the refrigerator and stared at the neat food containers tidily arranged, a symbol of Helen's own well-ordered life.

He found the bacon, and took eggs from the rack on the door. He put several bacon strips in a skillet and, while they began to sizzle, set up the toaster.

"Breakfast at night," he said. "Routine of the man alone." He got out the percolator so that the coffee would perk while he ate, and then opened a cupboard for the coffee.

And there he stood, staring at what was propped against the coffee can, at what was plainly not meant to be opened until the next morning.

"Vince" was the one word on the envelope. He took it down, but it was a moment or two before he opened it. Then he tore the flap.

"Vince, dear: I can finally

say it. I cheated you badly when I married you..."

He turned out the fire under the bacon and sat down. A letter of farewell. He had thought of writing one himself and putting it in her large suitcase, but then he had decided that it would serve no purpose. Had he written it, his opening sentence would have been: I cheated you when I married you.

Now this.

HE spread out the paper, flattening it, and looked again at the words.

"I cheated you badly when I married you. I could never have said this to you, and I find it terribly hard to write it now, and yet I think it must be written. For you must not be left with the feeling that you have failed. I was the one who failed, because I came to you with so little to give.

You remember when you went to Europe? Go ahead, have your fling, I said, very generous about it. But there was some resentment, too, that you would leave at that time; and maybe that had something to do with what followed, though I doubt it. You were free to go, I said, because I was going to be very busy myself.

I was going to New York to visit a school friend and also get some clothes, a trousseau. So I went there, a week after you had left.

I don't have to ask if you remember Terry Lee. He was going around with Lila Wilson at the time, and everybody knew there was some sort of understanding between them.

And it was a queer thing, Vince—Terry and I had known each other since grade school with nothing whatever between us, but then there was an afternoon shortly before you left.

We were at his house, at his pool. You, too, dear—it was the night you asked me to marry you, remember?

Terry was with Lila and I was with you, and then for no reason Terry and I began to splash around in the pool together. He ducked me, arms tight around me, and— I can't describe to you what happened because I still don't know.

Some kind of spark, some kind of light clicked on. Then we were out with the others, with nothing said. It was startling, yet nothing to disrupt anyone's plans. That came later, and I swear to you it came as a complete surprise.

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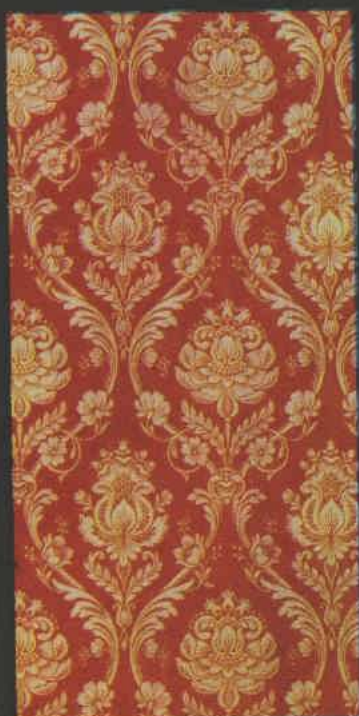
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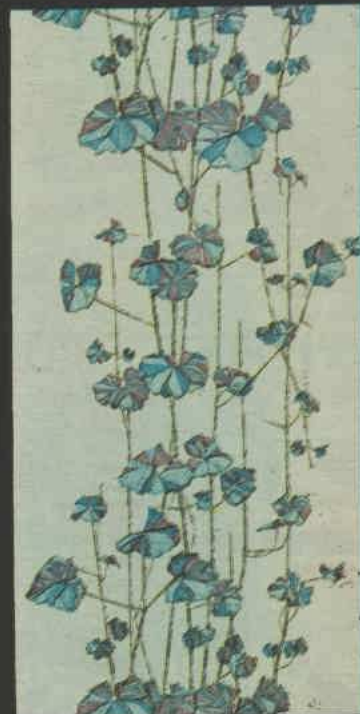
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AN ARK OF MY OWN

From page 13

a dog can win. Each time the judges commented on the denseness of her glorious coat.

In Corsica, too, my instruments were needed. On my first night of a holiday there I was awakened by the heart-rending howling of a cow in pain. I couldn't bear it and next morning I tracked the poor beast down. She was in agony. Her leg and foot were gangrenous and the intense heat and the flies added to her misery.

The farmer was delighted when I offered to treat his cow every day for nothing, and by the end of my holiday she was almost fully recovered.

Cows are nice, friendly animals when you get to know them, and this one was most affectionate and grateful and always pleased to see me. So I was all the more horrified when I heard what her future was to be. After all my work, she was to be killed and eaten the day after I sailed . . .

MY travels in Europe brought me in touch with some remarkable women. In Marbella there was the elegant Princess Perdita Hohenlohe Langenburgh, mother of Prince Alfonso — the woman who made the use of unpadded horses in bullfights illegal.

She and her son had two hunting dogs and a poodle, and one of the hunting dogs had had an unlikely accident. He had chased a bird up a tree, had got wedged in the branches and dislocated his shoulder. This was easy enough to put right, and I heard later that the accident had put him off climbing trees for ever.

In Italy I came to know the fabulous Contessa Marina Luling Buschetti Volpi, owner of the famous Villa di Maser, one of the world's most magnificent houses.

The Contessa is a dazzling woman who wears exquisite rings with pendants of precious stones on the tips of all her fingers. She has more than 20 dogs—pekies, dachshunds, chihuahuas, and Irish wolfhounds — and at times she would send one of them to me by chauffeur-driven limousine right across Europe for treatment.

Whenever I was in Italy I would see Naomi Jacob and treat Saucer and Baldo, her adored pekies.

When Saucer died, Miss Jacobs wrote to say that Baldo had gone into a black collar that day.

"And I," she added, "will wear a black tie for three months."

But my life's work was at Dene's Close, and it was always with deep thankfulness that I returned there, to be greeted by Jackie the golden retriever, Pollyo, Wanda the monkey, and the dogs and cats filling the kennels.

I must tell you how Jackie came into my family of pets.

Late one June evening I was called urgently to some kennels where a number of golden retrievers were seriously ill. They were

having fits and were covered with running sores.

The breeder, a brisk nonsense sort of woman, wanted them cured at once, and the sickest of them put to sleep. Might as well cut her losses, she said. No point in pouring good money after bad.

I pleaded and argued with her. I even guaranteed a cure, which was absurdly rash. The retriever bitch had been such a beautiful creature and I felt it would be murder not to give her a chance.

"Well, I don't want her," said the breeder. "Do what you like with her . . ."

So, after treating the others, I took the really sick one home with me.

lych-gate and led them to the surgery, and I only once saw her lose her temper.

I had put her in for a championship dog show and she covered herself in glory and won all classes. But in the middle of it all she suddenly stiffened, bared her teeth, and gave a ferocious growl.

From this sloppy, over-affectionate dog this was unbelievable. Then I saw what she had seen — her previous owner. Elephants aren't the only creatures with memories.

A bantam cockerel had the run of the place, too, and would flutter down on top of visiting bull-terriers or spaniels to their great surprise.

A mynah bird called Peter

creature, unable to move, but she was still alive.

We gave her crushed garlic, honey and water, as much sun as possible, and a lot of love. Very, very slowly she began to take an interest in life again. All her life she had been cooped up in a small flat and had seen few, if any, dogs before.

Now she attached herself to a paralysed dachshund and shared his basket. It was touching to see the love these two sick animals had for each other.

The owners never got in touch with me again, thinking, no doubt, she was dead, and so she stayed. She grew into a sweet, lovely creature, but, to the end of her life, she clearly believed she was a dachshund and only seemed really happy with dachshunds round her. We never had the heart to tell her . . .

Looking back on it now, I find it hard to account for all the success I had with animals. I can't explain why they immediately quietened under my hands, why they came so happily to my surgery, and why, after painful illnesses, they would eagerly come back to see me.

Nor can I explain now—nor indeed could I explain then—the diagnoses I sometimes made and the treatments I prescribed. There were sometimes cases far outside my training and experience, but somehow I felt instinctively what was wrong and what had to be done.

I don't find this an easy thing to write or speak of. But I had the overwhelming sense of a help that was outside myself, and which grew with the years.

AT last something happened which I had always feared. My health, which had always been precarious, collapsed altogether. I was overtaken by illness, prolonged and so serious that I had to give up Dene's Close for ever. And the power that was in me was suddenly gone. It was switched off as one would switch off a light. Just like that. It has never returned.

Today, as I sit here in a wheelchair, I look down on the lawns of Hove, where once the bucks of the Prince Regent's court strutted across the grass in their high heels and elaborate cravats.

Today the same lawns are the meeting-place of every dog in Brighton — gay little poodles, sturdy little pug sporting dogs, and lap dogs towering wolfhounds and tiny chihuahuas, and a helter-skelter of crossbreeds and happy mongrels.

I know nearly all of them by sight and some by name. Among them are dogs that were once my patients and I rejoice to see them full of the joys of living.

My own pug is by my feet as I write; Bert, my tortoise, is snoozing on the terrace; tropical fish shimmer in their tank; and Pollyo is laughing on his perch.

Animals have always been my life. They are still my life today.

(c) W. Lloyd Jones 1965



ACTRESS Brenda de Banzie with the vet and his pet Pollyo. Buster Lloyd Jones suffered a poliomyelitis attack when a child, and in recent years has been confined to his wheelchair, with time to write his reminiscences.

That morning my assistant, Diana Abbott, had said, "Don't, whatever you do, bring another dog back. The kennels are full."

So that night the retriever slept in my bedroom. Next morning I had to leave early for the Cotswolds and treat kennels there. She had to come with me in the back of the car.

That night she again slept in my bedroom. The treatment and right diet began to do their work. Slowly, at first, then in leaps and bounds, she got better and better. Her coat grew again, thick, shining, and golden. Her eyes brightened, her energy flooded back.

This, then, was Jackie, who hardly ever left my side for the next 10½ years.

She became the spirit of Dene's Close. She had an extraordinary smile and quite naturally took charge of all the other dogs, looking after them and calming them when they were nervous.

She met all visitors at the

Whistle learned to imitate my voice, my laugh, and even my early-morning cough so uncannily well that, hearing him in another room, people would be astonished to see me on the far side of the garden. Luckily, we didn't look alike as well.

Then there was an extremely sick Siamese cat, sent to me by people I didn't know and couldn't for a long time trace.

Later I found that a man had given her to his son and daughter-in-law. They had gone off on a holiday, leaving the poor thing locked in an expensive flat in Belgravia with a few bottles of milk with the tops off and some opened tins of cat food.

They were away for weeks and, when the cat was at last found, she was in a pitiful state.

When she came to me she was so ill that for four weeks she would neither eat nor drink. The stamina of animals can be astonishing. She became a skeleton, poor

New York, the stores, my friend . . . She shared an apartment with another girl, and they hadn't much room, so I went to a hotel. The day after I checked in there was a tap at my door. I opened it, and there was Terry. Perhaps for me those curious few minutes in the pool had not been enough to make me alter my plans, but for him they had been. He had come to New York to talk to me, I knew it was no good, I knew it was wrong, but when he took me in his arms it no longer mattered what I knew.

You must believe there was nothing cheap or tawdry about those days we shared. We knew, of course, what had to be done when we got back home. Terry had this near engagement with Lila Wilson. I was engaged to you. And we were completely, hopelessly, in love with each other. Two people were going to have to be hurt, you and Lila. We were that selfish, Vince. The day you came home from Europe I would break our engagement and Terry would tell Lila, being as decent about it as we possibly could.

You know what happened to Terry just four days before you returned. But I don't think you can even dream what happened to me. You were coming back to marry me; I'd promised; everything was ready. What could I say now, with Terry dead and most of me dead, too? Just, "I don't want to marry you, Vince?" No reason, no other man? I liked and respected you too much for that. I nearly went crazy in those days. A dozen times I was ready to tell you. But . . . I couldn't.

We were married, and then I knew the mistake I had made. Better to have hurt you badly once than to have kept on hurting you a little day by day. I'd thought that fondness was enough, that I could fake love, or that at worst the memories of Terry would finally disappear. It didn't happen that way. My life with you kept on being a cheat. Don't think I didn't realise it, and don't think I didn't try

Continued from page 82

— till finally the trying was no good.

With Mark and Prissy I was happy, and to myself I thanked you for them, but love would not come. Affection, yes, in spite of all the frictions, but the kind of love I'd shared with Terry — no.

What do I say now? I'm sorry, I apologise? It hardly seems enough. You never had a chance, poor darling, and if you want to hate me for it, now that you know, I'll understand. The very best to you—Helen."

Vince sat there, looking at the letter, with the words now blurred and streaming into one another.

I want to be a good wife, Vince. . . . Poor Vince. Dear Vince. The way she'd acted, and all the things she'd said; her unreasonable dislike of Lila because Lila had once been Terry's girl.

VINCE had often wondered why, in all the years, Helen had never guessed at what was wrong with him. Where was all this intuition women were supposed to have? He had the answer now. She had not guessed because she was so preoccupied with her own memories. She had not guessed because to her mind everything wrong with their marriage was her fault, to be cured if only she could make a great enough effort. Just as, and for exactly the same reasons, he had not guessed about her.

If you want to hate me, I'll understand.

Vince folded the letter and put it back in the envelope with gentle fingers. Poor kid. Poor darling. "You know what happened to Terry, but I don't think you can even dream what happened to me." Couldn't he, though! He ached with sympathy for Helen. He thought, if she had told me then . . .

But he knew that this was vain. If she had told him in

THE REAL THING

the first years, there would have been only the unreasonable rage, the proud male frenzy against the man she had loved. Only now, with everything at an end, could he be told so that he would understand . . .

He sat there and thought these things — he didn't know for how long — until the sound of another car on Elmwood Lane was kind enough to break the silence. It went past the house and then turned and came back. It stopped. The Robinsons across the street, he thought dully. But there were footsteps on his walk, and the doorbell rang. Then steps back to the kerb again . . .

The plane — a crash! But they phoned these things, didn't they? He tried to reassure himself as he went down the hall. He opened the door, and in the late dusk Helen stood looking at him,

suitcases at her feet, cab lingering in the street. The seconds passed and Vince could only stare at her, looking, he knew, like a complete idiot. And then she made her lips smile.

"Well," she said, with a terrible uncertainty in her eyes, "you know how I've always hated to fly . . ."

The last word fluttered off into nothingness, and she was poised there on the step . . . Should I have done this? Should I have asked the cab driver to wait a minute? Should I, shouldn't I . . .

"Come here," Vince said thickly. "Helen, come here to me."

He put his arms around her, without need of self-instruction. He leaned out the doorway after a moment and waved the taxi driver on his way. He led Helen to the sofa and sat down beside her. "I went to Indianapolis,

Vince. I was waiting there and the jet was late, and I was thinking and thinking. Was our marriage so bad that we had to do—this? For nobody else? For nothing big? And Mark and Prissy. What a mean trick! And I wondered: What would Vince do if I came back? The jet was announced, and at almost the same time the seven-o'clock plane to Seton City. So I took that one."

Vince smoothed her hair. "I know. Dear Helen. Poor Helen."

She stirred suddenly to look at him, and what little color was left in her face fled swiftly. He saw her moisten her lips.

"You read my letter."

"Yes." She looked at him, wide-eyed, chin trembling. "You don't want me to go? You can really understand, and forgive a little? It was an awful thing to write to you, but I felt I had to."

"I know," said Vince. "So much to understand," she said, as she had said

earlier that afternoon before leaving. "And so much fear of trying . . ."

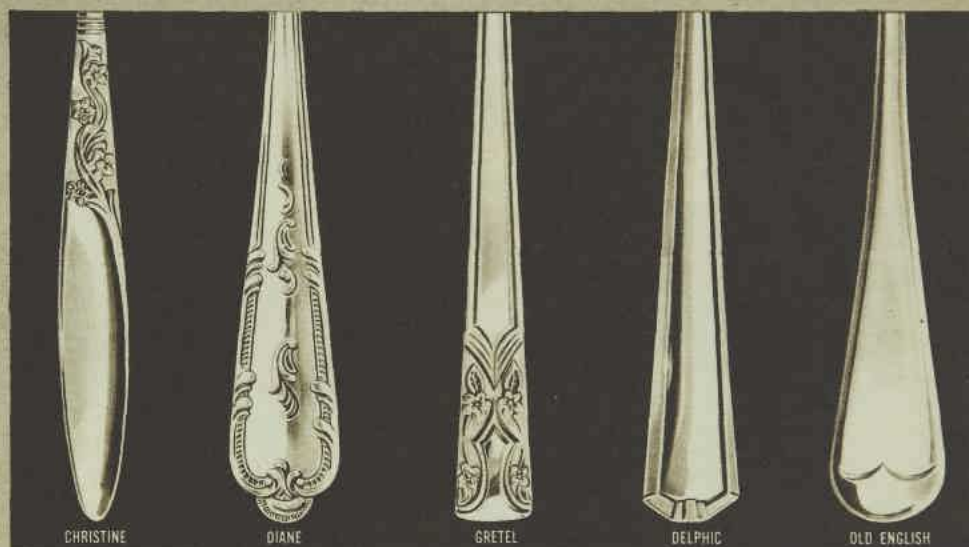
So much to understand, Vince thought. Among other things, the fact that dreams like his — and hers — are not dreams, were never dreams, but scars dealt by a futile past. Slight enough to be described as blemishes or deep enough to maim for years, but always scars.

He took his arm from around her so that he could face her more squarely.

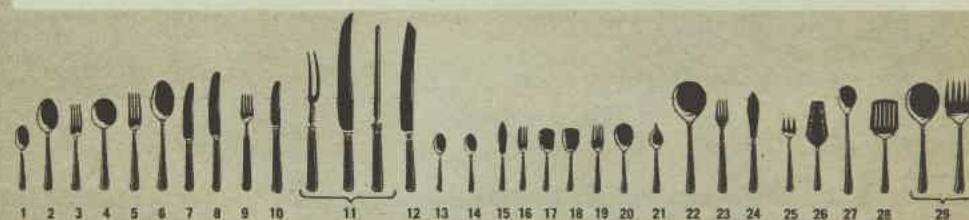
How would she take it, he wondered? After a few bad moments he had absorbed the shock of her letter, was even thankful for the light it shed on their past years together. But this did not have to mean that her reaction would be the same. She might be alienated hopelessly just when it looked as if they might try, more intelligently this time, to go on again.

Vince breathed deeply. It was a chance he'd have to take. He said, "I have something to tell you, Helen . . ."

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THE BUS

Continued from page 39

She was aware that the bus had started, because she was rocked and bounced in her seat, and the feeling of rattling and a throbbing beneath the soles of her shoes stayed with her even when, at last, she slept. She lay back uneasily, her head resting on the seat-back, moving with the motion of the bus, and around her other people slept, or spoke softly, or stared blankly out the windows at the passing lights and the rain.

Sometime during her sleep Miss Harper was jostled by someone moving into the seat behind her; her head was pushed and her hat disarranged. For a minute, bewildered by sleep, she clutched at her hat, and then said vaguely, "Who?"

"Go back to sleep," a young voice said, and giggled. "I'm just running away from home, that's all."

Miss Harper was not awake, but she opened her eyes a little and looked up to the ceiling of the bus. "That's wrong," she said as clearly as she could. "That's wrong. Go back."

There was another giggle. "Too late," the voice said. "Go back to sleep."

Miss Harper did. She slept uncomfortably and awkwardly, her mouth a little open. Sometime, perhaps an hour later, her head was jostled again and the voice said, "I think I'm going to get off here. 'Bye, now.'"

"You'll be sorry," Miss Harper said, asleep. "Go back."

Then, still later, the bus driver was shaking her. "Look, lady," he was saying. "I'm not an alarm clock. Wake up and get off the bus."

"What?" Miss Harper stirred, opened her eyes, felt for her handbag.

"I'm not an alarm clock," the driver said. His voice was harsh and tired. "I'm not an alarm clock. Get off the bus."

"What?" said Miss Harper again.

"This is as far as you go. You got a ticket to here. You've arrived. And I am not an alarm clock waking up people to tell them when it's time to get off; you got here, lady, and it's not part of my job to carry you off the bus. I'm not—"

"I intend to report you," Miss Harper said, awake. She felt for her handbag and found it in her lap, moved her feet, straightened her hat. She was stiff, and moving was difficult.

"Report me. But from somewhere else. I got a bus to run. Now will you please get off so I can go on my way?"

His voice was loud, and Miss Harper was sickeningly aware of faces turned toward her from along the bus—grins, amused comments. The driver turned and stamped off down the bus to his seat, saying, "She thinks I'm an alarm clock," and Miss Harper, without assistance and moving clumsily, took down her suitcase and struggled with it down the aisle. The suitcase banged against seats, and she knew that people were staring at her; she was terribly afraid that she might stumble and fall.

"I'll certainly report you," she said to the driver, who shrugged.

"Come on, lady," he said. "It's the middle of the night and I got a bus to run."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Miss Harper said wildly, wanting to cry.

"Lady," the driver said

with elaborate patience, "please get off my bus."

The door was open, and Miss Harper eased herself and her suitcase on to the step. "She thinks everyone's an alarm clock, got to see she gets off the bus," the driver said behind her, and Miss Harper stepped on to the ground. Suitcase, handbag, gloves, hat—she had them all.

She had barely taken stock when the bus started with a jerk, almost throwing her backward, and Miss Harper, for the first time in her life, wanted to run and shake her fist at someone. I'll report him, she thought; I'll see that he loses his job. And then she realised that she was in the wrong place.

Standing quite still in the rain and the darkness, Miss Harper became aware that she was not at the bus corner of her town, where the bus should have left her. She was on an empty crossroads in the rain. There were no stores, no lights, no taxis, no people.

There was nothing, in fact, but a wet dirt road under her feet and a signpost where two roads came together. Don't panic, Miss Harper told herself, almost whispering, don't panic; it's all right, it's all right, you'll see that it's all right, don't be frightened.

SHE took a few steps in the direction the bus had gone, but it was out of sight, and when Miss Harper called falteringly, "Come back" and "Help," there was no answer to the shocking sound of her own voice except the steady drive of the rain. I sound old, she thought, but I will not panic. She turned in a circle, her suitcase in her hand, and told herself: Don't panic, it's all right.

There was no shelter in sight, but the signpost said Ricket's Landing. So that's where I am, Miss Harper thought; I've come to Ricket's Landing and I don't like it here. She set her suitcase down next to the signpost and tried to see down the road; perhaps there might be a house, or even some kind of barn or shed, where she could get out of the rain.

She was crying a little, and lost and hopeless, saying, Please, won't someone come? when she saw headlights far off down the road and realised that someone was really coming to help her. She ran to the middle of the road and stood waving, her gloves wet and her handbag dragged.

"Here," she called, "here I am. Please come and help me." Through the sound of the rain she could hear the motor, and then the headlights caught her and, suddenly embarrassed, she put her handbag in front of her face.

The lights belonged to a small truck, and it came to an abrupt stop beside her and the window near her was rolled down and a man's voice said furiously, "You want to get killed? You trying to get killed or something? What you doing in the middle of the road, trying to get killed?" The young man turned and spoke to the driver. "It's some dame. Running out in the road like that."

"Please," Miss Harper said, as he seemed about to close the window again, "Please help me. The bus put me off here when it wasn't my stop and I'm lost."

"Lost?" The young man

laughed richly. "First I ever heard anyone getting lost in Ricket's Landing. Mostly they have trouble finding it." He

To page 88

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Oct. 13.

ARIES

MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Saturday, Mon.

CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

LEO

JULY 23—AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23—SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, gold, blue.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

* Any damage done last week can be partly repaired until the 15th. Then there's a trouble patch which could get you in the dol-drums. Weekend good for marriage and light dalliance.

* There's a nice lucky break on 13th-14th which could spell a windfall for many. Some problems could solve themselves. Trouble with friends could lead to loss, perhaps sorrow.

* Romance could flourish with spring lushness, although marriage and partnership could still remain under a cloud. You could be at loggerheads with the world at large 19th-20th.

* A nice aspect ensures happy nuptials and betrothals until the 17th. Legal complications and lotteries are best avoided 19th-20th. If you win, you are liable to lose in the long run.

* A good (or better) week till the 18th, when hard work brings good reward and even little effort profits greatly. Then the stars could muss up your romance. Avoid lovers' spats, 19th.

* Pressure lifts for many, although treat events with kid-glove caution. Protective and lucky stars prevail until the 17th, after which there's a little quarrel in the heavens.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23—OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24—NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, rose.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 24—DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, red, silver.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22—JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, brown, blk.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, rose.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

PISCES

FEB. 20—MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

* If you have a gimmick or a new idea, project before the 17th. A lucky vibration favors the novel slant. However, your star gets into hot-and-cold-water, 19th-20th.

* You should cash in on that feeling of mental well-being before the 17th. New horizons should be explored. At week's end, matters marital could hit rough water.

* The current of life keeps running faster and faster, and the planet Mars could keep you impatiently (and fortunately) on the move—until the 19th-20th, that is.

* Plenty of scope is shown to break through conditions that have walled you in. How well you succeed will depend on how much you overcome your natural caution. The 19th-20th adverse.

* Most of the week favors legal matters and mental expansion, and what Aquarian does not always seek to know? There could be a domestic upheaval on the 19th-20th.

* Two important aspects in your life are felicitously emphasised: your love life and your niche in this world. There's expansion in both, but watch for a sour note, 19th-20th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continued from page 87

laughed again, and the driver, leaning forward over the steering-wheel to look curiously at Miss Harper, laughed, too.

Miss Harper put on a willing smile and said, "Can you take me somewhere? Perhaps a bus station?" "No bus station." The young man shook his head profoundly. "Bus comes through here every night, stops if he's got any passengers."

"Well," Miss Harper said, her voice rising in spite of herself; she was suddenly afraid of antagonising these young men; perhaps they might even leave her here in the wet and dark. "Please," she said, "can I get in with you, out of the rain?"

The two young men looked at each other. "Take her down to the old lady's," one of them said.

"She's pretty wet to get in the truck," the other one said.

"Please," Miss Harper said. "I'll be glad to pay you what I can."

"We'll take you to the old lady," the driver said. "Come on, move over," he said to the other young man.

"Wait — my suitcase." Miss Harper ran back to the signpost, no longer caring how she must look, stumbling about in the rain, and brought her suitcase over to the truck.

"That's awful wet," the young man said. He opened the door and took the suitcase from Miss

THE BUS

Harper. "I'll just throw it in the back," he said, and turned and tossed the suitcase into the back of the truck. Miss Harper heard the sodden thud of its landing, and wondered what things would look like when she unpacked. My bottle of cologne, she thought despairingly. "Get in," the young man said and, "Crikey, you're wet."

Miss Harper had never climbed up into a truck before and her skirt was tight and her gloves were slippery from the rain. Without help from the young man, she put one knee on the high step and somehow hoisted herself in. This cannot be happening to me, she thought clearly.

The young man pulled away fastidiously as Miss Harper slid on to the seat next to him.

"You are pretty wet," the driver said, leaning over the wheel to look around at Miss Harper. "Why were you out in the rain like that?"

"The bus driver," Miss Harper began to peel off her gloves; somehow she had to make an attempt to dry herself. "He told me it was my stop."

"That would be Johnny Talbot," the driver said to the other young man. "He drives that bus."

"Well, I'm going to report him," Miss Harper said. There was a little silence in the truck and then the driver said, "Johnny's a good guy. He means all right."

"He's a bad bus driver," Miss Harper said sharply.

THE truck did not move. "You don't want to report old Johnny," the driver said.

"I most certainly —" Miss Harper began, and then stopped. Where am I? she thought. What is happening to me? "No," she said at last. "I won't report old Johnny."

The driver started the truck, and they moved slowly down the road through the mud and rain. The windshield wipers swept back and forth hypnotically, there was a narrow line of light ahead from their headlights, and Miss Harper thought, What is happening to me?

"We're going down to the old lady's," the driver said. "She'll know what to do."

"What old lady?" Miss Harper did not dare to move, even to turn her head. "Is there any kind of a bus station? Or even a taxi?"

"You could," the driver said, considering, "you could wait and catch that same bus through to-morrow night when it goes through Johnny'll be driving her."

"I just want to get home as soon as possible," Miss Harper said. The truck seat was dreadfully uncomfortable, she felt clammy and sticky and chilled through, and home seemed so far away that perhaps it did not exist at all.

"Just down the road a mile or so," the driver said assuringly.

"I've never heard of Rickett Landing," Miss Harper said. "I can't imagine how he came to put me off there."

"Maybe somebody else was supposed to get off there and he thought it was you by mistake. This deduction seemed to tax the young man's mind to the utmost because he said, "See, someone else might've been supposed to get off instead of you."

"Then he's still on the bus," said the driver, and they were both silent, appalled.

Ahead of them a light flickered, showing dimly through the rain, and the driver pointed and said, "There, that's where we're going."

As they came closer, Miss Harper was aware of a growing dismay. The light belonged to what seemed to be a roadhouse, and Miss Harper had never been inside a roadhouse in her life. The house itself was only a dim shape looming in the darkness, and the light over the side door illuminated a sign, hanging crooked, which read, **BEER**.

BAR & GRILL
"Is there anywhere else I could go?" Miss Harper asked timidly, clutching her handbag. "I'm not

To page 89



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at all sure, you know, that I ought—"

"Not many people here tonight," the driver said, turning the truck into the driveway and pulling up in the parking lot which had once, Miss Harper was sad to see, been a garden. "The rain, probably."

Peering through the window and the rain, Miss Harper felt, suddenly, a warm stir of recognition, of welcome. It's the house, she thought; why, of course, the house is lovely. It had clearly been an old mansion once, solidly and handsomely built, with the balance and style that belonged to a good house of an older time.

"Why?" Miss Harper asked, wanting to know why such a good house should have a light tacked on over the side door, and a sign hanging crooked but saying Beer Bar & Grill. "Why?" asked Miss Harper, but the driver said, "This is where you wanted to go. . . . Get her suitcase," he told the other young man.

"In here?" asked Miss Harper, feeling a kind of indignation on behalf of the fine old house. "Into this saloon?" Why, I used to live in a house like this, she thought; what are they doing to our old houses?

The driver laughed. "You'll be safe," he said.

CARRYING her suitcase and her handbag, Miss Harper followed the two young men to the lighted door and passed under the crooked sign. Shameful, she thought; they haven't even bothered to take care of the place; it needs paint and tightening all around and probably a new roof. And then the driver said, "Come on, come on," and pushed open the heavy door.

"I used to live in a house like this," Miss Harper said, and the young men laughed.

"I bet you did," one of them said, and Miss Harper stopped in the doorway, staring, and realised how strange she must have sounded. Where there had certainly once been comfortable rooms, high-ceilinged and square, with tall doors and polished floors, there was now one large dirty room, with a counter running along one side and half a dozen battered tables; there was a jukebox in a corner, and torn linoleum on the floor.

"Oh, no," Miss Harper said. The room smelled unpleasant, and the rain slapped against the bare windows.

Sitting around the tables and standing around the jukebox were perhaps a dozen young people resembling the two who had brought Miss Harper here, all looking oddly alike, all talking and laughing flatly. Miss Harper leaned back against the door; for a minute she thought they were laughing about her.

She was wet and disheartened, and these noisy people did not belong at all in the old house. Then the driver turned and gestured to her. "Come and meet the old lady," he said; and then, to the room at large: "Look, we brought company."

"Please," Miss Harper said, but no one had given her more than a glance. She followed the two young men across to the counter; her suitcase bumped against her legs and she thought: I must not fall down.

"Belle, Belle," the driver said, "look at the stray cat we found."

An enormous woman swung around in her seat at the end of the counter and looked at Miss Harper. Looking up and down, looking at the suitcase and Miss Harper's wet hat and wet shoes, looking at Miss Harper's handbag and gloves squeezed in her hand, the woman seemed hardly to move her eyes.

It was almost as though she absorbed Miss Harper without any particular effort. "Hell you say," the woman said at last. Her voice was surprisingly soft. "Hell you say."

"She's wet," the second young man said. The two young men stood one on either side of Miss Harper, presenting her. "Please," Miss Harper said; here was a woman, at least—someone who might understand and sympathise, "please, they put me off my bus at the wrong stop and I can't seem to find my way home. Please."

Continued from page 88

"Hell you say," the woman said, and laughed, a gentle laugh. "She sure is wet," she said.

"Please," Miss Harper said. "You'll take care of her?" the driver asked. He turned and smiled down at Miss Harper, obviously waiting, and, remembering, Miss Harper fumbled in her handbag for her wallet. How much? she was wondering, not wanting to ask: it was such a short ride, but if they hadn't come I might have got pneumonia, and paid all those doctor's bills; I might have caught cold, she thought with great clarity, and she took two five-dollar bills from her wallet.

They can't argue over five dollars each, she thought, and sneezed. The

two young men and the large woman were watching her with great interest, and all of them saw that after Miss Harper took out the two five-dollar bills there were a single and two tens left in the wallet.

The money was not wet. I suppose I should be grateful for that, Miss Harper thought, moving slowly. She handed a five-dollar bill to each young man and felt that they glanced at each other over her head.

"Thanks," the driver said. I could have got away with a dollar each, Miss Harper thought. "Thanks," the driver said again, and the other young man said, "Say, thanks."

THE BUS

"Thank you," Miss Harper said formally.

"I'll put you up for the night," the woman said. "You can sleep here. Go tomorrow." She looked Miss Harper up and down again. "Dry off a little," she said.

"Is there anywhere else?" Then, afraid that this might seem ungracious, Miss Harper said, "I mean, is there any way of going on tonight? I don't want to impose."

"We got rooms for rent." The woman half turned back to the counter. "Cost you ten for the night."

She's leaving me my bus fare home, Miss Harper thought; I suppose I should be grateful. "I'd

better, I guess," she said, taking out her wallet again. "I mean, thank you."

The woman accepted the bill. "Upstairs," she said. "Take your choice. No one's around." She glanced sideways at Miss Harper. "I'll see you get a cup of coffee in the morning."

"Thank you," Miss Harper knew where the staircase would be, and she turned and, carrying her suitcase and her handbag, went to what had once been the front hall, and there was the staircase, so lovely in its proportions that she caught her breath.

She turned back and saw the large woman staring at her, and said, "I used to live in a house like this. Built about the same time, I guess. One of those good old houses that

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were made to stand for ever, and where people—"

"Hell you say," the woman said, and turned back to the counter.

The young people scattered around the big room were talking; in one corner a group surrounded the two who had brought Miss Harper, and now and then they laughed. Miss Harper was touched with a little sadness now, looking at them, so at home in the big, ugly room which had once been so beautiful.

It would be nice, she thought, to speak to these young people, perhaps even become their friend, talk and laugh with them; perhaps they might like to know that this spot where they came together had been a lady's

Continued from page 89

drawing-room. Hesitating a little, Miss Harper wondered if she might call "Good night" or "Thank you" again, or even "God bless you all."

Then, since no one looked at her, she started up the stairs. Halfway, there was a landing with a stained-glass window, and Miss Harper stopped, holding her breath. When she had been a child the stained-glass window on the stair landing in her house had caught the sunlight and scattered it on the stairs in a hundred colors.

Fairyland colors, Miss Harper thought, remembering; I wonder why we don't live in these houses now. I'm

lonely, Miss Harper thought, and then she thought: But I must get out of these wet clothes; I really am catching cold.

Without thinking, she turned at the top the stairs and went to the front room on the left; that had always been her room. The door was open and she glanced in; this was clearly a bedroom for rent, and it was ugly and drab and cheap. Miss Harper turned on the light and stood in the doorway, saddened by the peeling wallpaper and the sagging floor. What have they done to the house? she thought; how can I sleep here tonight?

THE BUS

At last she moved to cross the room and set her suitcase on the bed. I must get dry, she told herself; I must make the best of things. The bed was correctly placed, between the two front windows, but the mattress was stiff and lumpy, and Miss Harper was frightened at the sour smell and the creaking springs.

I will not think about such things, Miss Harper thought; this might be the room where I slept as a girl. The windows were almost right — two across the front, two at the side — and the door was placed correctly. How they did build these old places to a square-cut pattern, Miss Harper thought; how they did put them together; there must be a thousand houses all over the country built exactly like this.

The cupboard, however, was on the wrong side. Some oddness of construction had set the cupboard to Miss Harper's right as she sat on the bed, when it ought really to have been on her left; when she was a girl the big cupboard had been her playhouse and her hiding-place, but it had been on the left.

rustling in the cupboard, but the cupboard was on the wrong side, on the right instead of the left. It is more a rattling than a rustling, Miss Harper thought, wanting to listen to her mother singing; it is as though something wooden were being shaken around.

Shall I get out of bed and quiet it so I can hear the singing? Am I too warm and comfortable; am I too sleepy?

The cupboard was on the wrong side, but the rattling continued, just loud enough to be irritating, and at last, knowing she would never sleep until it stopped, Miss Harper swung her legs over the side of the bed and, sleepily, padded barefoot over to the cupboard door.

"What are you doing in there?" she asked aloud, and opened the door. There was just enough light for her to see that it was a wooden snake, head lifted, stirring and rattling itself against the other toys. Miss Harper laughed. "It's my snake," she said aloud, "it's my old snake, and it's come alive." In the back of the cupboard she could see her old toy clown, bright and cheerful, and as she watched, enchanted, the toy clown flopped languidly forward and back, coming alive.

Then Miss Harper saw the big beautiful doll sitting on a small chair, the doll with long golden curls and wide blue eyes and a stiff organdie party dress. As Miss Harper held out her hands in joy, the doll opened her eyes and stood up.

"Rosabelle," Miss Harper cried out, "Rosabelle, it's me."

The doll turned, looking widely at her, smile painted on. The red-lips opened and the doll quacked, outrageously, a flat, slapping voice coming out of that fair mouth. "Go away, old lady," the doll said, "go away, old lady, go away."

Miss Harper backed away, staring. She slammed the cupboard door and leaned against it. Behind her, the doll's voice went on and on. Crying out, Miss Harper turned and fled. "Mummy," she screamed, "Mummy, Mummy."

Screaming, she fled, past the bed, out the door, to the staircase. "Mummy," she cried, and fell, going down and down in darkness, turning, trying to catch on to something solid and real, crying.

"Look, lady," the bus driver said. "I'm not an alarm clock. Wake up and get off the bus."

"You'll be sorry," Miss Harper said distinctly.

"Wake up," he said, "wake up and get off the bus."

"I intend to report you," Miss Harper said. Handbag, gloves, hat, suitcase.

"I'll certainly report you," she said, almost crying.

"This is as far as you go," the driver said.

The bus lurched, moved, and Miss Harper almost stumbled in the driving rain, her suitcase at her feet, under the sign reading Ricket's Landing.

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Idyllic sojourn in Spain for young artist

By Kerry Yates

● The fact that his painting was chosen to hang beside the only original Picasso in a Spanish art exhibition didn't impress young Sydney artist Alan Taylor.

"I'M sure it wasn't chosen on its merits or anything like that," said Alan. "More likely its size and shape were used to set off Picasso's work!"

"And, now I come to think of it, my painting probably would have been better off in a dark corner, because on that particular wall all eyes were on Picasso."

Alan, 23, of Avalon, N.S.W., entered the exhibition while he was painting in Spain on his recent two-year trip overseas.

At the time he was living in a tiny fishing village outside Malaga, the Spanish town where Picasso was born. He became a member of the town's avant-garde art group, The Young Picasso Society, and they invited him to exhibit one of his paintings in their annual touring art show, which always

includes an original Picasso, borrowed from a museum collection or the great artist himself.

"It included about 35 paintings and toured all over Spain," said Alan. "No one bought mine, but I managed to sell it later in London."

Alan was a university student when he suddenly decided to use the little money he'd saved for a trip overseas.

"I thought if I didn't go then I might never have the chance or time again," he said. "I just wanted to see the world and do some painting — a pastime I'd always liked but never had time for in Sydney."

He arrived in London with £30 in his pocket (and no return ticket!) to find himself in the middle of the city's "worst smog for 15 years."

"I suffered it for a few days — staying with some Australian



ALAN TAYLOR, the young Sydney artist who, after two years of travelling and adventure, has established his own art gallery for young Australian painters.

friends — but then I fled to Spain, hitch-hiking as far as Malaga, 260 miles south of Madrid."

Outside Malaga, Alan found a tiny fishing village which turned out to be a cosmopolitan colony for budding young artists and writers from all over the world.

"It was just what I was looking for and I ended up staying there for 18 months," he said. "I would have liked to stay there for the rest of my life."

He joined a group of artists and lived in a whitewashed brick cottage on the beach, where the local fishermen used to haul in their catches every day.

"It was an artist's paradise. Everywhere you looked was

another fabulous picture-postcard scene," he said.

Alan made about £5 a week by teaching English to the locals. It cost him only about 30/- a week to live and the rest was spent on art equipment.

"After years of thinking about it I suddenly found myself painting — all day, every day. I really knew so little when I went to Spain, but I learnt a great deal — mostly by trial and error."

"I was introduced to a new medium — mixing colors with a plastic base — which I then used for all my paintings."

While he was there Alan did about 40 paintings — all abstract — showing his impressions of Spanish village life.

(Continued on page 93)

YOUNG FASHIONS GOOD FOR NOW

● Here are five great little dress looks as practical as they are pretty. ABOVE LEFT: Yellow sleeves widely frilled and a matching babushka highlight this smooth navy dress. BELOW LEFT: Fresh little Liberty of London flower print in fashion colors has bowed, lampshade sleeves. BELOW: Young and appealing summer looks in a bright pink estacel sheath with huge rose trim on cuffs and a cool white two-piece with crochet lace at hip level and threaded ribbon contrast. BELOW RIGHT: Liberty of London forget-me-not flower print with deep, ruffled cuffs is fully lined. Matching parasols sold separately.

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Breaking the ice on a date

I AM always finding articles on how to hold a successful conversation with a boy on a first date, but ever since meeting my boyfriend I've thought the direct approach works best.

On our first date there was conversation on a 25-mile car trip to be coped with before the date part of it really began.

About halfway through the trip we'd spoken on every possible topic we could think of. Then after a deadly silence, he said, "Can't you think of anything else to say, either?" We both laughed, and the ice had been broken.

So, boys and girls, why not try this (especially if your date is rather shy)? I assure you that it will relieve some of that first-date tension and put both you and your partner at ease for the rest of the evening.—"Pussy," Green Valley, N.S.W.

Teens do care

AS a fairly normal teenager I would like to point out to many condemning adults that all teenagers do not possess a "don't care" attitude. Most are well aware of the world situation.

To be frank, one does not feel that there is much to live for. War is now a frightening word. With thoughts of atomic explosions at hand, teenagers are aware of the danger of literally being blown to kingdom come and don't like to think of the future.

We may not be here tomorrow, and so we have a great zest for living, and we live for kicks. This may be the reason why many bring down criticism from older circles.

It is hard to grow up in such a war-laden atmosphere. So, please, adults, have a little understanding for our behaviour in this unstable world. You've lived a little. We want to, too.—"Average Teenager," North Albury, N.S.W.

Pick your man

HERE'S a tip for girls of all sizes and ages:

Count 100 red sports cars, six white horses, two men over 16 wearing green ties, and a woman in purple. Then the next person you're introduced to and shake hands with will be your husband.

But—one thing. You must be careful and accurate in counting, and watch who you shake hands with! —Margaret Brown, Everton Park, Qld.

Value of money

THE more you have of anything, the less value you place on it. Value, in fact, derives largely from scarcity. Leisure is esteemed highly by the person who has little of it. But to the person who can have as much

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"Can I have a word with you during the next commercial, Mary?"

leisure as he wants it has little value.

For the rich man a pound note may have no more value than a shilling to somebody who is less well off. People who become rich are thus frequently disappointed—their money has little direct personal value to them.

Therefore it is important to keep money in the right perspective. Men derive their true and lasting satisfactions not for the actual money but from what they accomplish and the good they can do with it. The most important things in life are those that cannot be bought.—"Reality," Caulfield, Vic.

Disc jockeys

MOST dee jays act as though their listeners are composed of semi-educated morons. The average listener has to put up with pathetic jokes, cackling laughter, and comments on records which usually annoy him considerably.

The dee jays also seem to think that listeners have no taste of their own in music, and will condemn a record before the public has had an opportunity to form its own opinion.

To complete the unfavorable impression, most dee jays like to put on an American accent. We are

Australians, and to copy the Americans shows that we have little idea of doing things for ourselves and that we are willing to become carbon copies of the Americans.

I feel that dee jays should wake up to themselves and not make any weak attempts at jokes, put on American accents, or say anything detrimental about a record.

After all, we are normal people and not a bunch of semi-educated and immature clots with no tastes of our own.—Carl Belle, Renmark, S.A.

Pert poems

IF you are ever stuck for something to write in a friend's autograph book, here are a few suggestions:

From a boy to a girl:
"They say that love is blind,

But I don't think it's true.
For love can find, on one small seat,
Room enough for two."

From girl to boy:
"You can fall from a haystack,

You can fall from above.
But whatever you do,
Please don't fall in love."

Between friends:
"Roast beef when you're hungry,
Champagne when you're dry,
Fivers when you're stony,
Heaven when you die."

Philosophies:
"Life is a ladder that can't be climbed with your hands in your pockets."

"Be true to yourself, and the world will be true to you."

"Friendship is what friendship proves."

"A wise man with a story to tell said, 'If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing well.'—D. J. Wood, North Hobart.

Tips on how to study

I HAVE found that by telling myself a certain subject is interesting, and by efficiently organising my books and study time, I can prevent stray thoughts interfering with my work.

By organising, I mean keeping all books and notes as neat as possible and in their correct order. Then, before beginning to study, arrange EVERYTHING which may be required on your table.

To add to the psychological effect, try to begin your study at a set time.

I have found that the combination of these things puts me in the right frame of mind. If necessary, tell yourself that you are still at school.—Noeline Barton, Side, Vic.

I THINK that the best way to study is to pretend to be teaching somebody else. By pretending that you are teaching a subject to somebody (even to

● With final exams looming close, readers have sent in these hints on how to study.

the extent of sitting in front of your bedroom mirror and talking to yourself), you will be learning.—"Learners," Granville, N.S.W.

DON'T wait to get in the mood, and don't waste time sharpening pencils, etc. Study regularly—make up a timetable and stick to it, studying in periods of at least 40 minutes.

After about an hour, get up and exercise out of doors for about three minutes. But don't become interested in anything.

Keep active. Write out your work, read it aloud, get someone to read it to you.

Study in the early morning is more effective than at night. Make summaries

of your work and read them the morning of the exam.—Joanne Horniman, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

ONE of my girlfriends read this in an American magazine and passed it on to me: just remember PQRS! This does not sound like an intelligible piece of advice, but it is.

P is for preview. Read over material to be studied.

Q is for question. Ask yourself questions about the material and find out your weak spots.

R is for read. Read the material again, more carefully this time, checking the answers to your questions.

S is for state. Repeat in your own words what you have just read.

T is for test. Test yourself on the work to make sure it sticks with you.

It guarantees good results.—Judy R., Magill, S.A.

Spanish sojourn (continued from page 91)

● "I found life in the village fascinating," Alan said. "With all their traditions and almost medieval ideas it was like stepping into the past. Their whole way of life has been untouched by progress."

"The milkman used to arrive each day with a herd of goats and you'd just take a billy out into the street and he'd milk them on the spot," said Alan. "And donkeys are used to deliver the bread and the vegetables all the time."

Alan has many amusing tales to tell of his life in Spain, including one about the time when about 12 of his friends decided to walk 150 miles to the "Feria of Savilla," the famous annual bullfighting fair.

Setting off with donkeys and haycarts (to hold their luggage and a couple of children who went along, too), they stopped off at many interesting little villages along the way, camped out under the stars every night, and made it to Sevilla about two weeks later.

"After I'd spent a night in jail for losing my passport in one little village, we arrived with holes in our shoes in true gipsy fashion."

"But it was worth the walk because the bullfights, which were on every day, featured the best matadors in Spain."

After 18 months in Spain, Alan decided it was time to move on.

He sent his paintings to his brother in London and hitch-hiked by himself through Italy, Germany, France, and Morocco for six months. He lived mostly on the little money he'd saved in Spain, but sometimes played flamenco guitar (which he'd been taught by a gipsy in Spain) in return for meals in restaurants.

He found his way back to England, where he had an exhibition of his paintings at a small gallery just outside London. He sold quite a few of his Spanish abstracts (which ranged from 10 to 40 guineas) and raised enough money for his fare home to Australia.

Since he arrived home earlier this year Alan has opened his

own out-of-town art gallery at Avalon, a north-side beach suburb about 20 miles from Sydney.

"I hope to encourage young Australian artists who haven't the name or money to exhibit in big city galleries," he said. "Down here the rental is very low and I'm willing to exhibit anything I think has promise in any field of art."

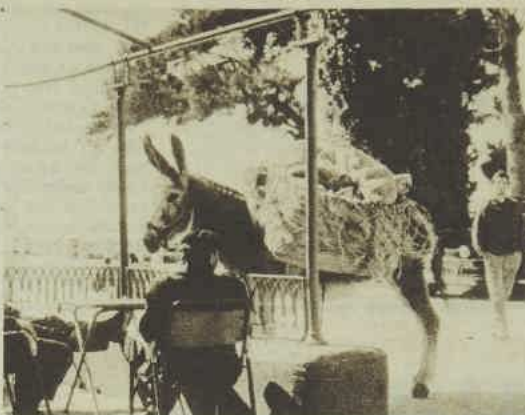
On the subject of young Australian artists, Alan had very definite ideas.

"They've certainly got a lot of potential, but on the whole they're too complacent. Instead of seeking adventure and life like European painters, most are too content and satisfied with their lot."

Judging by the success of his first ten exhibitions, Alan, who gets 25 percent commission on all paintings sold, thinks his gallery will do very well.

"I'll never make enough to live like a rich businessman," he said. "But I'll be able to live like a rich artist — and that's something."

BREAD delivery (right) by donkey in Pedregalejo, Spain, where Alan (in the background) lived for 18 months. He often ate at this open-air cafe.



Beauty in brief

PUT A FINGER ON BEAUTY

... with the best manicure you can manage. It's the quickest way to prettier paws, and a constant reminder to guard and pamper the hands that well-polished nails decorate.

REMEMBER, don't file too far down at the corners, that encourages nails to break. Soak fingers to soften cuticle before you work on it with cuticle remover.

For a long-lasting, chip-resistant nail make-up, use a base coat, two coats of color, and a top coat.

Pick a becoming shade of lacquer, depending on the shape and condition of fingernails and the color of the hands themselves.

Wipe a hairline of the color off the tip of each nail; let each coat dry before you add the next.

Help brittle nails with a special cream every

night, and when sun and salt water make cuticles hard and dry soften them with a nightly five-minute soak in olive or almond oil, or brush them daily with special cuticle oil.

In no time at all your hands will be boasting of your careful, fastidious ways.

—CAROLYN EARLE

A HARD LABOR OF LOVE

● Who says that a policeman's lot is not a happy one?

I SEE that Italian police have formed a very interesting squad.

The squad's job is to patrol tourist attractions and stop local lads pinching girls.

The unusual cops will protect visiting females mainly — locals, it seems, are used to pinches.

The squad will patrol streets, beaches, parks — and there even will be women police dressed as tourists to decoy pinchers.

This sounds like a fun branch of the force.

Of course, it also sounds like an interesting criminal endeavor.

For both policeman and pincher it must be a more pleasant parking offence.

And if a fellow was arrested for pinching a decoy

pretty policewoman it would truly be a case of a "fair cop."

It is worth noting, however, that pinching can be a difficult charge to prove.

There would be no fingerprints.

And many victims, of course, will not complain.

Assault and flattery is a different matter to assault and battery.

Also, there are some master-criminal pinchers who thumb their noses — when their hands are free — at police.

The most notorious, of course, is the legendary Jack the Nipper.

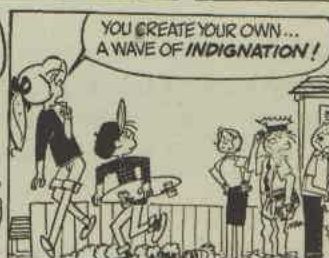
For these reasons, it could pay the Italian pincher-pinchers to call in the help of some famous detective.

Sherlock Holmes would be of particular aid to the beach patrols.

Holmes has handled many cases involving girls in bikinis.

One prompted his legendary remark, "It's elementary, my dear, what's on."

—Robin Adair



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... Margaret Merril

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Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Came home late

"I AM 17 and very much in love with a boy of 19. He says that he loves me and never wants to leave me and is very considerate and well mannered. One night we went out and didn't get home till 1.30 a.m. My parents were very mad and upset and were waiting for us out in the front. My boyfriend said that he would come in and explain where we had been, but my father blew his stack and told my boyfriend never to come near the house again. My boyfriend understands how my parents must feel and said he still wants to take me out, without my parents disliking him. What can I do about the situation?"
"Heartbroken," N.S.W.

When your parents have simmered down a bit, talk to your mother. Explain to her why you came home so late and tell her that your boyfriend understands why they were angry and would like to apologise. If you are sincere I'm sure your mother and father will agree to talk things over with your boyfriend.

Diaries are private

"Do you think it is right for mothers to read their daughters' diaries and write comments underneath entries, when the daughter concerned is not at home?"

"Privacy," Tas.

No. I think it is wrong.

Different customs

"I HAVE been in Australia for two years and I think your teenage customs are good. I especially like dancing. But in my home country, Malaya, we are forbidden such things. I am 18 now and my father has given my Australian guardian instructions to restrict me in this field. My father refuses to consider any liberties and so I am prevented from going out. I sneak out at times but feel guilty. Can you help me in any way? Am I wrong to sneak out?"
"Lonely Boy," Vic.

Although I think it is a shame you can't have more fun, you will have to obey your father, at least for your guardian's sake. Your guardian has taken on the responsibility for you while you are in Australia, and you must show him respect, thoughtfulness, and good manners. Sneaking out at night is disrespectful, thoughtless, and rude. One day you will be a man, and you will be able to make your own decisions and be responsible only to yourself. For the present make the best of the opportunity your father and guardian have made possible, and do not deceive them and hurt them.

Lost: one friend

"I AM 14 and I have a friend of the same age. I would like her to be my best friend. We used to be good friends until she started seeing this other girl. Now all she does is sit with me at school, but as soon as she gets home she goes around with the other girl. She never comes over to our house, although she used to. What can I do?"

"Hurt," Vic.

Don't chase her, but find other friends to see after school instead. See other girls, join a club, start a hobby, study like mad — do anything and everything except mope about. She may come back once the interest in her new friend wears off — but you should have other friends, anyway.

Teenage blues

"I AM a very worried and unhappy person. I am 16, and I find my parents very embarrassing when any of my friends drop around to see me. I don't like my parents at all and don't get along very well with them. I was very popular at school, but now I seldom see any of my old buddies and I feel as though life's not worth living. Mum has told me to leave home, but I know that she does not really want me to go, though I plan to.

"I do not have a girlfriend. I have asked several girls out, but they always refuse. I am not very good looking. How could I improve my looks? If you only knew how unhappy and lonely I am."

"Despairing," New Zealand.

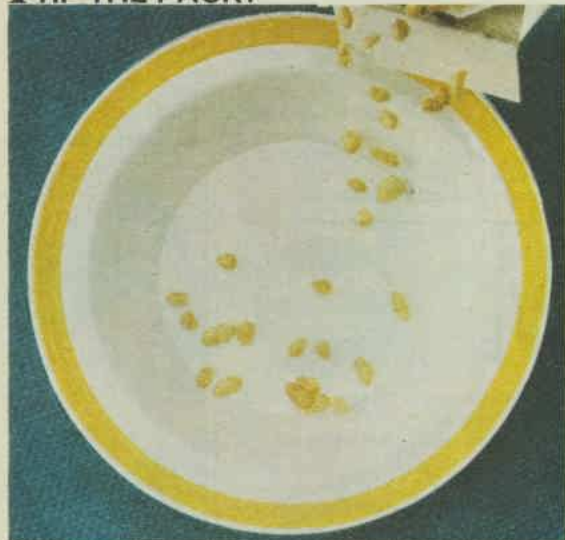
Your feelings of despair and self-consciousness are probably only manifestations of plain old teenage blues. You are beginning to question things and think more deeply than ever before, but you do not yet have the maturity or experience to decide what is important and what is not. That is part of the reason you feel lonely and unhappy. Understanding this might help.

Don't leave home. Do try to get things into perspective. Your present attitude to your parents is very selfish and very immature, and you need to grow up a bit before you make any decision like that. If the atmosphere at home is strained, why not do everything you can to make it happier? Talk to your parents and try to understand them.

Don't worry about girls just yet, either. There's plenty of time. You can't improve your looks except by making sure you are clean and well dressed.

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2 LET THE MILK POUR DOWN



3 LISTEN FOR THE HAPPY SOUND...



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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

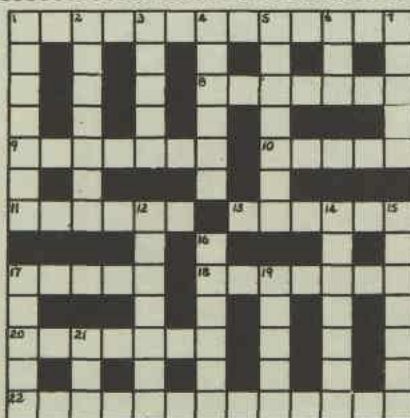
OPOLO tells Mandrake of his native land and the ice age which threatened the city. He also speaks of his beloved Adrana and of the villainous Natas. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Hook, line, and sinker (7, 6).
8. Occupants (7).
9. Ignore a period of cruel tyranny (4, 3).
10. No, Sam, turn round and become a builder (5).
11. A short sofa or a single-decked Mediterranean vessel from the end of which you can hit off (6).
13. Kind of chicory, starting with its end (6).
17. I go with a young animal to a Mohammedan ruler (5).
18. Disregard a broken leg in the centre (7).
20. Place so that the edge of one rests on that of another (7).
22. In disordered haste (6-7).



Solution will be published next week.

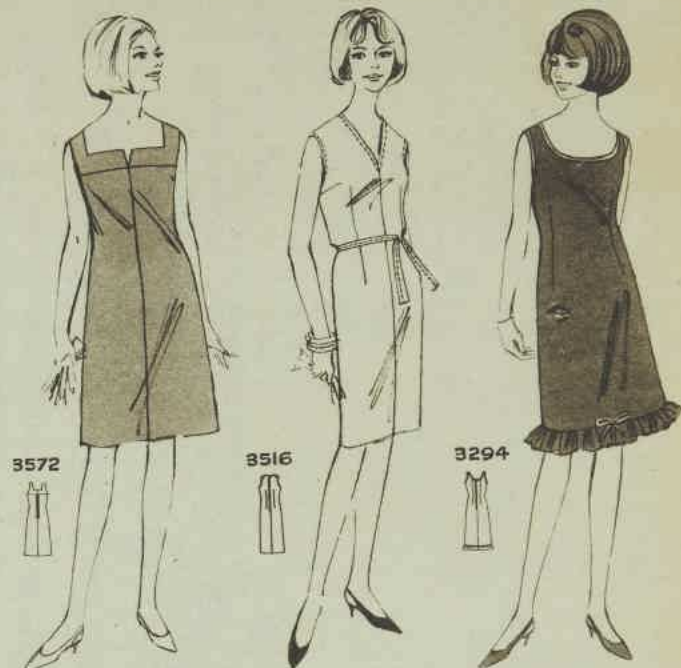
DOWN

1. Petrified animal or vegetable remains found in earth's crust (7).
2. Row was turned before tea into a plant with serrated leaves (7).
3. Further on, but not becoming, if you dig after it (5).
4. Channel at side of street (6).
5. Man gone for a to-name (7).
6. Family in the making (3).
7. German city famous for steel manufacturing (5).
12. Feel fug (anagr., 7).
14. Treat in repeating (7).
15. A tempter (7).
16. Long-billed birds become street arabs after 4 down (6).
17. Woven fabric which carries a lot (5).
19. Feed greedily (5).
21. Fish in a safe element (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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3336.—A-line maternity dress with contrast collar, purchased ribbon bow. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3595.—Little girl's A-line back-buttoned dress with low U-neckline at back. Purchased eyelet ruffle trim. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

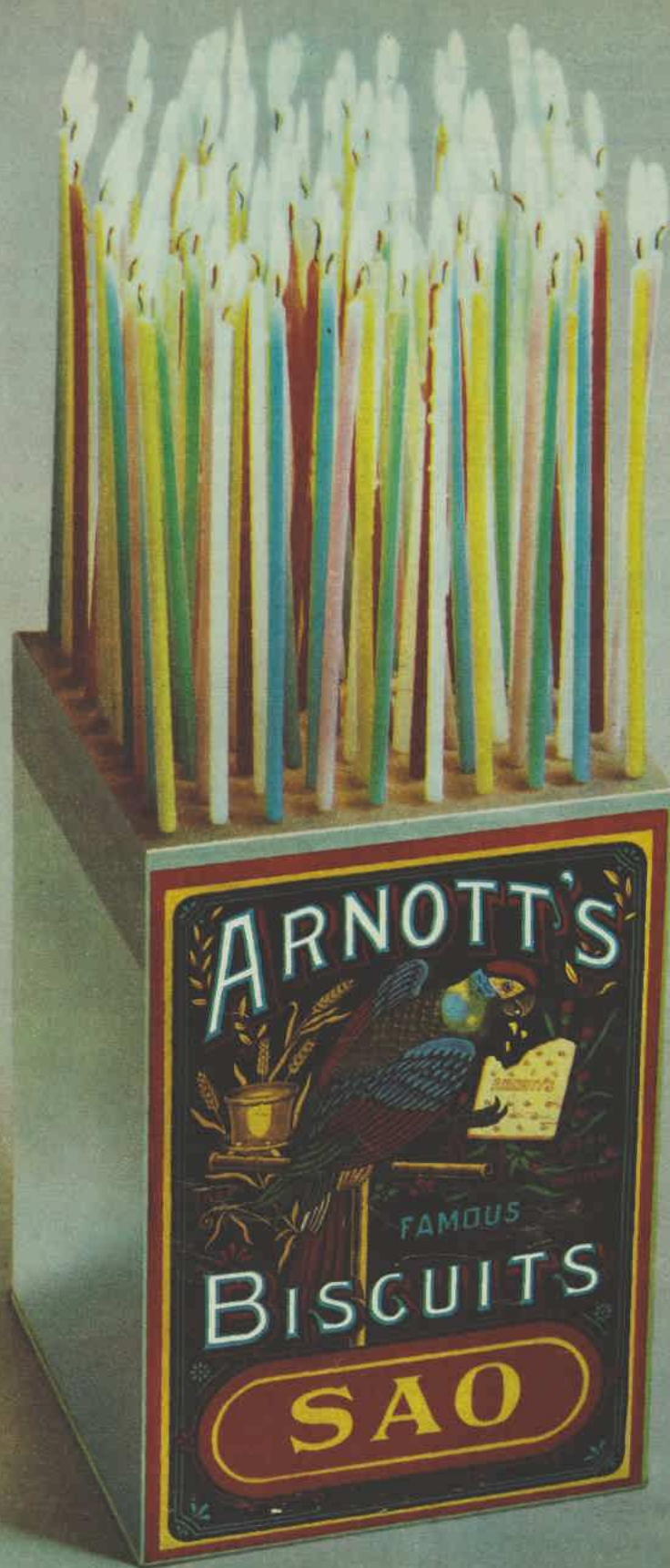
3597.—Four to 14 sleeveless shift with eyelet ruffles at neckline and hem. Sizes 23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.



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